



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

*E Libris*

*Arturi S. Napier.*

2233

F 210 [Min]

Oxford University  
**ENGLISH FACULTY LIBRARY**  
Manor Road, Oxford OX1 3UQ  
Telephone: (01865) 271050

Full term	Monday to Friday 9.30 am to 7 pm
	Saturday 10.00 am to 1 pm
Vacation	Monday to Friday 9.30 am to 5 pm
	Saturday CLOSED

*This book should be returned on or before the latest date below:*

29 JUN 2005

**CANCELLED**

7 NOV 2005  
**CANCELLED**

*Volumes which are lost, defaced, or damaged must be paid for.*



300008900K

Digitized by Google



Odd Texts  
or  
Chaucer's Minor Poems.



Odd Texts

OF

Chaucer's Minor Poems,

EDITED BY

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL.

LONDON:

PUBLISHT FOR THE CHAUCER SOCIETY  
BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57 & 59, LUDGATE HILL.

—  
1868-1880.



[This Volume contains those Texts of Chaucer's *Minor Poems* for which there wasn't room in the *Parallel-* or *Supplementary-Parallel* Texts. The Appendix is mainly of spurious Poems. Others of the kind will be put into another volume hereafter.]

*First Series, No. xxiii, lx.*

---

CLAY AND TAYLOR, THE CHAUCER PRESS, BUNGAY.

## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
1. TWO BITS OF THE PARLAMENT OF FOULES ...	1
2. THE TWO DIFFERING VERSIONS OF CHAUCER'S PROLOGUE TO HIS LEGENDE OF GOOD WOMEN	23
3. AN A B C ... ... ... ...	65
4. THE HOUSE OF FAME ... ... ...	79
5. THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN ... ...	133
6. THE DETHE OF BLAUNCHE THE DUCHESSE ...	213
7. THE COMPLAINT TO PITY ... ...	251
8. THE PARLAMENT OF FOULES ... ...	263
9. TRUTH ... ... ...	289
10. ENVOY TO SCOGAN ... ...	293
11. PURSE ... ... ...	295

## APPENDIX.

1. THE BALADE OF PYTEE ... ...	i
2. <i>þE CRONYCLE MADE BY CHAUCIER</i> ...	vi
3. TWO ODD BITS OF CHAUCER'S TROILUS ...	ix
4. THE TONGUE ... ... ...	xi



## ¶ My Torte

### C O R R E C T I O N.

*Parallel-Text edition of Chaucer's Minor Poems*, p. 423, note 1, lines 13, 14.

Whittingham's *Chaucer* 1822, and the Aldine of 1845, both have the *Bukton*, with the name in the first line: Singer, vol. iv. p. 239, "My master, *Bukton*," &c.; Aldine, vol. v. p. 299, "My master *Bukton*," &c. But both editions leave the title of the poem out of their tables of Contents, and both print it, like the old editions do, without a heading, as a kind of tag to the *Deth of Blaunce* or *Booke of the Duchesse*, from which only a short 'rule' separates it. Twas this want of the heading which causd my mistake as I turnd over the leaves of the two editions.—F. J. F.



Odd Texts  
of  
Chaucer's Minor Poems.

---

1.

TWO BITS OF

The Parliament of Foules:—

MS Hh 4. 12, Cambr. Univ. Libr., 365 lines.

Laud MS 416 (Bodl. Libr., Oxford), 142 lines.

[*MS Hh. 4. 12, Cambr. Univ. Libr., leaf 94 (vellum and paper, 1450-60 A.D.).*]

(1) [*The Proem.*]

**T**He lyfe so short / the craft so long to lerne  
 The assay so hard / so sharp the conquerynge  
 The drefull ioy that alway flytt so yerne 4  
 AH thys mene I by love / that my felynge  
 Astownyth with hys wondrefull wirkynge  
 So sore I-wys / that whan I on hym thynk  
 Not wotte I wele whedyr I flete or synk 7

## (2)

¶ For all be that I know not love in dede  
 Ne wote how that he qwytyth folk hyr hyre  
 3it happyth me full ofte in boke rede  
 Of hys miraclys and hys cruell ire 11  
 There rede I weff that he wyff be lord and sire  
 I dar not say hys strokis beth so sore  
 But god save such a lord / I can no more 14

## (3)

¶ Of vsage what for lust what for lore  
 On bokis rede I ofte as I 3ow told  
 But wherfor I speke all thys / not yore  
 Agone / hit happyd me to be-hold 18  
 Vpon a boke I-writte with letters old  
 And therupon a certeyn thyng to lerne  
 The long day I red full fast and 3erne 21

## (4)

¶ For owt of old feldys as men sayne  
 Comyth all thys new corne from 3ere to 3ere ∴.  
 And out of old bokys in good fayth  
 Comyth all thys new sciens that men lere 25  
 But now to purpose / as of thys matere  
 To rede forth I can me so delite  
 That all that day me thowght hit but a lite 28

[*Laud MS 416, formerly Laud K. 53 (paper, ?1460-70, Bodl. Libr.), leaf 288. The English Vegetius in the MS, leaf 226, bk. is signed "Scriptus Rhodo per Johannem Neuton' die 25 Octobris 1459."*]

Of the assemble of þe byrdis on Seint Volantins day.

[*This title is in the right margin, opposite st. 3.*]

(1) [*The Proem.*]

the lyf so short the craft so long to lerne  
The assay so sharp so hard þe conqueryng  
The dredfuH ioy that aH-wey slydyþ so yernë  
Ah this mene I by love at my felyng 4  
Astonyd with his wondirfull werkynge  
So sore ewys that whan y on hym thynk  
Nought wote I weH wheþer y flete or synk' 7

(2)

For aH be that I know not love in dede  
Nor wot how þat he quytith folk' her hyre  
yet happyth me in bokys for to rede  
Off his myrakyls and his crueH yre 11  
Ther rede I welle he wiH be lord & syre  
I dare not seyne his strokys ben so sore  
But god save suche a lord I sey no more 14

(3)

Of vsage what for lust & what for lore  
In bokys rede I oft as y now told  
But wherfor that I speke aH is not thore  
Ageoñ yt happyd me for to be-hold 18  
Whiche book' was wretyn with lettris old  
And þer-vppon A certeyne thyng to lerne  
The long day fuH fast y red & yerne 21

(4)

For of thise old fyldis as men seith  
Comyth aH this new corne fro yere to yere  
So out of old bokys in good feith  
Comyth aH this new Ciens þat men lere 25  
But now to purpos as of this matere  
To rede forth yt gan me to delyte  
That aH þe day me thought it but a lyte 28

(5)

¶ This boke of which I make of mencioñ  
 Entillyd was all there as I shall telle  
 Tullius of the dreme of Cipion  
 Chapters seuen / it had of heuen and helle  
 And erthe and sowles that therein dwelle  
 Of which as shortly as I can hit trete  
 Of hys sentence I shall now say the grete

[leaf 94, back]

32

35

(6)

¶ First tellyth hit whan Cipion was come  
 In affrice / how he metyth massanysse  
 That hym for ioy in armys hath I-nome  
 Than tellyth he hyr speche and all hyr blysse  
 That was betwene them tyth þe day can mysse  
 And how hys auncestre Africian so dere  
 Gan in hys slepe that nyght tyth hym appere

39

42

(7)

¶ Than tellyth it how that from a sterry place  
 How african hath hym cartage shewyd  
 And warnyd hym byfore of all þis grace  
 And said hym what man leryd or lewde  
 That louyth comyn profette wel I-thewyd  
 He shuld in to a blisfull place wend  
 There as ioy is with owtyn ende

46

49

(8)

¶ Than axed he yf folk that here be ded  
 Han lyfe and dwellyng in a noþer place  
 And african sayd / ȝee with outyn any drede  
 And how owr' present worldys lyvys space  
 Ment but a maner deth what we trace  
 And ryghtfull folk shall goo aftyr they dye  
 To heven / and shewith hym Galaxie

53

56

(5)

This boke of which I make of mension  
Entitled was here as I shall tell  
Tullius of the dreme of Scipion  
Chapiters vij yt had of hevyn & hal  
And erthe and sowlis ther-in due  
Of which as shortly as I can yt trede  
Of his sentence I wylle yow seyn þe grete 32  
35

(6)

Fyrst tellyth yt whan Scipion was come  
In afferyk how he metyth massanys  
That hym for ioy in Armys hath enome [leaf 268, back]  
Than tellyth he her speche & of the blys 39  
That was bytwyx hem til þat day gan mys  
And how his auncetre Affrycan son dere  
Gan in his slepe that night tyth hym appere 42

(7)

Than tellyth he that from a sterry place  
How affrykan hath hym cartage shewid  
And warnyd hym byform of all his grace  
And seid hym what may lerid or lewid  
That lovyth comyn profyte wel ethewid  
He shuld in-to a blysfu place wend  
Ther as ioy is with-outyn eny end 46  
49

(8)

Than askyd he if folk that here ben ded  
Have lyf and duellyng in A-nothir place  
Affrycan seid ye with-owtyn dred  
And how oure present lyfis space 53  
Ment but A maner deth what wey we trace  
And rightfull folk shall gon after they dye  
To hevyn and shewid hym the galoxie 56

(9)

¶ Than shewith he hym the lity<sup>H</sup> erthe þat here is  
 At the regard of hevyns quantite  
 And aftyr shewith he hym the .ix. sperys  
 And aftyr that the melodie herd he 60  
 That comyth of thilk sperys thyrese thre  
 That wellys of musik be and melodye  
 In thys world here / and cause of armonie [leaf 95] 63

(10)

¶ Than said he sythe erthe was so lite  
 And fullt of turment and of hard grace  
 That he ne shuld hym in thys world delite  
 Than told he hym that in certayn ȝerys space 67  
 That euer sterre shuld cumme into hys place  
 Ther he was first / and all shuld out of mynd  
 That in thys world is done of all man kynde 70

(11)

¶ Than prayed he hym Cipion to tell hym all  
 The way to come . into that heuenly blysse  
 And he said / know first thyself immortall  
 And loke ay besily that thou wirche & wysse 74  
 To comyñ profette / and thou shal not mysse  
 To cum swyftly vnto that place dere  
 That swete of blysse is and sowlyc clere 77

(12)

¶ But brekers of the lawe / the sothe to sayne  
 And licorous folk / aftyr they be dede  
 Shull whyrld abowt the world alaway in payne  
 Ty<sup>H</sup> many world be passyd out of drede 81  
 And then forȝeuen all ther wykyd dede  
 Than shull they comyñ to that blysfu<sup>H</sup> place  
 To which ȝe come god ȝe graunt hys grace 84

(9)

Than shewid he hym the lytil erthe þat here is  
At the reward of the hevyns quantyte  
And aftyr shewid he hym the ix speris  
And aftyr that þe melody hard he 60  
That comyth of thilk speris thryes thre  
That wellis of mvsyk bene & melody  
In this world here & cawse of Armony 63

(10)

Than seid he hym syn erthe was so lyte  
And full of torment & of herd grace  
That he ne shuld in this world delyte  
Than told he hym in short yeras space 67  
That every sterre shuld come in-to his place  
Ther yt was first and all shuld out of mynde  
That in this world is done of all man-kynde 70

(11)

Than praid he hym Scipion to tell hym all  
The wey to come in-to that hevyn blys  
And he seid first know þy-self in-mortal  
And loke ay besyly that þou worche *and* wysse 74  
To comvne profyt and þou shalt not mysse  
to come swyftly in-to that place dere  
that full of blisse is & of sowlis clere 77

(12)

but brekers of þe law sothe to seyne  
And lycorows folk after that they be ded  
shull whyrle abowte þe world Ahe-wey in peyne  
Tyll many a world be passid out of dred 81  
and than for-yevyn all her wyckyd dede  
Than shull they come in-to þat blisfull place  
To which to come god þe send his grace 84

(13)

¶ The day gan faile / and the derk nyght  
That revyth bestys from ther besinesse  
be-rafte me my boke for lak of lyght  
And to my bed I gan me forto dresse  
ffulfillyd of thowght and besy heuynesse  
ffor both I had thyng which I nold  
And eke I ne had that thyng that I wold

(14)

¶ But finally my spirite at the last ffor-wery of my labour all that day To rest / that made me slepe wondre fast And in my slepe I met as that I lay How affrican ryght in the self aray That Cipioñ hym sawgh by-fore that tyde Was comme / and stode ryght at my bed syde	[Leaf 95, back]
	95

(15)

¶ The wery hunter slepyngē in hys bedde  
 To wode aȝene hys mynd goth anone  
 The Iuge dremyth how hys plee hym spedde  
 The cartar' dremyth how hys cartis gone 102  
 The riche of gold / the knyght fygthyth with hys fone  
 The syke metyth how he drynkyth of the tunne  
 The lover metyth he hath hys lady wonne 105

(16)

¶ Can I not sey if that the cause were  
For I had radde of africcan by-forne  
That made me to mette that stode there  
But thys said he / thow hast the so welf borne 109  
In lokynge of myn old bokis to-torne  
Of which macroby thowght not a lite  
That sumwhat of thy labour wold I quwte 112

(13)

The day gan faylyn & þe derk' night  
That revyth bestis from her busynes  
be-raft me my boke for lak' of light  
And to my bed I gan me for to dres 88  
FuH fyllid of thought and besy hevynes  
For bothe I had thyng which þat I nold  
And eke I ne had that thyng þat I wold 91

(14)

But fynally my spryte at þe last  
For-wery of my labour' all þat day  
Toke rest that made me to slepe fast  
And in my slepe I met as þat I lay 95  
How affrycan in that self' Aray  
That Scipion hym saw by-for' that tyde  
Was come and stode right at my beddis side 98

(15)

The very hunter slepyng in his bed  
To wood agayne his mynd goth Anon  
The Iugge dremyth how his pleis ben sped  
The carter dremyth how his cartes gon 102  
The ryche of gold þe knyght fight with his son  
The syke met he hath dronk' of þe ton  
The lover met he hath his lady wou 105

(16)

kan y not seyn yf that the cawsis wer'  
For I had red of affrycan be-form  
That made me to mete þat he stode ther'  
but thus seid he þou hast þe so well born [leaf 239, back] 109  
In lokyng of myn old boke to-torn  
Of which macroby rought not A lyte  
That somdel of thy labour' wold I quyte 112

## (17) [Invocation.]

¶ Citherea thou blisfull lady swete  
 That with thy firebrond<sup>t</sup> dawntyst whom thou lyst  
 That madyst me thys sweuyñ forto mete  
 Be thou myñ help in thys / for thou maist best 116  
 As wisly as I sey the north northwest  
 Whan I be-gan my sweuyn for to write  
 So ȝeue me myght to ryme and eke endite 119

## (18) [The Story.]

¶ Thys forsaide africane me hent anone  
 And forth with hym to a gate browght 120  
 Ryght of a parke wallyd with grene stone  
 And ouer the gate with letters large I-wrowght  
 Ther were verse I-writyn as me thowght  
 On ethyr half of full gret difference  
 Of which I shal ȝow tell the playne sentenee 126

## (19)

¶ Thorowgh me men gone into that blisfull place  
 Of herti<sup>s</sup> hele / and dedely wondri<sup>s</sup> cure  
 Thorow me / men gone to the weft of grace  
 There grene and lusty may shal euer endure 130  
 Thys is the way to all good aventur  
 Be gladde thou rederr<sup>r</sup> and thy sorow of cast  
 AH opyn am I / passe in / and sped the fast / 133

## (20)

¶ Thorowgh me men gone than spoke the oder syde  
 Vnto the mortall strokis of the spere  
 Of which disdayne and daunger<sup>r</sup> is the guyde  
 There neuer tre shal frute / ne leues bere 137  
 Thys streme ȝow ledyth / into the sorowfull were  
 There as the fissahe in prison is all drie  
 Theschewyng is only the remedy. 140

(17) [Invocation.]

Cythera þou blysfull lady swete  
That wyth thy fyrebrond dawntist whom þou lysta  
That madyst me þis swewyn for to mete  
Be ye myn help in this for ye may best 116  
As wysly as I se the north northwest  
Whan I by-gan my swewyn for-to wryte  
So yef me might to ryme yt & endyte 119

(18) [The Story.]

This foreseid african me hent Anon  
And forth wyth hym to A gate brought  
Right as A park wallid with grene ston  
And ovyr the gate with lettris large ywrought 123  
Ther wer versis wretyn as me thought  
On either half of full grete dyffERENCE  
Of which I shal you seyne þe pleyn sentence 126

(19)

Thorough me men gon in-to that blysfull place  
Of hertis hele and dedly woundis cure  
Thorough me men go to þe welle of grace  
Ther grene and lusty May shal evir endure 130  
This is the wey to all good aventur  
be glad þou redar & thy sorow of cast  
Allone am y / passe in & spedē þee fast 133

(20)

Thorogh me men goon than þat oþer side  
Vnto the mortall strokys of þe spere  
Of which disdayne & daunger is þe gide  
Ther nevir tre shal frute ne nevir levis bere 137  
This streme you ledyth to þe sorowfull were  
Ther as þe fyshe in preson is all dry  
The eschewyng is onoly the remedy 140

## (21)

¶ Thys verse of gold and blak Iwrityn were  
 The which I gan astounyd to be-holde  
 ffor with that one / ay encresyd my fere  
 And with that other / be-gan myñ hert bolde 144  
 That one me hette / that othyr me colde  
 Noo witt had I / for errour for to chese  
 To entre / or flean / or me to saue / or lese / 147

## (22)

¶ ffor ryght as I by-twix adamantis  
 Of euyn myght a pese of erne sette  
 Ne hafe no myght to moeue to / ne fro /  
 ffor that one may hale / that other lette [leaf 96, back] 151  
 fferd I that nyst whither me was bett  
 To entre / or leve / tyH african my guyde  
 Me hent / and chofe in att the gatis wyde 154

## (23)

¶ And said hit stant writyn in thy face  
 Thyñ errour thowgh thow tell it not to me  
 But drede the not to cumme into thys place  
 ffor thys writynge is no thyngē ment by the 158  
 Ne by none / but he luffis seruaunt be  
 ffor thow of love hast lost thy tast I gesse  
 As a sikman hath of swete and bittirnesse 161

## (24)

¶ But nathelesse aft thowh þou be dulle  
 ȝit that þou canst not do / ȝit maist þou see  
 ffor many a man that may not stande a puff  
 ȝit likyth hit hym at wrastlyngē for to be 165  
 And demyȝit ȝit wher' he do bet or he  
 And þou hadist knowyngē tendite  
 I shalȝt the shew mater of to write 168

(21)

Thise versis of gold and blak' ywrety<sup>n</sup> were  
The which I gan Astonyed to be-hold 142

[*End of MS; at least 11 leaves are torn out.*]

## (25)

¶ With that myn hond in hys toke he anone  
 Of which I comfort cawt / and went in fast  
 But lord so I was glad / and well be-gone  
 For ouer al where myn eyne þat I cast 172  
 Were treys clad with leuys that ay shall last  
 Eche in kynd / of colour fresshe and grene  
 As emeraud / that ioy was to sene 175

## (26)

¶ The bilder oke / and eke the worthy asshe  
 The piler elme / the cofre vnto carione  
 The boxtre piper / holme to whippys lasshe  
 The sailynge fyrr / cipresse deth to pleyne / 179  
 The sheter evy / the aspe for chaftis playne  
 The olyue of pese / and eke the dronk vyne  
 The victour palme / the lawrer to dyuyne [leaf 97] 182

## (27)

¶ A garden sawgh I / full of blossummy bowes  
 Vpon a ryuer / in a grene mede  
 Ther as that swetnesse euermore Inow is  
 Of flowrys / what blew ȝelow and rede 186  
 And cold well stremys no-thynge dede  
 That swymmyn full of smale fışshys lyght  
 With fynys rede / and scales siluer bryght 189

## (28)

¶ On euery bowgh the byrdis herd I syng  
 With voyse of angell in her armonye  
 Sum besyed hem / hyr byrdis forth to bryngē  
 The lytyH conyes to ther play gan hye 193  
 And farther al abowt I gan aspie  
 The dredfull roo / þe buk / þe hert / þe hynde  
 Sqwyrellis / and bestis of lovys kynde 196

## (29)

¶ Of instrumentis of strynggis in a-corde  
 Herd I so play a rauesshyngē swetnesse  
 That god the maker of aff and lorde  
 Ne herde / neuer better / as I gesse / 200  
 There-with a wynd vnethe it myght be lesse  
 Made in the leuys grene a noyse so softe  
 Accordant to the fowlys songe a lofte 203

## (30)

¶ The aer' of the place so attemprede was  
 That neuer was the greuance of hote ne cold  
 There was eke euery holsum spice and gras  
 Ne there may no man there wax seke ne old 207  
 3it was there ioy more than a thowsand fold  
 Than eny man can tell / ne neuer wold it nyght  
 But ay clere day / to any mannys sight 210

## (31)

¶ Vndyr a tree besyde a well I say [leaf 97, back]  
 Cupide / owre lord his arows forge and file  
 And at hys fote hys bowe aff redy lay  
 And hys dowghter tempred all þis while 214  
 The hedis in the well / & in hyr wyle  
 She cowchyd hem aftyr they shuld serue  
 Sum for to fle and sum for to wownd and kerue 217

## (32)

¶ Thoo was I ware of plesaunce anone ryght  
 And of aray and love and curtesie  
 And of the crafte that can and hath the myght  
 To done by force a white to done folye 221  
 Disfugurat was he / I wyl not lye  
 And by hym self vndir an oke I gesse  
 Sawe I delice þat stode by Iantilnesse 224

## (33)

¶ I sawgh̄ beawte with outyn̄ atyre  
 And yowth ful of myrth̄ and of iolite  
 ffolehardinesse and flatery and desire  
 Messauge and mede and other thre 228  
 Her namys shal̄ not here be tolde for me  
 And vpon pilers a spere longe  
 I saw a temple of brasse I-fowndyd stronge 231

## (34)

¶ A-bowte the temple daunsyd al̄ way  
 Women I-now of which̄ sum ther were  
 ffaire of them self / and sum of hem wer gay  
 In kyrtles al̄ dyscheueled̄ went they there 235  
 That was hyr office al̄ way ȝere by ȝere  
 And on the temple of doves white and fayre  
 Sawgh̄ I sit many a thowsand payre . 238

## (35)

¶ By-bfore the temple dore ful sobrely  
 Dame pease sett with a curteyne in hyr hond̄  
 And by hyr side wondyr discretly  
 Dame pacience sittynge there I fond̄ 242  
 With face pale vpon an hyȝ of sond̄  
 And al̄-ther' next with-Inne and with-owt  
 Byhest and art / and of hyr folk a rowte . 245

## (36)

¶ With-in the temple with sikes hote as fire  
 I herd̄ a swouth̄ / that gan a-bowt renne  
 Whiche sikes were engendryd by desire  
 That made euery autour for to brenne 249  
 Of new flawme / and well aspied̄ I thenne  
 That al̄ cause of sorowys that they drye  
 Come of the bitter goddesse Ielosie 252

(37)

¶ The god priapus sawgh I as I went  
With in the temple in souerayñ place stonde  
In suche aray as whan the asse hym shent  
With crye by nyght / and with hys ceptre in honde 256  
full besily men gone assay and fonde  
Vpon hys hede to sett of sundre hewe  
Garlandis full of fresshe flowrys newe / 259

(38)

¶ And in a priuey corner in disperte  
ffynd I venus and hyr porter richesse  
That was full noble and hauteñ of hyr porte  
Derk was that place / but aftyrward lyghtnesse 263  
I sawe a lite / vnethe it myght be lesse  
And on a bedde of gold / she lay to rest  
Tyȝt that the hote sunne gan to west 266

(39)

¶ Hyre gylt herys / with a gold threde  
Vnbreyden vntrossyd as she lay  
And nakyd fro the brest to the hede  
Men myght hyr see / and sothely for to say 270  
The remenant couerd well vnto my pay  
Right with a subtel couercheffe of valence  
Ther was no thikker cloth of noo defence 273

(40)

¶ The place gaf a thowsandis sauowrs swete [leaf 98, back]  
And Bachus god of wyne satt hyr be syde  
And Ceres next that doth of hungre bote  
And as I said / a myddis lay Cupide 277  
To whom on kneys two yong folk þer cryed  
To hym her helpe / but thus I latt hyr lye  
And farther in the temple I gan aspie 280

(41)

¶ That in despite of Diane the chast  
 ffull many a bow I-broke hyngē on the wall  
 Of maydyns swychā as gan hyr tymys wast  
 In hyr seruice and payntyd̄ ouer all̄ 284  
 Of many a story of which I towche shall̄  
 A fewe as of Calixte and Atlante  
 And many a mayde of which the name I wante 287

(42)

¶ Semiramis candate and hercules  
 Biblis / Dido / tisbe and piramus  
 Tristram / Isoud / parys and achilles  
 Elyn / cleopatre / and troilus 291  
 Cilla and eke the moder of romulus  
 All̄ theys were paynted on þat oder syde  
 And all̄ hyr love and in what plite they dyed 294

(43)

¶ Whan I was cum agayne vnto the place  
 That I of spake / that was so swete and grene  
 fforþ walkyd I my seluen to solace  
 Tho was I ware where that satt a qwene 298  
 That of lyght / the somer sonne shene  
 Passyd̄ the sterre / ryght so ouer mesure  
 The fayrer was than any creature 301

(44)

¶ And in a land̄ vpon an hyll̄ of flowrys  
 Was sett thys noble goddesse Nature  
 Of brawnchys were her hawles and̄ hyr bowrys  
 I-wrowte aftyr hyr crafte and̄ hyr mesure [leaf 99] 305  
 Nethyr was fowle that cummyth of engendure  
 That there ne was prest in hyr presence  
 To taken hyr dome / and gefe hyr audience 308

## (45)

¶ ffor thys was on saynt Volantinys day  
 Whan euery byrd cummyth there to chese hys make  
 Of euery kynd that men thynk may  
 And that so huge a noyse gan they make 312  
 That erthe and see / tree / and euery lake  
 So ful was that vnethe was ther space  
 ffor me to stonde / so ful was all thys place 315

## (46)

¶ And ryght as Aleyne in the playnt of kynde  
 Deuisyth Nature / of such aray and face  
 In swych aray men myght hyr there fynde  
 Thys noble empresse ful of grace 319  
 Bad euery fowle to take hyr owne place  
 As they were wont alwey fro ȝere to ȝere  
 Saynt volantyns day to standyn there 322

## (47)

¶ That is to say the fowle of Raveyne  
 Were hyghest sett / and than the fowlys smale  
 That etyn as that nature wold encline  
 As worme / or thynge of which I tell no tale 326  
 But watirfowlys sat lowest in the dale  
 And fowle that lyvyth by syde sat on the grene  
 And that so fele / that wondre was to sene 329

## (48)

¶ There myght men the ryall egle fynde  
 That with hys sharp loke peryshyth þe sonne  
 And other eglis of a lower kynde  
 Of which the clerkis well deuisen konne 333  
 Ther was the tirant with hys fedyrs donne  
 And grey / I mene the goshauke that doth pyne  
 1 To byrdys for hys outragiose rauyne [leaf 99, back] 336

<sup>1</sup> The next 30 lines are much faded in the MS, and doubtful.]

(49)

¶ The genty<sup>H</sup> fawcone that *with* fote distreynyth  
 The kyngys honde / the hardy sparhawke eke  
 The qwalys fro the merlion that peynyth  
 hym self ful<sup>H</sup> ofte the lark forto seke 340  
 There was the dowue *with* hyr eyne meke  
 The Ielowse swanne aȝenst hys deth that syngyth  
 The owle eke that of deth the bode bryngyth 343

(50)

¶ The crane þ<sup>e</sup> gyaunt *with* hys trumy whole  
 The thefe þ<sup>e</sup> chowgh<sup>H</sup> / and eke the ianglyng pie  
 The skornyng Iaye the eglys foo heroune  
 The fals laywynk ful<sup>H</sup> of trecherye 347  
 The stare that the counse<sup>H</sup> doth ascrie  
 The tame ruddok and the coward kyte  
 The cok þ<sup>e</sup> horloge of thorpis lite . 350

(51)

¶ The sparow venus sonne the nyghtyngale  
 That clepyth forth the fresshe leuys new  
 The swallow moder of the fowles smale  
 That maken hony of flowrys fresshe of hew  
 The weddyd turtyl *with* hir hert trew 354  
 The pecok *with* hys ange<sup>H</sup> fedyrs bryght  
 The fesaunt scorne of the cokke be nyght 357

(52)

¶ The wakyr gose the cokkow euer vnkynde  
 The popyniay ful<sup>H</sup> of delecacy  
 The drake stroyer of hys owne kynde  
 The stork wyrker of avowtry 361  
 The hote cormeraunt of gloteny  
 The ravyns and the crowys *with* hyr voice of care  
 The thruste<sup>H</sup> old and the frosty feldfare 364

(53)

¶ What shuld I say of fowllys euery kynd 365

[*Rest of the MS gone.*]



2.

THE TWO DIFFERING VERSIONS

OF

Chaucer's Prologue to his Legende of  
Good Womyn.

---

The earlier version from MS Gg. 4. 27, Cambr. Univ. Libr.,  
the later version from MS Fairfax 16, Bodleian Library.

---

N.B. Lines with \* before them are not in the other text; lines with  
§ before them are in the other text, but altered; unmarked lines  
are in both texts (tho' sometimes slightly changed).

[The Prologue to  
the Legende of Good Womēn.]

[Cambr. Univ. MS Gg. 4. 27, leaf 445.]

A

*Fax. Unives. Gg. H.*

Thousent sythis haue I herd men telle 1		
That there is loye in heuene & peyne in helle		
And I a-corde wel that it be so 3 3		
But natheles this wit I <sup>1</sup> wel also 4 [wit I corrected]		
That there ne is non that dwellyth <sup>2</sup> In this cuntre 5 [I corr.]		
That eythir hath in helle or heuene I-be 6		
Ne may of it non othere weyis wytyn 7		
But as he hath herd seyd / or founde it wrytyn 8 8		
ffor by assay / there may no man it preue 9		
But goddis forbode / but men schulde leue 10		
Wel more thyng / than men han seyn with eye 11		
Men schal nat wenyn / euery thyng alye 12 12		
§ffor that he say it nat of ȝore a-go 13§		
§God wot a thyng is neuere the lesse so 14§		
Thow euery wyght ne may it nat I se [I corr.] 15		
Bernard the monk ne <sup>3</sup> say nat al parde 16 [Bernardus non udit omnia]		
Thanne motyn we to bokys / that we fynde 17		
Thourw whiche that olde thyngis ben <sup>4</sup> In mynde [I corr.]		
And to the doctryne of these olde wyse 19		
ȝeuyn credence <sup>5</sup> In euery <sup>6</sup> skylful wyse [I, sky, corr.] 20		
§And trowyn on these olde aprouede storyis 21§		
Of holynesse / of regnys of victoryis 22		
Of loue / of hate / of othere sundery thyngis 23		
Of whiche I may nat make rehersyngys 24 24		
And If that olde bokis weryn aweye 25		
I-loryn were of remembrance the keye 26		
§Wel ouȝte vs thanne on olde bokys leue 27§		
§There as there is non othyr assay be preue 28§ 28		

[Fairfax MS 16, leaf 83.]

(ñ is printed for n.)

## ¶ The prolege of .ix. goode Wymmen.

Gg. lines.	Fz. lines.
1 A thousande tymes / I haue herd telle	
2 ther ys Ioy in heuene / and peyne in helle	
3 A and I acord wel / that it ys so	
4 But netheles yet / wot I wel also	4
5 that ther is noon duellyng / in this contree	
6 That eythir hath in heuene / or in helle y-be	
7 Ne may of hit / noon other weyes witen	
8 but as he hath herd seyde / or founde it written	8
9 for by assay / ther may no man it preve	
10 But god forbede / but men shulde leve	
11 Wel more thing / then men han seen with eye	
12 Men shal not wenien / euery thing a lye	12
13§ But yf him-selfe yt seeth / or elles dooth	
14§ For god wot / thing is neuer the lasse sooth	
15 Thogh euery wight / ne may it nat y-see	
16 Bernarde the monke/ ne saugh nat all pardes	<small>¶ Bernardus Monachus non vidit omnia.</small>
17 Than mote we / to bokes that we fynde	
18 (Thurgh which / that olde thinges ben in mynde)	
19 And to the doctrine / of these olde wyse	
20 Yeve credence / in euery skylful wise	20
21§ That tellen of these olde appreued / stories	
22 of holynesse / of Regnes of victories	
23 of loue of hate / of other sondry thynge	
24 of whiche I may not maken / rehersynges	24
25 And yf that olde bokes / were a-vey	
26 Y-lorne were / of Remembraunce the key	
27§ Wel ought vs thanne / honouren and beleve	
28§ These bokes / there we han noon other preve	28

	Fx. li.	Gg. li.
§ And as for me thow that myn wit be lite	29§	
On bokys <sup>1</sup> for to rede I me delyte	[t y corr.]	30
And in myn herte hauē hem in reuerence	32	
§ And to hem ȝeue swich lust & swich credence	31§	32
§ That there is wel onethe game non	33§	
That from myne bokys make me to gon	34	
§ But it be oþer vp-on the haly day	35§	
§ Or ellis in the Ioly tyme of may	36§	36
§ Whan that I here the smale foulys syngē	37§	
And that the flouris <sup>2</sup> gynne for to spryngē <sup>3</sup> [ȝ flouris, <sup>ȝ</sup> prynge, corrected]	40	
§ ffarwel myn stodye as lastyngē þat sesoun	39§ [f 445, b6]	
Now hauē I therto this condycyoun	40	40
That <sup>4</sup> of alle the flouris in the mede	[t at corr.]	41
Thanne louē I most these flourys white & rede	42	
Swyche as men calle dayesys in oure toun	43	
To hem hauē I so gret affeccioun	44	44
As I seyde erst whan comyn is the may	45	
That in myn bed there dawith me no day	46	
That I ne am vp & walkynge in the mede	47	
To sen these flouris a-gen the sunne to sprede	48	48
§ Whan it vp ryseth be the morwe schene	49	
*The longe day thus walkynge in the grene	*	

§ And whan the sunne be-gynnys for to weste	61§	
§ Thanne closeth it & drawith it to reste	62§	52
§ So sore it is a-ferid of the nyȝt	62	
*Til on the morwe that it is dayis lyȝt	*	

<i>Gg. lines.</i>		<i>Fx. lines.</i>
29§and as for me / though that I konne but lyte	29	
30 on bokes for to rede / I me delyte		
32 and to hem yive I feyth / and ful credence		
31 and in myñ herte / haue hem in reuerence	32	
33§So hertly / that ther is game nooñ		
34 that fro my bokes / maketh me to gooñ		
35§but yt be seldom / on the holy day		
36§save certeynly / whañ that the monethe of May	36	
37§Is comen / and that I here the foules syng		
38 And that the floures / gynnen for to sprynge	[fss, bk]	
39§Faire-wel my boke / and my deuocion		
40 Now have I thanne / suche a condicōñ	40	
41 That of al the floures / in the mede		
42 Thanne love I most / thise floures white and rede		
43 Suche as meñ callen / daysyes in her towne		
44 To hem have I / so grete affeccioñ	44	
45 As I seyde erst / whanne comeñ is the May		
46 That in my bed / ther daweth me no day		
47 That I nam vppe / and walkyng in the mede		
48 To seen this floure / ayein the sonne sprede	48	
49§Whañ it vprysith / erly by the morwe		
*That blisful sight / softneth al my sorwe		
*So glad am I / whañ that I haue presence		
*Of it / to dooñ it al / reuerence	52	
55§As she that is / of al floures flour		
56 Ful-filled of al vertue / and honour		
57 and euere ilyke faire / and fressh / of hewe		
58§and I love it / and euer ylike newe	56	
*And euere shal / til that myñ hert dye		
*al swere I nat / of this I wol nat lye		
*Ther loved no wight / hotter in his lyve		
*And whañ that hit ys eve / I renne blyve	60	
51§As sone as evere the sonne / gynneth weste		
52§To seen this flour / how it wol go to reste		
53§For fere of nyght / so hateth she derknesse		

	F. u.	G. u.
§ This dayeseye of alle flouris flour	53§	
ffulfyld of vertu & of alle honour	54	56
* And euere I-like fayr & frosch <sup>1</sup> of hewe	*	
§ As wel In wyntyr as in somyr newe <sup>1</sup>	56§	[1-1 corrected]
§ ffayn wolde I preyssyn If I coude a-ryht	67§	
§ But wo is me it lyth nat in myn myght	66§	60

§ffor wel I wot that folk han here be-form	73§	
Of makynge ropyn & lad a-wey the corn	74	
I come aftyr glenyng here & ther	75	
And am ful glad if I may fynde an er	76	64
Of ony goodly word that they han laft	77	
§ And If it happe me reherse eft	78§	
That they han <sup>2</sup> In here frosche songis said	79	[1 corrected]
§ I hope that they wele nat ben euele a-payed	80§	68
§ Sithe it is seyd in fortheryng & honour	81§	
§ Of hem that <sup>3</sup> eythir seruyn lef or flour	82§	[1 e corr.]
*ffor trustyth wel I ne haue nat vndyr-take	*	
*As of the lef a-gayn the flour to make	*	72
§ Ne of the flour to make a-geyn the lef	188-9§	
No more than of the corn a-gen the shef	190	
ffor as to me is lefere non ne lothere	191	
I am witholde ȝit with neuer nothire	192	76
I not ho seruyth lef ne who the flour	193	[leaf 416]
§ That nys nothyng the entent of myn labour	194§	
ffor this werk is al of a-nothyr tunne	195	
Of old story er swich strif was be-gunne	196	80
But wherfore that I spak to ȝeue credence	97	
To bokys olde & don hem reuerence	98	82

\*Hire chere is pleynly sprad / in the brightnesse 64  
 \*Of the sonne / for ther yt wol vnclose  
 60§ Allas that I ne had / englyssh ryme / or prose  
 59§ Suffisant this flour / to preyse a-ryght  
 \*But helpeth ye / that han konnyng and myght 68  
 \*Ye lovers / that kañ make of Sentment  
 \*In this case / oght ye be diligent  
 \*To forthren me / somwhat in my labour  
 \*Whethir ye beñ with the leef / or with the flour 72  
 61 for wel I wot / that ye han her-biforne  
 62 of makyng ropen / and lad awaye the corne  
 63 and I come after / glenyng here and there  
 64 and am ful glad / yf I may fynde an ere 76  
 65 Of any goodly word / that ye han left [leaf 84]  
 66 And thogh it happen / me rehercen eft  
 67 That ye han / in your fressh songes sayede  
 68§ For-bereth me / and beth not euele apayede 80  
 69§ Syn that ye see / I do yt in the honour  
 70§ of love / and eke in seruice of the flour  
 \*Whom that I serve / as I have witte or myght  
 \*She is the clerenesse / and the verray lyght 84  
 \*That in this derke worlde / me wynt and ledyth  
 \*The hert in with / my sorwfull brest yow dredith  
 \*And loueth so sore / that ye ben verrayly  
 \*The maistresse of my witte/a[nd] no<sup>1</sup> thing I [MS altered]  
 \*My worde my werkes / ys knyt so in youre bond 89  
 \*That as an harpe / obeith to the hond  
 \*That maketh it sovne / after his fyngerynge  
 \*Ryght so mowe ye / oute of myñ hert bringe 92  
 \*Swich vois / ryght as yow lyst to laughe or pleyñ  
 \*Be ye my gide / and lady souereyn  
 \*As to myñ erthely god / to yowe I calle  
 \*Bothe in this werke / and my sorwes alle 96  
 97 But wherfore / that I spake to yive credence  
 98 To olde stories / and doon hem reuerence

	<i>Fx. li.</i>	<i>Gg. li.</i>
§ Is for men schulde autoriteis be-leue	99§	
§ There as there lyth non othyr a-say be preue	100§	84
*ffor myn entent is or I fro ȝow fare	*	
*The nakede txt in englis to declare	*	
*Of manye a story or <i>ellis</i> of manye <sup>1</sup> a geste	*	[ <sup>1</sup> manye corr.]
*As autourys seyn & leuyth hem If ȝow leste	*	88

§ Whan passed was almost the monyth of may	108§	89
*And I hadde romed al the somerys day	*	
*The grene medewe of which that I ȝow tolde	*	
*Vp-on the frosche dayseie to be-holde	*	92
And that the sonne out of the souht gan weste	197	
§ And clothede was the flour & gon to reste	198§	
ffor derknesse of the nyht of which sche dradde	199	
Hom to myn hous ful swiftly I me spadde	200	96
And in a lytyl erber that I haue	203	
I-benchede newe with turwis frorsche <sup>2</sup> I-grawe	204	[ <sup>2</sup> I corr.]
I bad <sup>3</sup> men schulde me myn couche make	205	[ <sup>3</sup> d corr.]
ffor deynete of the newe somerys sake	206	100
I bad hem strowe flouris on myn bed	207	
Whan I was layd & hadde myn eyen hid	208	
I fel a-slepe with-Inne an our or two	209	
Me mette how I was in the medewe tho	210	104
*And that I romede in that same gyse	*	
§ To sen that flour <sup>4</sup> / as ȝe han herd deuyse	212§	* i. daieseye
*ffayr was this medewe as thouȝte me oueral	*	
With flouris sote <sup>5</sup> enbroudit was it al <sup>5</sup>	119[ <sup>5</sup> → corr.]	
As for to speke of gomme or erbe or tre	121	109
Comparisoun may non I-makede be	122	
ffor it surmountede pleynly alle odours	123	
And of ryche beute alle flourys	124	112
fforgetyn hadde the erthe his pore estat	125	
Of wyntyr that hym nakede made & mat	126	
And with his swerd of cold so sore hadde greuyd	[ <sup>4</sup> 446, 58]	

Gg. lines.	Fx. lines.
83§ And that meñ mosteñ / more thyng beleve	
84§ Theñ may seen at eighē / or elles preve	100
*That shal I seyñ / whanne that I see my tyme	
*I may not attones / speke in ryme	
*My besy gost / that trusteth alwey newe	
*To seen this flour / so yong / so fressh of hewe	104
*Constreyned me / with so gledy desire	
*That in myn herte / I feele yet the fire	
*That made me to ryse / er yt wer day	
89§ And was now / the firste morwe of May	108
*With dredful hert / and glad deuocion	
*for to ben / at the resureccioñ	
*Of this flour / whañ yt shulde vnclose	
*Agayne the sonne / that roos as rede as rose	112
*That in the brest was / of the beste that day	
*That a-genores doghtrē / ladde away	

*And doyne oñ knes / anooñ ryght I me sette	
*And as I coude / this fressh flour I grette [leaf 84, back]	
*knelyng alwey / til it vnclosed was	117
*Vpon the smal softe / swote gras	
99 That was with floures swote / embrovded al	
*Of swich suetnesse / and swich odour ouer al	120
109 That for to speke / of gomme or herbe or tree	
110 Comparisoñ may noon / y-maked bee	
111 For yt surmounteth / pleynly alle odoures	
112 And of riche beaute / of floures	124
113 For-geten had the erthe / his pore estate	
114 Of wyntir / that hem naked made and mate	
115 And with his swerd of colde / so sore greued	

	Ex. u. Gg. u.
Now hadde the tempre sonne al that <sup>1</sup> releuyd <sup>1</sup>	128 [ <sup>1-1</sup> corr.]
And clothede hym in grene al newe a-geyn	129 117
The smale foulis of the seson fayn	130
That from the panter & the net ben skapid <sup>2</sup>	131 [ <sup>2 a</sup> corr.]
Vp-on the foulere that hem made a-wapid	132 120
In wyntyr & distroyed hadde hire brod	133
In his dispit hem thouȝte it dede hem good	134
To syng of hym & in here song despise	135
The foule cherl that for his coueytyse	136 124
Hadde hem be-trayed with his sophistrye	137
This was here song the foulere we defyе	138
§ Some songyn on the braunzhis clere	139§
Of loue & that Ioye It was to here	140 128
In worschepe & in prey singyng of hire make	141
And of the newe blysful somerys sake	142
That sungyn blyssede be seynt volentyn	145
At his day I ches ȝow to be myn	146 132
With outh repentyng myn herte swete	147
And therwithal here bekys gunne mete	148
The honour & the humble obeysaunce	149 135
And after <sup>3</sup> dedyn othere obseruauncys	150 [ <sup>3 ster</sup> corr.]
§ Ryht on to loue & to natures	151§
* So eche of hem to cryaturys	*
* This song to herkenyn I dede al myn entent	*
* ffor why I mette I wiste what they ment	* 140

Gg. Lines.	Fr. Lines.
116 Now hath thatempre sonne / all that releued	128
117§ That naked was / and clad yt new agayn	
118 The smale foules / of the sesoñ fayn	
119 That of the panter / and the nette ben scaped	
120 Vpoñ the fowler / that hem made a-whaped	132
121 In wynter / and distroyed hadde hire broode	
122 In his dispite / hem thoghtе yt did hem goode	
123 To synge of hym / and in hir songe dispise	
124 The foule cherle / that for his coveytise	136
125 Had hem betrayed / with his sophistrye	
126 This was hire songe / the fowler we deffyne	
127§ And al his crafte / and somme songen clere	
128§ Layes of love / that Ioye it was to here	140
129 In worshipynge / and in preysinge of hir make	
130 And for the newe / blisful somers sake	
*Vpoñ the braunches / ful of blosmes softe	
*In hire delyt / they turned hem ful ofte	144
131 And songen / blessed be seynt valentyne	
132 For on his day / I chees yow to be myne	
133 With-outen repentyng / myn hert swete	
134 and therwith-alle / hire bekes gonnен mee	148
135§ Yeldyng honour / and humble obeysaunces	
136§ To love and diden / hire othere obseruaunces	
137§ That longeth on-to love / and to nature	
*Construeth that as yow lyst / I do no cure	152
*And thoo that hadde doon / vnkynndnesse	
*As dooth the tydif / for new-fanglnesse	[leaf 85]
*Besoghte mercy / of hir trespassyng	
*And humbly / songe hire repentyng	156
*And sworen on the blosmes / to be trewe	
*So that hire makes / wolde vpoñ hem rewe	
*And at the laste / maden hire accord	
*Al founde they daunger / for a tyme a lord	160
*Yet pitee / thurgh his stronge gentil myght	
*For-gaf / and mad mercy passem ryght	
*Thurgh Innocence / and ruled curtesye	



Gg. lines.	Ex. lines.
*But I ne clepe yt nat / Innocence folye	164
*Ne fals pitee / for vertue is the meno	
*As etike seith / in swich maner I mene	
*And thus thise foweles / voide of al malice	
*Acordeden to love / and lafeten vice	168
*Of hate / and songe alle of ooñ acorde	
*Welcome somer / oure gouernour and lord	
*And Zepherus / and flora gentilly	
*Yaf to the floures / softe and tenderly	172
*Hire swoote breth / and made hem for to sprede	
*As god and goddesse / of the floury mede	
*In whiche me thoght / I myght day by day	
*Duellen alwey / the Ioly monyth of May	176
*With-outeñ slepe / with-outen mete or drynke	
*A-dovne ful softly / I gañ to synke	
*And lenyng eñ myñ elbowe / and my syde	
*The longe day / I shoope me for tabide	180
*For nothing ellis / and I shal nat lye	
*but for to loke / vpoñ the daysie	
*That meñ by reson / wel it calle may	
*the daisie or elles the ye / of day	184
*The emperice and floure / of floures alle	
*I pray to god / that faire mote she falle	
*And alle that loven floures / for hire sake	
72§But natheles ne wene nat / that I make	188
73§In preyng of the flour / agayñ the leef	
74 No more thañ of the corne / agayñ the sheef	
75 For as to me / nys lever noon ne lother	
76 I nam with-holden yit / with never nother [leaf 85, back]	
77 Ne I not who serueth leef <sup>4</sup> / ne who the flour	193
78§Wel browkeñ they / her service or labour	
79 For this thing is / al of another tonne	
80 Of olde storye / er swiche thinge was be-gonne	196
93 Whañ that the sonne / out of the south gañ west	
94§And that this floure gan close / and gooñ to rest	
95 For derknesse of the nyght / the which she dred	

*Tyl at the laste a larke song a-boue	*	141
*I se quod she the myȝty god of loue	*	
*Lo ȝond he comyth I se hise wyngis sprede	*	
§Tho gan I loke endelong the mede	211§	
§And saw hym come & in his hond a quene	213§	145
Clothid in ryal abyte al of grene	214	
A frette of goold <sup>1</sup> sche hadde next hyre her	215 <sup>[1oo corr.]</sup>	
And vp-on that a whit corone sche ber	216	148
§With mane <sup>2</sup> flourys & I schal nat lye	217§ <sup>[2n corr.]</sup>	
ffor al the world ryht as the dayseye	218	
I-corounede is with white leuys lite	219	
Swiche were the flourys of hire corene white	220	152
ffor of o perle fyn & oryental	221	<sup>[leaf 447]</sup>
Hyre white coroun was I-makyd al	222	
ffor whiche the white coroun a-boue the grene	223	
Made hire lyk a dayseye for to sene	224	156
Considerede ek the fret of gold a-boue	225	
I-clothede was this myhty god of loue	226	
Of silk I-broudede ful of grene greuys	227	
§A garlond on his hed of rose leuys	228§	160
*Stekid al with lylle flourys newe	*	
*But of his face I can not seyn the hewe	*	
§ffor sekylrly his face schon so bryhte	232	
*That with the glem a-stonede was the syhte	*	164
§A furlongwey I myhte hym not be-holde	233§	
§But at the laste in hande I saw hym holde	234§	
Tho fery dartis as the <sup>3</sup> gleedy rede	235	<sup>[1le corr.]</sup>

<i>Gg. lines.</i>	<i>Fx. lines.</i>
96 Home to myn house / ful swiftly I me sped	200
*To gooñ to reste / and erly for to ryse	
106§ To seen this flour / sprede as I deuyse	
97 And in a litel herber / that I have	
98 that benched was / on turves fressh y-grave	204
99 I bad meñ sholde me / my covche make	
100 For deyntee / of the newe someres sake	
101 I bad hem strawen floures / on my bed	
102 Whañ I was leyde / and had myn eyen hed	208
103 I fel on slepe / in with an houre or twoo	
104 Me mette how I lay / in the medewe thoo	
144§ And from a fer / come walkyng in the mede	
106§ To seen this flour / that I love so and drede	212
145§ The god of love / and in his hande a quene	
146 And she was clad / in real habite grene	
147 A fret of gold she had / next her heer	
148 And vpon that / a white corwne she beer	216
149§ With flourouns smale / and I shal nat lye	
150 for al the worlde / ryght as a daysye	
151 Y-corovned ys / with white leves lyte	
152 So were the flowrouns / of hire corovne white	220
153 For of O perle / fyne oriental	
154 Hire white corovne / was I-maked al	
155 For which the white corovne / above the grene	
156 Made hire lyke / a daysie for to sene	224
157 Considered eke / hir fret of golde above	
158 Y-clothed was / this myghty god of love	
159 In silke enbrouded / ful of grene greves	
160§ In with a fret / of rede rose leves	228
*The fresshest syñ the worlde / was first bygonne [1180]	
*His gilte here / was corowned with a sonne	
*I-stede of golde / for heuynesse and wyght	
163§ Therwith me thought / his face shoon so bryght	232
165§ That wel vnnethes / myght I him beholde	
166 And in his hande me thought / I saugh him holde	
167 Twoo firy darteres / as the gledes rede	

	Fx. u.	Gg. u.
And aungellych hyse wengis gan he sprede	236	168
And al be that men seyn that blynd is he	237	
Algat me thouȝte he myȝte wel I se	238	
ffor sternely on me he gan beholde	239	
So that his lokyng doth myn herte colde	240	172
And be the hond he held the noble quene	241	
Corouned with whit & clothede al in grene	242	
So womanly so benyngne & so meke	243	
That in this world thow that men wolde seke	244	176
§ Half hire beute / schulde men nat fynde	245§	
In on <sup>1</sup> cryature that formede is be kynde	246	[on corr.]
§ Hire name was <sup>2</sup> Alceste the thebonoyre	269§	[ <sup>2</sup> A corr.]
I preye to god that euere falle sche fayre	270	180
ffor ne hadde confort been / of hire presense	278	
I hadde be ded / with outyn ony defence	279	
ffor dred of louys / wordys & his chere	280	
As whan tyme is / here aftyr ȝe schal here	281	184
¶ By-hynde this god / of loue vp on this grene	282	
I saw comyngе of ladyis nynetene	283	
In ryal abyte a ful esy pas	284	
And aftyr hem come of wemen swich a tras	285	188
That syn that god adam made of erthe	286	
The threddre part of wemen ne the ferthe	287	
Ne wende I not by possibilite	288	[f447, 5v]
Haddyn euere in this world I-be	289	192
And trewe of loue these wemen were echon	290	
Now whether was that a wondyr thyng or non	291	
That ryht anon as that they gunne espye	292	
This flour whiche that I clepe the dayseye	293	196
fful sodeynly they styntyn alle atonys	294	
And knelede a-doun as it were for the nonys	295	
*And aftyr that they wentyn in cumpas	*	
*Daunsyngе aboute this flour an esy pas	*	200
*And songyn as it were in carolewyse	*	
*This balade whiche that I schal ȝow deuyse	*	

## PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE. FAIRFAX MS 16. 39

<i>Gg. lines.</i>		<i>Fz. lines.</i>
168	And aungelyke / hys wynges saugh I sprede	236
169	And al be that meñ seyñ / that blynd ys he	
170	Al-gate me thoght / that he myght se	
171	For sternely oñ me / he gañ byholde	
172	So that his loking / dooth myñ hert colde	240
173	And by the hande he helde / this noble quene	
174	Corowned with white / and clothed al in grene	
175	So womanly so benign / and so meke	
176	That in this world / thogh that meñ [wolde seke]	244
177§	[Half of hire beaute / shulde men] nat fynde	
178	In creature / that formed ys by kynde	

\*And therfore may I seyñ / as thynketh me

\*This songe in preysyng / of this lady fre 248

## (Balade. 1)

	Fr. u.	Gg. u.
Hyd absalon thynne gilte tressis clere	249	203
Ester ley thow thynmeknesse al a-doun	250	
Hyde Ionathas al thyn frendely manere	251	205
Penelope & Marcia catoun	252	
Mak of ȝoure wyfhod no comparisoun	253	
Hyde ȝe ȝoure beuteis Ysoude & Elene	254	
§ Alceste is here that al that may destene	255§	209

## (2)

Thyn fayre body lat it nat a-peere <sup>1</sup> [ <sup>in 2nd e corr.</sup> ]	256	210
Laueyne / & thow Lucresse of rome toun	257	
And Pollexene that bouȝte loue so dere	258	
Ek Cleopatre with al thyn passioun	259	213
Hide ȝe ȝoure trouth in loue & ȝoure ronoun	260	
And thow <sup>2</sup> tysbe / that hast for loue swich peyne	[ <sup>py corr.</sup> ]	
§ Alceste is here that al that may desteyne	262§	216

## (3)

Herro. Dido. Laodomya alle in fere	263	217
Ek Phillis hangyng for thyn demophoun	264	
And Canace espied be thyn chere	265	
Ysiphile bytrayed with Iasoun	266	220
Mak of ȝoure trouthe in loue no bost ne soun	267	
Nor ypermystre or Adriane ne pleyne	268	
§ Alceste is here that al that may disteyne	269§	223

§ Whan that this balade al I-songyn was	270 [ <sup>leaf 448</sup> ]	
---	-----------------------------	--

## (Songe, or Balade. 1)

<i>Gd. lines.</i>		<i>Fx. lines.</i>
203 [Hyd / Absoloñ / thy gilte tresses clere]		249
204 ¶ Ester / ley thou thy mkenesse / al a-downne		
205 Hyde Ionathas / al thy frendly manere		
206 Penalopee / and Marcia / Catouñ		252
207 Make of youre wifhode / no comparysouñ		
208 Hyde ye youre beautes / Ysoude and Elyene		
209§ My lady comith / that al this may disteyne		255

## (2)

210 ¶ Thy faire body / lat yt nat appere		
211 Lavyne / and thou lucresse of Rome tovne		
212 And polixene / that boghten loue so dere		
213 And cleopatre / with al thy passyoñ		259
214 Hyde ye your trouthe of love and your renoun		
215 And thou Tesbe / that hast of love suche peyne		
216§ My lady comith that al this may disteyne		262

## (3) [In the MS this Stanza follows l. 277]

217 ¶ Herro / Dido / laudomia alle y-fere		263
218 And Phillis hangyng for thy Demophoñ		
219 And Canace / espied by thy chere		
220 Ysiphile / betrayeds with Iason		266
221 Maketh of your trouthe / neythir boost ne sovne		
222 Nor ypermystre / or Adriane ye tweyne		
223§ My lady cometh / that al this may dysteyne		269

224§ This balade may ful wel y-songen be

*As I have seyde / erst by my lady free		
*For certeynly al thise mowe nat suffise		272
*To appereñ wyth my lady / in no wyse		
*For as the sonne / wole the fire disteyne		
*So passeth al / my lady souereyne		
179§ That ys so good / so faire / so debonayre		276
180 I prey to god / that euer falle hire faire		

*Vp-on the softe & sote grene gras	* 225
They settyn hem ful softly adoun	301
§By ordere alle in cumpas / alle in veroun	300§
ffyrst sat the god of loue & thanne this queene <sup>1</sup> [ne corr.]	
With the white corone clad in grene	303 229
And sithyn al the remenant by & by	304
As they were of degré ful curteysly	305
Ne nat a word was spokyn in that place	306 232
The mountenaunce of a furlongwey of <sup>2</sup> space	307 [p of corr.]
§I lenyng faste by vndyr a bente	308§
Abod to knowe what this peple mente	309
As stille as ony ston til at the laste	310 236
The god of loue on me his eye caste	311
And seyde ho restith there & I answerde	312
Vn to his axsyng whan that I hym herde	313

<i>Gg. lines.</i>	<i>Fx. lines.</i>
181 For nadde comfort / ben of hire presence	
182 I hadde ben dede / withouteñ any defence	
183 For drede of loves wordes / and his chere	280
184 As wheñ tyme ys / her-after ye shal here	
185 Be-hynde this god of love / vpoñ the grene	
186 I saugh comyng / of ladyes Nientene	
187 In real habite / a ful esy paas	284
188 And after hem coome of wymeñ / swich a traas	
189 That syñ that god / Adam hadde made of erthe	
190 The thirddre part of mankynde / or the ferthe	
191 Ne wende I not / by possibilitee	288
192 Had euer in this wide / worlde y-bee	
193 And trewe of love / thise womeñ were echoñ	<i>nota</i>
194 Now wheither was that / a wonder thing or noñ	
195 That ryght anooñ / as that they gonne espye	292
196 thys flour / which that I clepe the daysie	
197 Ful sodeynly / they styten al attones	
198 And knelede dovne / as it were for the nones	
*And songen with O vois / heel and honour	296
*To trouthe of womanhede / and to this flour	
*that bereth our alder pris / in figurynge	
*Hire white corowne / beryth the witnessyng	
227§ And with that word / a-compas envirouñ	300
226 They setten hem / ful softly a-douñ	
228 First sat the god of love / and syth his quene	<i>[leaf 87]</i>
229 With the white corowne / clad in grene	
230 And sithen al the remenaunt / by and by	304
231 As they were of estaat / ful curteysly	
232 Ne nat a worde was spokeñ / in the place	
233 The mountaunce / of a furlong wey of space	
234§ I knelyng by this floure / in good entente	308
235 A-boode to knownen what this peple mente	
236 As stille as any stoñ / til at the last	
237 This god of love oñ me / hyse eighen caste	
238 And seyde / who kneleth there / and I answerde	312
239 Vnto his askynge / whañ that I it herde	

	Fr. li.	Gg. li.
And seyde sere It am I & cam hym ner	314	240
And salewede hym. quod he what dost thou her		
§ In myn presence & that so boldely	316§	
ffor it were bettere worthi trewely	317	
A werm to come in myn syht than thou	318	244
And why sere quod I and it lyke ȝow	319	
ffor thou quod he art therto no-thyng able	320	
*Myne seruauntis ben alle wyse & honourable	*	
§ Thow art myn mortal fo & me warreyest	322§	248
And of mynne olde seruauntis thow mysseyst	323	
And hynderyst hem with thyn translacyoun	324	
And lettist folk to han deuocyoun	325	
To seruyn me & haldist it folye	326	252
§ To troste on me thou mayst it nat denye	327§	
ffor in pleyn tixt it nedith nat to glose	328	
Thow hast translatid the romauis of the rose	329	
That is an eresye a-geyns myn lawe	330	256
And makyst wise folk fro me withdrawe	33.	
*And thynkist in thyn wit that is ful cole <sup>1</sup>	*	[P e corr.]
*That he nys but a verray propre fole	*	
*That louyth paramouris to harde & hote	*	260
*Wel wot I ther by / thou begynnyst dote	*	
*As olde folis whan here spryt faylyth	*	[f 448, b]
*Thanne blame they folk & wete nat what hem ealyth *		
*Hast thou nat mad in englys ek the bok	*	264
§ How that Crisseyde Troylis forsok	332§	
§ In schewyng how that <sup>2</sup> wemen han don mis <sup>2</sup>	333§	
*Bit natholes answere me now to this	*	[P - e corr.]
*Why noldist thou as wel a-seyd goodnes	*	268
*Of wemen as thou hast seyd wekedenes	*	
*Was there no good matyr in thyn mynde	*	
*Ne in alle thyne bokys ne coudist thou nat fynde *		
*Sum story of wemen that were goode & trewe <sup>3</sup> *	[P trewe corr.]	
*ȝis god wot .lx. bokys olde & newe	*	273
*Hast thou thyn self alle ful of storyis grete	*	
*That bothe romaynys & ek grekis trete	*	

## PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE. FAIRFAX MS 16. 45

Gg. Lines.

Fz. Lines.

240 And seyde / it am I / and come him nere  
 241 And salwed him / quod he what dostow here  
 242§ So nygh myñ ovne fioure / so boldly 316  
 243 Yt were better worthy / trewly  
 244 A worme / to neghen ner my flour / than thou  
 245 And why sire / quod I / and yt lyke yow  
 246 For thou quod he / art ther-to no-thing able 320  
 \*Yt is my relyke / digne and delytable  
 248§ And thou my foo / and al my folke werreyest  
 249 And of myñ olde servauntes / thou mysseyest  
 250 And hynderest hem / with thy translacion 324  
 251 And lettest folke / from hire deuocion  
 252 [To serven me / and holdest it folye]  
 253§ To serve love / thou maist yt nat denye  
 254 For in pleyne text / with-outen nede of glose 328  
 255 Thou hast [translated] the Romaunce / of the rose  
 256 That is an heresye / ayeins my lawe  
 257 And makest wise folke / fro me with-drawe  
  
 265§ And of Creseyde / thou hast seyde as the lyste 332  
 266§ That maketh men / to wommen lasse triste

	Fr. li.	Gg. li.
*Of sundery wemen whiche lyf that they ledde	*	276
*And euere an hundredede goode a-geyn on badde	*	
*This knowith god & alle clerkis ek	*	
*That vsyn sweche materis for to sek	*	
*What seith Valerye Titus or Claudyan	*	280
*What seith Ierome agayns Iouynyan	*	
*How clene maydenys <sup>1</sup> & how trewe wyuys	*	[ <sup>1</sup> a corr.]
*How stedefaste wedewys durynge alle here lyuys	*	
*Tellyth <sup>2</sup> Ierome & that nat of a fewe	[ <sup>2</sup> h corr.]	*
*But I dar seyn an hundredede on a rewe	*	
*That it is pete for to rede & routhe	*	
*The wo that they endure for here trouthe	*	
§ <sup>3</sup> ffor to hyre loue were they so trewe	334§	288
*That rathere than they wole take a newe <sup>3</sup>	*	[ <sup>3-3</sup> corr.]
*They chose to be ded in sundery wyse	*	
*And deidodyn as the story wele deuyse	*	
*And some were brend & some were cut the hals	*	292
*And some dreynt for thy woldyn not be fals	*	
*ffor alle kepid <sup>4</sup> they here maydynhed	*	[ <sup>4</sup> pid corr.]
*Or ellis wedlek or here wedewehed	*	
*And this thing was nat kept for holynesse	*	296
*But al for verray vertu & clennesse	*	
*And for men schulde sette on hem no lak	*	
*And ȝit they were hethene al the pak	*	
*That were so sore a-drad of alle schame	[leaf 449]	300
*These olde wemen kepte so here name	*	
*That in this world I trowe men schal nat fynde	*	
*A man that <sup>5</sup> coude be so trowe & kynde	*	[ <sup>5</sup> t corr.]
*As was the leste woman in that tyde	*	304
*What seyth also the epistelle of Ouyde	*	
*Of trewe wyuys & of here labour	*	
*What vincent in his estoryal myrour	*	
*Ek al te world of autourys mayst tow here	*	308
*Cristene & hethene trete of swich matere	*	
*It nedith nat al day thus for to endite	*	
*But ȝit I seye what eylyth the to wryte	*	

PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE. FAIRFAX MS 16. 47

*Gg. Lines.*

*Fz. Lines.*

288§that beñ as trewe / as euer was any steel

334

	Fx. u.	Gg. u.
*The draf of storyis & forgete <sup>1</sup> the corn [ <sup>1</sup> gete corr.] *		312
§ Be seynt venus of whom that I was born	338§	
§ Al-thow thow reneyist hast myn lay	336§	
§ As othere olde folys manye a day	337	315

§ Thow schalt repente it so that it schal be sene	340§	
§ Thanne spak Alceste the worthyere queene <sup>2</sup> 341§ [ <sup>2</sup> 2nd & corr.]		
And seyde god ryȝt of ȝoure curteysye	342	
ȝe motyn herkenyn If he can replye	343	
A-geyns these poyntys that ȝe han to hym <sup>3</sup> mevid <sup>3</sup> [ <sup>3</sup> a-s corr.]		
A god ne schulde not thus been a-greuyd	345	321
§ But of his dede he schal be stable	346	
§ And therto ryȝtful & ek mercyalbe	347§	
* He schal nat ryȝtfully his yre wreke	*	324
* Or he haue herd the tothyr partye speke	*	
* Al ne is nat gospel that is to ȝow pleynyd	*	
* The god of loue heryth manye a tale I-feynyd	*	
ffor in ȝoure court is manye a losenger	352	328
And manye aqueynte totulour acusour	353	
§ That tabouryn in ȝoure eres / many a thyng	354§	
§ ffor hate or for Ielous ymagynng	355§	
§ And for to han with ȝou sum dalyaunce	356§	332
* Enuye I prere to god ȝeue hire myschaunce	*	
Is lauender In the grete court alway	358	
ffor che ne partyth neythir nygh ne day	359	
Out of the hous of Cesar thus seyth dante	360	336
Who-so that goth alwey sche mote wante	361	
* This man to ȝow may wrongly ben acused	* [ <sup>4</sup> 440, b]	
* There as be ryght hym oughte ben excusid	*	
§ Or ellis sere for that this man is nyce	362§	340
§ He may translate a thyng in no malyce	363§	
§ But for he vsyth bokis for to make	364§	
§ And takyth non hed of what matere he take	365§	
* Therfore he wrot the rose & ek <sup>4</sup> Crisseyde [ <sup>4</sup> i corr.] *	344	
* Of innocence & nyste what he seyde	*	

## PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE. FAIRFAX MS 16. 49

<i>Gg. lines.</i>		<i>Fx. lines.</i>
*Of thyng answere / avise the ryght weel	335	
314§For thogh thou reneyed / hast my lay		
315§As other wrecches hañ dooñ / many a day	337	
313§By seynt Venus / that my moder ys		<i>nota.</i>
316§If that thou lyve / thou shalt repente this		
*So cruelly / that it shal wele be sene	340	
317§Thoo spake this lady / clothed al in grene		
318 And seyde / god ryght of youre curtesye		[leaf 87, back]
319 Ye moteñ herkeñ / yf he can replye		
320 Agayns al this / that ye haue to him meved	344	
321 A god / ne sholde nat be thus agreued		
322§But of hys deitee / he shal be stable		
323§And therto gracious / and merciable		
*And yf ye nere a god / that knoweñ alle	348	
*Thanne myght yt be / as I yow telleñ shalle		
*This mane to yow / may falsly ben accused		
*Ther as by right / him oughte ben excused		
328 For in youre courte / ys many a losengeour	352	
329 And many aqueynt totelere / accusour		
330§That tabouren in youre eres / many a swoñ		
331§Ryght aftir hire / ymagynacion		
332§To have youre daliance / and for envie	356	
*This be the causes / and I shal not lye		
333§Envie ys lauendere / of the Court alway		<i>nota.</i>
335 For she ne parteth / neither nyght ne day		
336 Out of the house of Cesar / thus seith dante	360	
337 Who so that gooth / algate she wol nat wante		
340§And eke parauntere / for this mañ ys nyce		
341§He myght dooñ yt / gessyng no malice		
342§For he vseth thynges / for to make	364	
343§Hym rekkeh ногht / of what matere he take		

	Fr. li.	Gg. li.
Or hym was bodyn make thilke tweye	366	
Of sum persone & durste it not with seye	367	
*ffor he hath wrete manye a bok er this	*	348
He ne hath not don so greuosly a-mys	369	349
To translate that olde clerkis wryte	370	
As thow that he of maleys wolde endyte	371	
Despit of loue & hadde hym self I-wrought	372	352
This schulde a ryghtwys lord han in his thouȝt	373	
And not ben lyk tyrauntis of lumbardye	374	
§That vsyn wilfulhed & tyrannye	375§	
ffor he that kyng or lord is naturel	376	356
Hym oughte nat be tyraunt & crewel	377	[leaf 149, back, line 20]
As is a fermour to don the harm he can	378	[leaf 450, line 19]
He muste thynke it is his lige man	379	
*And that hym owith o verry duetee	*	360
*Schewyn his peple pleyn benygnete	*	
*And wel to heryn here excusacyoun;	*	
*And here compleyntrys <sup>2</sup> & petycions	*	[* is corr.]
*In duewe tyme whan they schal it profre	*	364
This is the sentens of the philysophere	381	
A kyng to kepe hise lygis in iustise	382	
Which oughtyn doute that is his offise	383	
*And therto is a kyng ful depe I-sworn	*	368
*fful manye an hundredede wyntyr here be-forn	*	
§And for to kepe his lordys hir degré	384§	
As it is ryght and skylful that they be	385	
Enhaunsede and / honoured most dere	386	372
ffor they ben half goddys in this world here	387	
This schal he don bothe to pore ryche	388	
Al be that here stat be nat a-lyche	389	
And han of pore folk compassioun	390	376
ffor lo the gentyl kynde of the lyoun	391	
ffor whan a flye offendyth hym or bytith	392	[v. 450, bk.]
He with his tayl awey the flye smythyth	393	
Al esyly for of his genterye	394	380
Hym deynyth nat to wreke hym on a flye	395	

PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE. FAIRFAX MS 16. 51

<i>Gg. lines.</i>		<i>Fz. lines.</i>
346	Of him was boden / maken thilke tweye	366
347	Of somme persone / and durste yt nat with-seye	
	*Or him repenteñ / outrely of this	368
349	He ne hath nat dooñ / so grevously amys	
350	To translaten / that olde clerkes writeñ	
351	And thogh that he / of malice wolde enditeñ	
352	Despite of love / and had him-selfe yt wrught	372
353	This shoolde a ryghtwis lord / haue in his thoght	
354	And nat be lyke tiraunetz / of lumbardye	
355	§That han no reward / but at tyranny	
356	For he that kynge / or lord ys in naturel	376
357	Hym oght nat be / tiraunt ne crewel	
358	As is a fermour / to dooñ the harme he kan	
359	He moste thinke / yt is his legee man	

[leaf 88]

*And is his tresour / and his gold in cofre	380
365 This is the sentence of the Philosophre	
366 A kyng / to kepe hise leeges in Iustice	
367 With-outeñ doute / that is his office	

370	§Al wol he kepe hise lordes / in hire degree	384
371	As it ys ryght / and skilful that they bee	
372	Enhaunced and honoured / and most dere	
373	For they beñ half goddys / in this world here	
374	Yit mote he dooñ / bothe ryght to poore and ryche	
375	Al be that hire estaat / be nat y-liche	389
376	And hañ of poore folke / compassyoñ	
377	For loo / the gentil kynde of the lyoñ	
378	For whañ a flye / offendith him or biteth	
379	He with his tayle / awey the fle smyteñ	
380	Al esely / for of hys gentrye	
381	Hym deyneth not / to wreke hym oñ a flye	

	Fr. u.	Gg. u.
As doth a curre or ellis a-nothir beste	396	382
In noble corage oughte ben areste	397	
And weyen eueryth by equite	398	384
And euere han reward to his owen degré	399	
ffor sire it is no maystrye for a lord	400	
To dampne a man with-oute answere or word	401	
And for a lord that is wol foul to vse	402	388
And If so be he may hym nat ascuse	403	
§ Axith mercy with a sorweful herte	404§	
And proferyth hym ryght in his bare scherte	405	
To been rygh at ȝoure owene Iugement	406	392
Than ought a god by schort avisement	407	[leaf 450, back, l. 16]
Considerē his owene honour & his trespace	[leaf 449, back, l. 21]	
ffor sythe no cause of deth lyth in this cace	409	
ȝow oughte to ben the lyghtere merciable	410	396
Letith ȝoure yre & beth sumwhat tretable	411	
The man hath seruyd ȝow of his <sup>1</sup> konnyg	412 <sup>[1]ko corr.]</sup>	
And fortheryd ȝoure lawe with his makynge	413	
*Whil he was ȝong he kepte ȝoure estat	*	400
*I not where he be now a renagat <sup>2</sup>	*	[ <sup>2</sup> last & corr.]
§ But wel I wot with that he can endyte	414§	
He hath makid lewede folk to delyte	415	
To seruyn ȝow in preysyngē of ȝoure name	416	404
He made the bok that highte the hous of fame	417	
And ek the deth of Blaunche the duchesse	418	
And the parlement of foulis as I gesse	419	
And al the loue of Palamon & Arcite	420	408
Of thebes thow the storie is knowne lite	421	
And manye an ympne for thour halydayis	422	
That hightyn baladis roundelys & vryrelayes	423	
And for to speke of oþyr besynesse	[leaf 450]	424
He hath in prose translatid Boece	425	
*And of the wretchede engendryngē of mankynde	*	
*As man may in pope innocent I-fynde	*	
And made the lyf also of seynt Cecile	426	416
He made also gon is agret while	427	

<i>Gg. lines.</i>	<i>Fx. lines.</i>
382 As dooth a curre / or elles another best	396
383 In noble corage / ought ben arrest	
384 And weyen euery thing / by equytee	
385 And euer haue rewarde / vnto his oweñ degree	
386 For syr yt is no maistriye / for a lorde	400
387 To dampne a mañ / without answere of worde	
388 And for a lorde / that is ful foule to vse	
389 And it so be / he may hym nat excuse	
390§ But asketh mercy / with a dredeful herte	404
391 And profereth him ryght / in his bare sherte	
392 To ben ryght / at your oweñ Iugement	
393 Than oght a god / by short avysement	
394 Consydre his owne honour / and hys trespass	408
395 For syth no cause of dethe / lyeth in this caas	
396 Yow oghte to ben / the lyghter merciable	
397 leteth youre Ire / and beth sumwhat tretable	
398 The mañ hath served yow / of his kunyng	412
399 And furthred wel youre lawe / in his makyng	

402§ Al be hit / that he kan nat wel endite	[leaf 88, back]
403 Yet hath he made / lewde folke delyte	
404 To serve yow / in preysinge of your name	nota.
405 He made the book / that hight the hous of Fame	417
406 And eke the deeth / of Blaunce the Duchesse	
407 And the parlement of foules / as I gesse	
408 And al the love / of Palamoñ and Arcite	420
409 Of Thebes / thogh the storye ys knoweñ lyte	
410 And many an ympne / for your halydayes	
411 That highteñ balades / roundels / virelayes	
412 And for to speke / of other holynesse	424
413 He hath in proce / translated Boece	

416 And maade the lyfe also / of seynt Cecile  
 417 He made also / gooñ ys a grete while

	Fz. N.	Gg. N.
Orygenes vp-on the maudeleyne	428	418
Hym ouuȝte now to haue the lesse peyne	429	
He hath mad manye a lay & manye a thynge	430	420
Now as ȝe ben a god & ek a kyng	431	
I ȝoure alceste whilom quene of trace	432	
I axe ȝow this man rygh of ȝoure grace	433	
That ȝe hym neuere hurtē in al his lyue	434	424
And he schal swere to ȝow & that as blyue	435	
He schal no more agiltyn in this wyse	436	
But he schal makyn as ȝe wele deuyse	437	
Of wemen trewe in louyng al here lyue	438	428
Wher so ȝe wele of maydyn or of wyue	439	[leaf 450, l. 18]
And fortheryn ȝow as meche as he mysseyde	[leaf 450, ll. 17]	
Or in the rose or ellis in crisseyde	441	
The god of loue answerede hire thus a-non	442	432
Madame quod he it is so longe a-gon	443	
That I ȝow knew so charytable & trewe	444	
That neuere ȝit sithe that the world was newe	445	
To me ne fond I neuere non betere than the	446	436
That If that I wele sauе myn degré	447	
I may ne wel not warne ȝoure requeste	448	
Al lyth in ȝow doth with hym what ȝow leste	449	
And al for-ȝeue with oute lengere space	450	440
ffor who so ȝeyth a ȝifte or doth a grace	451	
Do it be tyme his thank is wel te more	452	
And demyth ȝe what he shal <sup>1</sup> don therfore	453	[ <sup>1</sup> shal corr.]
Go thanke now myn lady here quod he	454	444
I ros and doun I sette me on myn kne	455	
And seyde thus madame the god a-boue	456	
ffor-ȝelde ȝow that ȝe the god of loue	457	
Han makyd me his wrethe to forȝeue	458	448
And ȝeue me grace so longe for to leue	459	
That I may knowe sothly what ȝe be	460	
That han me holpyn & put me in swich degré	461	
But trewely I wende as in this cas	[leaf 451]	462
Naught haue a-gilt ne don to loue trespass	463	452

## PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE. FAIRFAX MS 16. 55

<i>Gg. lines.</i>	<i>Fx. lines.</i>
418 Origenes / vpoñ the Maudeleyne	428
419 Hym oughte now / to have the lesse peyne	
420 He hath maade many a lay / and many a thinge	
421 Now as ye be a god / and eke a kynge	
422 I your Alceste / whilom quene of Trace <i>nota</i>	432
423 Y aske yow this mañ / ryght of your grace	
424 That ye him never hurte / in al his lyve	
425 And he shal sweref to yow / and that blyve	
426 He shal neuer more / agilten in this wyse	436
427 But shal makeñ / as ye wol deuyse	
428 Of wommen trewe / in lovyng al hire lyfe	
429 Wher so ye wol / of mayden or of wyfe	
430 And forthren yow / as muche as he mysseyde	440
431 Or in the Rose / or elles in Creseyde	
432 The god of love / answerede hire anoon	
433 Madame quod he / it is so long agoon	
434 That I yow knewe / so charitable and trewe	444
435 That neuer yit / syn that the worlde was newe	
436 To me / ne founde y better noon thañ yee	
437 If that ye wolde / save my degree	
438 I may ne wol nat / werne your requeste	448
439 Al lyeth in yow / dooth wyt̄ hyñ / as yow liste	
440 I al foryeve / withouten lenger space	
441 For who so yeveth a yifte / or dooth a grace	[leaf 89]
442 Do it bytyme / his thank ys wel the more	
443 And demeth ye / what he shal doo therfore	
444 Goo thanke now my lady / here quod he	
445 I roos / and dovne I sette me / oñ my knee	
446 And seyde thus / madame the god a-bove	456
447 For-yelde yow / that thee god of love	
448 Han maked me / his wrathe to foryive	
449 And [gyve me] grace so long / for to lyve	
450 That I may knowe / soothly what ye bee	
451 That han me holpe / and put me in this degree	460
452 But trewly I wende / as in this cas	
453 Naught have agilt / ne dooñ to love trespass	

	Fr. H.	Gg. H.
ffor why a trewe man with oute drede	464	454
Hath nat to parte with a theuys dede	465	
Ne a trewe louere may <sup>1</sup> me nat blame	466	[may corr.]
Thaw that I speke a fals <sup>2</sup> louere sum schame	467	[fals corr.]
They aughte rathere with me for to holde	468	458
ffor that I of Criseyde wrot or tolde	469	
Or of the rose what so myn auȝtour mente <sup>3</sup>	470	[ȝt corr.]
Algate god wot it was myn entente	471	461
To fortherere trouthe in loue & it cheryse	472	
And to be war from falsenesse & from vice	473	
By swich ensaumple this was myn menyngē	474	464
And sche answerde lat be thyn arguyngē	475	
ffor loue ne wele nat countyrpletyd be	476	
In ryght ne wrong & lerne this at me	477	
Thow hast thyn grace & <sup>4</sup> holde the ryght ther to <sup>4</sup>	[4-4 corr.]	
Now wole I seyn what penaunce thow schat do	479	469
ffor thyn trespace & vndyrstonde it here	480	
Thow schalt whil thow leuyst ȝer be ȝere	481	
§ The moste partye of thyn lyf spende	482§	472
In makynge of a gloryous legende	483	
Of goode wemen maydenys & wyues	484	
That were trewe <sup>5</sup> in leuyngē al here lyuys	485	[ȝwe corr.]
And telle of false men that hem betrayen	486	476
That al here lyf ne don nat but asayen	487	
How manye wemen / they may don a schame	488	
ffor in ȝoure world that is now holdyn game	489	
§ And thow the lestyth nat a louere be	490§	480
Spek wel of loue this penaunce ȝeue I the	491	
And to the god of loue I schal so preye	492	
That he schal charge hise seruauntys by ony weye	493	
To fortheryn the & wel thyn labour quite	494	484
Go now thyn wey thyn penaunce is but lyte	495	
The god of loue gan smyle & thanne he seyde	498	
Wostow quod he wher this be wif or mayde	499	

<i>Gg. lines.</i>	<i>Fx. lines.</i>
454 For why a trewe man / withouten drede	464
455 Hath nat to parten / with a theves dede	
456 Ne a trewe louer / oght me not to blame	
457 Thogh that I spake / a fals lovere som shame	
458 They oughte rather with me / for to holde	468
459 For that I of Creseyde / wroot or tolde	
460 Or of the Rose / what so myn Auctour mente	
461 Algat god woot / yt was myn entente	
462 To forthren trouthe in love / and yt cheryce	472
463 And to ben war fro falsnesse / and fro vice	
464 By swiche ensample / this was my menyng	
465 And she answerde / lat be thy Arguyng	
466 For love ne wol nat / countrepleted be	476
467 In ryght ne wrong / and lerne that of me	
468 Thow hast thy grace / and holde the ryght therto	
469 Now wol I seyn / what penance thou shalt do	
470 For thy trespass / vnderstonde yt here	480
471 Thow shalt while that thou lyvest / yere by yere	
472 The most partye / of thy tyme spende	
473 In makyng / of A glorious legende	
474 Of good wymmen / maydenes and wyves	484
475 That wereñ rew in lovyng / al hire lyves	
476 And telle of fals meñ / that hem bytraieñ	
477 [That al hir lyfe ne do nat but assayen]	
478 How many womeñ / that may dooñ ashame	[leaf 80, back]
479 For in youre worlde / that is now holde a game	489
480 And thogh the lyke nat / a lovere bee	
481 Speke wel of love / this penance yive I the	
482 And to the god of love / I shal so preye	492
483 that he shal charge / his servantez by any weye	
484 To forthren thee / and wel thy labour quyte	
485 Goo now thy weye / this penaunce ys but lyte	
*And whan this book ys maade / yive it the quene	
*On my byhalfe / at Eltham or at Sheene	497
486 The god of love gan smyle / and thañ he sayde	
487 Wostow quod he / wher this be wyf or mayde	

	Fz. li.	Gg. li.
Or queen or cuntesse or of what degré	500	488
That hath so lytil penaunce ȝeuyn the	501	
That hast deseruyd sorere for to smerte	502 [ <i>5451, 12</i> ]	
But pete rennyth sone in gentil herte	503	
That mayst thow sen sche kytheth what sche is	504	492
And I answerde nay sere so hause I blys	505	
No more but that I se wel sche is good	506	
That is a trewe tale by myn hod	507	
Qod loue & that thow knowist wel <i>parde</i>	508	496
ȝif it be so that thow a-vise the	509	
Hast thow nat in a bok lyth in thyn cheste	510	
The grete goodnessse of the queene Alceste	511	
That turnede was in to a dayesye	512	500
Sche that for hire husbonde ches to deye	513	
And ek to gon to helle rathere than he	514	
And Ercules rescued hire <i>parde</i>	515	
And broughte hyre out of helle a-geyn to blys	516	504
And I answerde a-ȝen & seyde ȝis	517	
Now knowe I hire & is this goode alceste.	518	
The dayes eye & myn owene herte is reste	519	
Now fele I wel the goodnessse of this wif	520	508
That bothe aftyr hire deth & ek hire lyf.	521	
Hire grete bounte doubelyth hire renoun	522	
Wel hath sche quit me myn affeccioun	523	
That I haue to hire flour the dayesye	524	512
No wondyr is / thow loue hire stellesye	525	
As tellyth Agaton for hyre goodnessse	526	
Hire white coroun beryth of it witnesse	527	
ffor al-so manye vertuys hath sche	528	516
As smale flourys in hyre coroun be	529	
Of remembrauns of hire & in honour	530	
Cibella made the dayesye & the flour	531	
I-Coroned al with whit as men ma se	532	520
And Mars <sup>1</sup> ȝaf to hire corone red <i>parde</i>	533 [ <i>scorr.</i> ]	
In stede of rubeis set a-mong the white	534	
Therwith this queene wex red for schame a-lyte	535	

<i>Gg. lines.</i>	<i>Fz. Nues.</i>
488 Or queene or Countesse / or of what degré	500
489 That hath so lytel penance / yiveñ thee	
490 That hast deserued [sore for to smerte	
491 But pite renneth] soone in gentil herte	
492 That maistow seen / she kytheth what she ys	504
493 And I answered nay sire / so have I blys	
494 Na moore but that I see wel / she is good	
495 That is a trewe tale / by myñ hood	
496 Quod love / and thou knowest wel pardee	508
497 If yt be so / that thou avise the	
498 Hastow nat in a book / lyth in thy cheste	
499 The gret goodnesse / of the quene Alceste	
500 That turned was / in-to a daysye	512
501 She that for hire housbonde / chees to dye	
502 And eke to goon to helle / rather thañ he	
503 And ercules / rescowed hire pardē	
504 And broght hir out of helle / agayne to blys	516
505 And I answerd ageyñ / and sayde yis	
506 Now knowe I hire / and is this good Alceste	
507 The daysie / and myñ owene hertes reste	
508 Now fele I weel / the goodnesse of this wyf	520
509 That both aftir hir deth / and in hir lyf	
510 Hir grete bounte / doubleth hire renoñ	
511 Wel hath she quyt me / myñ affeccion	
512 That I have to hire flour / the daysye	524
513 No wonder ys / thogh Ioue hire stellyfye	
514 As telleth agatōñ / for hire goodenesse	[leaf 90]
515 Hire white corowne / berith of hyt witnesse	
516 For also many vertues / hadde shee	528
517 As smale florouns / in hire corowne bee	
518 In remembraunce of hire / and in honoure	
519 Cibella maade the daysye / and the floure	
520 Y-crowned al with white / as meñ may see	
521 And Mars yaf to hire corowne / reede pardee	533
522 In stede of Rubyes / sette among the white	
523 Therwith this queene / wex reed for shame a lyte	

¶ Cibella  
mater  
deorum.

	Fr. N.	Gg. N.
Whan sche was preysid so in hire presence	536	524
Thanne seyde loue a ful gret neglygence	537	
§ Was it to the to write onstedefast-nesse	538	
*Of women sithe thow knowist here goodnesse	*	
*By pref & ek by storyis here by-forn [leaf 452]	*	528
*Let be the chaf & writ wel of the corn	*	
*Why noldist thow han writyn of alceste	*	
*And latyn Criseide ben a-slepe & rest	*	
*ffor of alceste schulde thyn wrytynge be	*	532
§ Syn that thow wist that calandier Is <sup>1</sup> she	542	[ <sup>1</sup> Is corr.]
§ Of goodnesse for sche taughte of fyn louyng	544§	
And namely of wifhod the lyuynge	545	
And alle the boundys that sche aughte kepe	546	536
Thyn lityl wit was thilke tyme a-slepe	547	
But now I charge the vp-on thyn lyf	548	
That in thyn <sup>2</sup> legende thow make of this wif	549	[ <sup>2</sup> yn corr.]
Whan thow hast othere smale mad by-fore	550	540
And fare now wel I charge the no more	551	

At cliopatre I wele<sup>3</sup> that thow begynne 566 [<sup>3</sup> that th corr.]  
And so forth & myn loue so shalt tow wynne 567 543

## PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE. FAIRFAX MS 16. 61

Gg. lines.

Fz. lines.

524 Whan she was preyed / so in hire presence	536
525 Thanne seyde love / a ful grete negligence	
526§ Was ys to the / that ylke tyme thou made	538

\*Hyd Absoloen thy tresses / in balade [see l. 249, p. 41]

\*That thou forgate hire / in thi songe to sette 540

\*Syñ that thou art / so gretly in hire dette

533§ And wost wel / that kalender ys shee

\*To any womañ / that wol lover bee

534§ For she taught al the crafte / of fyne lovyng 544

535 And namely of wyfhode / the lyvyng

536 And al the boundes / that she ought kepe

537 Thy litel witte / was thilke tyme a-slepe

538 But now I charge the / vpoñ thy lyfe 548

539 That in thy legende / thou make of thys wyfe

540 Whañ thou hast other smale / ymaade before

541 And fare now wel / I charge the namore

\*But er I goo / thus muche I wol the telle nota

\*Ne shal no trewe lover / come in helle 553

\*Thise other ladies / sittynge here arowe

\*Ben in my balade / yf thou kanst hem knowe

\*And in thy bookes / alle thou shalt hem fynde 556

\*Have hem in thy legende / now al in mynde

\*I mene of hem / that ben in thy knowyng

\*For here ben twenty thousande moo sittynge

\*Thanne thou knowest / good wommen alle 560

\*And trewe of love / for ought that my byfalle

\*Make the metres of hem / as the lest [leaf 90, back]

\*I mot gooñ home / the sonne draweth west

\*To paradys / with al thise compayne

\*And serve alwey / the fresshi daysye

542 At Cleopatre I wole / that thou begynne

543 And so forthe / and my love so shal thou wynne

\*For lat see now / what mañ that lover be 568

§ And with that word of slep I gan a-wake 578§ 544  
And ryght thus on myn legende gan I make 579 545

Explicit prohemium

\*Wol doon so stronge a peyne / for love as she  
\*I wot wel that thou maist nat / al yt ryme  
\*That swich lovers / dide in hire tyme  
\*It were to long / to reden and to here 572  
\*Suffich me / thou make in this manere  
\*That thou reherce / of al hir lyfe the grete  
\*After thise olde Auctours / lysten for to trete  
\*For who so shal / so many a storye telle  
\*Sey shortly or he shal / to longe dwelle  
544 § And with that worde / my bokes gañ I take  
545 And ryght thus on my legende / gañ I make. 579



## An A B C.

In this hitherto unidentified MS. of Shirley's, the Sion College paper MS. Archives, 2. 23, ab. 1440 A.D., which contains the much-desired "Chauc[er]" by the side of its A B C, the poem is preceded, as in the other prose MSS. of De Guileville's *Lyf of Man*<sup>1</sup>, by the following passage, leaf 78 (or sheet x, leaf 8), back, 2 lines from foot:—

"And þanne of þe clowde a scripture she caste me and sayde þus / Loo heere howe þou shouldest pray hir boþe at þis neede / [leaf 79] And alweytes whane þou shalt haue semblable neede and when in suche olde handes þou shalt beo / Nowe reede it anoon appertelich / and byseeche hir devoutlich and with verray hert behoote hir þat wolt beo goode and truwe pilgryme / And þat þou wolt neuer goo by waye / þeere powe wenest for to fynde shrewed paas / Nowe I wol telle yowe of scripture I vndid it and vnplyted it and redde it / and maade at alle poyntes my preyer in þe fourme and maner þat þe same scripture conteened / and as Gracedieux bade me / I sayde it / þe manere and fourne of þe scripture yee shoule heere / If þabee / yee conne weel / yee may weel vnderstande and lightlich vnderstande it if it beo neede /"

and is followd, on leaf 81, back, by

[Cap] = xx. + w **W**HAN þUS I HADE MADE MY PREYER. TO HIR  
þAT IS DESPENCER TO GRACEDIEUX I HEEF  
MY HANDE AND DROUGHE MY BOURDON TO  
ME /. GRACEDIEUX AS I HAUDE TOLDE YOWE / OF HIR GOODSHIP  
RAUGHT IT ME / WHANE I HADE IT TO GRACEDIEUX I SAYDE /  
AS ME THINKEPE RIGHTE NOWE I FYNDE / þAT IF YEE WOLDE HELPE  
ME / I SHOULDE BEO REYSED AGEYNE / AND þAT. ANOONE / I  
SHOULDE HAUDE HEELLE / YIF WITH YORE OYMENT YE WOLDE  
ENOYNT ME / WEEL I WOT þAT MY CHARBOUNCLE HABE SO WEEL  
VNBOKELDE þE BOCLE / VNDER WHICH YEE WEREN BOOLED / þAT  
FREDAM SHE GYLEPE YOWE TO HELP PEELKE þAT YEE WOLLEN /  
BOUGHE þEY BEO DEED OR HURTE /" &c.

<sup>1</sup> See the extracts from 4 MSS. on the half-title to the *Parallel-Texts* of the A B C. The *Supplementary Parallel-Texts* of the poem are from independent MSS. Mr Fenwick tells me that there are no englisch DeGuilevilles in the collection of his father-in-law, the late Sir Thomas Phillipps, at Cheltenham.

[*Sion Coll. MS., Arc. 2. 23, Shirley's, leaves 79—81, back.*]

¶ Incipit carmen secundum ordinem literarum Alphabeti.

[*from margin*] ¶ Chauc[er] ¶ Devotissima oracio [ad] Mariam. pro omni ten[tacione] tribulacione necess[itate] angustia.

(1. A.)

\*A Lmighþy · and almercayble qweene .A. 1  
 To whame þat al / þis worlde fleeþe for socour /  
 To haue releese of / synne and sorowe and teene /  
 Gloryous virgyne / of alle floures flour 4  
 To þee I crye / confounded in errour  
 Helpe and releef / þou mighty debonayre /  
 Haue mercy / on my parayllous langoure /  
 Venqwyshed me haþe / my cruwel aduersayre / 8

(2. B.)

¶ Bountee so fixse / haþe in þyne hert his tente .B. 9  
 þat weele I wot þou wolt his socour be /  
 þowe canst not weerne / him / þat with goode entent  
 Axeþe þyne help / þyne. hert is ay so free / 12  
 þou art largesse / of pleyne felicitye /  
 Haven of refuyte / of qwyete and of rest  
 Loo howe þat theeves / seven chasen me / .i. seven dedly synnes.  
 Helpe lady bright / er þat my shippe to-brest 16

(3. C.)

¶ Coumfort is noon / but in yowe lady deere / .C. 17  
 For loo my synne / and my confusyoun /  
 Whiche aughten not / in þy presence appeere  
 Haue taken on me / a greuous accyoun 20  
 Of verray right / and desperacyoun  
 And as by right / þey might weel sousteene /  
 þat I were worþy / my dampnacyoun  
 Ner mercy of yowe / blisful hevens qweene / 24

SION COLLEGE (SHIRLEY)

[Bodleian MS. 638, leaf 204.]

[Lines 70, 135-6, 168, show that this A B C was not copied from that in Fairfax 16.]

(1. A)

<b>A</b> Lmighty & almercyeable quene	A	1
To whom all this world fleith for socou <sup>1</sup> <small>[1 MS. torn off]</small>		
To haue reles of synne sorwe & tene		
Gloriouuse virgyn of all flouris floure		4
To the I fle confoundid in erroure		
Help & releue thou mighty debonayre		
Haue mercy on my perylouse langoure		
Venquysshid hath me my crue <sup>h</sup> Aduersayre		8

(2. B.)

Bounte so fy <sup>x</sup> hath in thin hert his tent	B	9
That we <sup>h</sup> I wote thou wolte my socoure be		
Thow kanst not werne him that with good entent		
Askith thin help thin hert ys ay so fre		12
Thou art largesse of pley <sup>n</sup> Felycite		
Hauen of refute of quyete & of rest		
Lo how that theuys sevyn chasin me		
Helpe lady bright er my shippe to brest		16

(3. C.)

Comfort is non but in you lady dere	C	17
For lo my synne & my confusyon		
Which ought not in thi presence appere		
Han take on me / a greuous accyoy		20
Of verray right & disperacyoy		
And as bi right thei nyght we <sup>h</sup> sustene		
That I were worthi my dampnacyon		
Nere mercy of you blisfull heuenys quene		24

BODLEY

## (4. D.)

¶ Doute is þer noone / þowe qweene of misericorde / .D. 25  
 þat þou art cause / of grace and mercy here / [leaf 79, back]  
 God vowchedsauf / thorough þee with vs tacorde  
 For certes lady / and blisful moder deere / 28  
 Weer nowe þe bowe / bent in suche manere /  
 As it was first of Justice / and of Ire /  
 þe rightful noolde / of no mercy heere  
 But thorough þee haue wee / grace as wee desyre / 32

## (5. E.)

¶ Ende haþe myne hope / of refuyt been in þee .E. 33  
 For here byforne / ful off in many a wyse /  
 Hastowe / to mysericorde / resceyued me /  
 But mercy lady / at þe gret assyse / 36  
 Whane we shal come / byfore þe heghie Iustyce ,  
 To lytell fruyt / shal þanne in me be founde  
 þat but þowe or / þat day me weel chastyce /  
 Of verraye right / my werk wol me confounde / 40.

## (6. F.)

¶ Fleyng I flee for socour to þy tent .F. 41  
 Me for to hyde / frome tempest ful of dreede /  
 Beseching yowe / þat yee yowe nouȝt absent  
 þaughie I beo wyck / O help yit at þis neede  
 Al haue I beon a beest / in wille and deede  
 Yit lady þowe me clooþe / with þy grace /  
 þyne enemy and myn / yit lady take heede  
 Vn to my deeþe / in poynþ is me to chace / 48

## (7. G.)

¶ Gloryous mayde / and moder which þat euer .G. 49  
 Was neuer youre letter / in eorþe neyþer in see  
 But ful of swettnesse / and of mercy euer /  
 Helpe þat my fader / ne be not wroþe with me / 52  
 Speke þou for euer / I dare nouȝt him see  
 So haue I doone in eorþe / ellas þe whyle  
 þat certes but / if þou my socour be  
 To stynke eterne / he wol my gooste exyle / 56

(4. D.)

Doute ys ther non quene of miserycorde [f. 204, b. 1] D 25  
 That thou nart cause of grace & mercy here  
 God vouchid-sauf thoro; the with vs tacorde  
 For certis cristys blisfull modre dere 28  
 Were now the bow I-bent in such manere  
 As it was first of Iustyce & of Ire  
 The rightfull god nolde of no mercy here  
 But thurgh thee haue we grace as we desyre 33

(5. E.)

Euyr hath myn hope of refute yn the be E 33  
 For here bifore full ofte yn many wys  
 Vnto mercy hastow receyuid me  
 But mercy lady at the grete Assyse 36  
 When we shul come bifore the high Iustyce  
 So litell good shall then in me be founde  
 That but thou er that day correcte me  
 Of verray right my werke wuſt me confounde 40

(6. F.)

Fleynge I flee for socoure to thi tent F 41  
 Me for to hide fro tempest full of dредe  
 Besechyng' you that ye you not absent  
 Though I be wicke O help yit at this nede 44  
 Ah haue I ben a beste in witte & dede  
 Yet lady thou me clothe with thy grace  
 Thyne enmy & myn lady take hede  
 Vn-to my deth in poynt ys me to chace 48

(7. G.)

Glorious maide & modre which that neuyr [leaf 205] G 49  
 Were bittre nor in ertē nor in see  
 But full of swetnys & of mercy euyr  
 Help that my fadir be not wroth with me 52  
 Speke thou for I ne dar nat him I-se  
 So haue I don in ertē alias the while  
 That certis but that thou my socoure be  
 To stinke eterne he wuſt my goste exyle 56

(8. H.)

¶ He wowchedsauff telle him as was his wille / .H. 57  
 Bycome a man / to haue oure aluyaunce /  
 And with his precyous bloode / he wroote þe bille  
 Vpon þe crosse / as general acquytaunce / 60  
 To euery penytent / in ful creaunce /  
 And þer fore lady bright / þou for vs pray  
 þane shalþ þowe boope / stynt al oure grevaunce /  
 And make oure foo / to faylen of his praye / 64

(9. I.)

¶ I wote it weel / þou wolt beon oure socoure / [meo] .I. 65  
 þou art so ful of bountee in certein  
 For whane a soule falleþe in error /  
 þy pytee gooþe / and haaleþe him ageyne 68  
 þanne makest þou / his pees with his souereyn  
 And bringest him / out of þe crooked streete  
 Who so þe loueþe he shal not loue in veyn  
 þat shal he fynde / as þe lyf shal lete 72

(10. K.)

¶ Kalendiers enlumyned beon þey .K. 73  
 þat in þis worlde / beon lighted with þy name /  
 And who so gooþe to you / þe right wey  
 Him thar not dreede / in soule to be laame / 76  
 Nowe qweene of comfert sitþ þou art þat saame ,  
 To whome I seeche / for my medecyne /  
 Late not my foo / my wownde no more vntaame /  
 Myne heele in to þyne hande al I resigne 80

(11. L.)

¶ Lady þy sorwe / ne cane I nouȝt pourtraye .L. 81  
 Vnder þe crosse / ne his greuous penaunce /  
 But for youre boopes / penaunce I yowe praye /  
 Late nouȝt / oure adres foo / make his bobaunce / 84  
 þat he haþe in his lystes / of meschaunce /  
 Convict / þat yee boope / haue bought so deere /  
 As I sayde erst þou grounde of oure substaunce  
 Contynue on vs / þy pitous eyen cleere / 88

(8. H.)

He vouchid sauf tell him as was his witt H 57  
 Become a man as for oure alliaunce  
 And with his blode he wrote the bitt  
 Vpon the Crois as generall acquytaunce 60  
 To euery penytent in full creaunce  
 And therfor lady bryght / thou for vs prey  
 Than shaltow both stynt Aȝ greuaunce  
 And make oure Foo to failen or his prey 64

(9. I.)

I wote it well thou wolt ben oure socoure I 65  
 That art so full of bounte yn certeyn  
 For when a soule fallith in erroure  
 Thi pite goth & halith him Aȝ-geyn 68  
 Then makistow his pes with his souyreynd  
 And bringest him out of drede  
 Who so the louyth he shal not loue in veyn  
 That shal he finde when he the life shal lete 72

(10. K.)

Kalendrys enlumyned beth thei [leaf 205, back] K 73  
 That yn this worlde beth lighted with thi name  
 And who so gooth to you the right wey  
 Him thar nat drede in soule to be lame 76  
 Now quene of conforte sith thou art pat same  
 To whom I sech for my medycyne  
 Lat not my fo no more my wounde entame  
 Min hele into thin honde aȝ I resigne 80

(11. L.)

Lady thi sorwe kan I not portrey L 81  
 Vndir the Crois ne his greuous penaunce  
 But for youre both peynes I you prey  
 Lat not oure aller fo make his bobavnce 84  
 That he hath in his listes of myschaunce  
 Conuycte that ye both han bought so dere  
 As I seide erste thou grounde of our substaunce  
 Contynew in vs thi pitouse yen clere 88

## (12. M.)

¶ Moyses þat saughe / þe busshe with flaumbes red .M. 89  
 Brennyng of whiche / þat neuer oon stroke brend  
 Was signe of þyne / vnwenimed maydenhed  
 þou art þe busshe / on which þer gan descende 92  
 þe hooly gooste / þe which þat moyses wende  
 Hade beon on fuyre / and þis was in fygure /  
 Nowe lady frome þe fuyre / þou vs defende /  
 Which þat in helle / eternally shal dure / 96

## (13. N.)

¶ Noble pryncesse / þat neuer hadest pere / .N. 97  
 Certes if any coumfort in ous be /  
 þat comeþe of þee / þou Crystes moder deere  
 We haue noon oþer / melodye or glee / 100  
 Vs to reioyse / in oure aduersytee /  
 Ne advocat noon / þat dare þanne preye /  
 For vs and þat / for litel hyre as yee / [leaf 80, back]  
 þat helpen for / an Aue mary or twey 104

## (14. O.)

¶ O verraye light / of eyegheþen þat beon blynde .O. 105  
 O verraye louſt of labour and distresse  
 O tresorer of bountee / to mankynde  
 Yee whome god cheesse / to moder for humblesse 108  
 Frome his ancylle / he made yowe maystresse  
 Of heven ande eorþe / oure bille vp to beede  
 þis worlde awayteþe / euer on þy goodnesse /  
 For þou ne faylest / neuer wight at neede / 112

## (15. P.)

¶ Pourpose I haue / some tyme for to enquere / .P. 113  
 Wherfore and why / þe hooly gooste þe sougþt /  
 Whane Gabryelles voyce / come vn to þyne ere /  
 He not to werre vs / suche a wonder wrought / 116  
 But for to saue vs / þat he syþen bought  
 þane neodeþe vs / no wepen for to haue /  
 But oonly þer / we did not / as vs aught  
 Do penytence / and mercy axe and haue / 120

(12. M.)

Moyses that saugh the bussh with flambes red M 89  
 Brennyng of which ther neyur a styk brende  
 Was signe of thin vnewmyd maydinhed  
 Thou art the bussh on which ther gan discende 92  
 The holi goste which that Moyses wende  
 Had ben a fire & this was yn ffigure.  
 Now ladi fro the fire thou vs defende  
 Which that in heſt eternally ſhall dure 96

(13. N.)

Nobuſt princesſe that neyur hadiſt pere [leaf 206] N 97  
 Certis if any comforde yn vs be  
 That comyth of the cristiſ modre dere  
 We han non othir melody or gle 100  
 Vs to reioiſe in oure aduersite  
 Ne aduocate non that wuſt & dar' ſo prey  
 For vs & that for ſo liteſt hire As ye  
 That helpin for An Aue Marye or twey 104

(14. O.)

O verry lightt of yen that ben blinde 0 105  
 O very lust of laboure & distresse  
 O tresorere of bounte to mankinde  
 The whom god cheſt to modre for humblesſe 108  
 From his Ancille he made the maſtrefſe  
 Of heuin & erth oure biſt vp for to bede  
 This worlde awaiteth euyr on thi goodneſſe  
 For thou ne faileſt neyur wight At neede 112

(15. P.)

Purpos I haue ſom tyme for tenquere P 113  
 Wherefor & whi the holi goſt þe ſouȝt  
 When gabriellys vois came to thin ere  
 He not to werre vs ſuch a wondir wrought 116  
 But for to ſauē vs that he ſithin bought  
 Than nedith vs no wepne vs to ſauē  
 But oonly ther as we did not as we ought  
 Do penitenc & mercy axe & haue. 119

## (16. Q.)

¶ Qweene of coumfort yit whenne I me bethenk' .Q. 121  
 þat I agilt haue / boþe off' him and þee /  
 And þat my soule / is worthy for to synke  
 Ellas I kaytyff' whider may I flee / 124  
 Who shal vn to þy sone my meene bee /  
 Who but þy self' / þat art of pyte welle  
 þou hast more routhe / of oure aduersytee  
 þanne in þis worlde / might any tung telle 128

## (17. R.)

¶ Redresse me moder / and þowe me chastise .R. 129  
 For certaynly / my faders chastysing'  
 þat dar I nouȝt / abyden / in no wyse /  
 So hidous it is / þe rightful recknyng' 132  
 Moder of whome / oure mercy gan to spryng'  
 Beoþe yee my Iuge / ande eeke my soules leeche  
 For euer in yowe / is pitee aboundyng'  
 To yche þat wol / of pitee yowe byseeche 136

## (18. S.)

¶ Sooþe is þat god / ne graunteþe no pitee .S. 137  
 Withi outen þee / for god of his goodnessse  
 Foryiveþe noone / but it lyke vn to þee /  
 He haþe þee made. vicayre and maystresse [leaf 81] 140  
 Of al þe worlde and eeke · gouerneresse /  
 Of heven and he represseþe his iustice /  
 Affter þy wille / and þefore in witnesse /  
 He haþe þee corouned in so ryal a wyse / 144

## (19. T.)

¶ Temple deuoute / þer god haþe his wonnyng' .T. 145  
 Fro whiche · þeos misbyleued depryued beoñ  
 To yowe my soule / penytent I bring' /  
 Rescyeþe me / I ne cane no firþer fleen 148  
 Withi thornes venomous / O · heven qween  
 For whichi þe eorþe / acursed was ful yoore /  
 I<sup>1</sup> am soore wondred as yee may weel seen [leaf 88] 152  
 þat I am loste / hit smerteþe me so soore /

(16. Q.)

Quene of comforte yit when I me thinke [f. 206, b. 1] Q 121  
That I agilte haue both him & the  
And that my soule ys worthi for to stynke  
Allas I kaityf whidir may I fle 124  
Who shal vnto thi soñ my mene be  
Who but thi self that art of pite we<sup>ll</sup>  
Thou hast more routh on owre aduersyte  
Than in this world might any tonge tell 128

(17. R.)

Redresse me modir & me chastysyse R 129  
For certis my fadrys chastysyng  
Dar I nat a-bide in no wyse  
So hidouse is his rightfull rekenyng  
Modir of whom oure mercy gan to spryng  
Beth ye my Iuge & eke my soulys leche  
For euyr in you ys pite haboundyng  
To euerych that wull of pite you besech 132  
136

(18. S.)

Soth is that he ne grauntyth no pite S 137  
Without the for god of his goodnessse  
Foryeuith non but it like vn-to the  
He hath the made vikayre & maistresse  
Of a<sup>ll</sup> this worlde & eke gouernesse  
Of heuyn & he repressith his Iustyse  
Aftyr thi will & therfor in wytnesse  
He hath the corownyd yn so riall wyse 140  
144

(19. T.)

Temple deuoute there god hath his wonyng [f. 207] T 145  
Fro which this mybileuyd depryued ben  
To you my soule penitent I bryng  
Receyue me I kan no ferthir flen 148  
With thornes venomous I heuyn quene  
For which the erth acursid was ful<sup>l</sup> yore  
I am so woundid as ye may we<sup>ll</sup> sene  
That I am loste almoste it smert so sore 152

## (20. V.)

¶ Virgyne þat art so noble of apparayle / .V. 153  
 And ledest vs / in to þyne heghe toure /  
 Of paradys / þou me wisse and counsayle  
 Howe I may haue / þy grace and þy socoure / 156  
 Al haue I beon in filthe / and in error /  
 Lady vn to þat courte / þou me adIourne /  
 þat cleped is þy benche / O / fresshe floure  
 þeir as þat mercy euer / shal seiourne / 160

## (21. X.)

¶ Xpc.<sup>1</sup> þy sone / þat in þis worlde alight .X. 161  
 Vpon þe crosse / to souffre his passyoun [<sup>1</sup> Christus]  
 And eeke suffred / þat longeis his hert pight  
 And made his hert bloode / to renne adovne / 164  
 So was it al / for my saluacyoun /  
 And I to him am fals / and eeke vnkynde  
 And yit he wol / not my dampnacyoun  
 þis thank I you / socour of al man kuynde / 168

## (22. Y.)

¶ Ysaac / was figure / of his deeþe certayne .Y. 169  
 þat so ferforþe / his fader wolde obeye  
 þat him ne roght / no thing to be slayne  
 Right so þy sone lyst as a lambe to dye / 172  
 Nowe lady ful of mercy I yowe preye  
 Sith he is mercy / mesured so large /  
 Be yee not skant / for alle we sing and seye /  
 þat yee beon frome / vengeance ay oure taarge / 176

## (23. Z.)

¶ Zacharye yowe clepeþe / þe open welle .Z. 177  
 To wasshe synfull / soule oute of his gilt [leaf 81, back]  
 þer fore þis lesson / aught I weel to telle /  
 þat neir þy tendre hert / we weren spilt  
 Nowe lady sith þou canst and eeke wilt  
 Beo to þe seede of Adam mercyable /  
 So bring vs to þat Palays þat is bylt  
 To penytentes / þat beon to mercy able / 184

(20. V.)

Virgine that Art so noble of Apparayle V 153  
 That ledist vs in-to the hie toure  
 Of paradise thou me wisse & counsayle  
 How I may haue thi grace & thi socoure 156  
 Al haue I ben in fylth & yn erroure  
 Ladi vnto that contre thou me Adiourne  
 That clepid is thi banch of fressh floure  
 Ther as that mercy euyr shal soiourne 160

(21. X.)

Xpc<sup>1</sup> thi sone that in this worlde alight [*o Christus*] X 161  
 Vpon a Crois to suffre his passion  
 And eke suffrid that longeus his hert pight  
 And made his hert bloode to renne A-doun 164  
 And al was this for my saluacioun  
 And I to him am fals & eke vnkynde  
 And yit he wul not my dampnacyoun  
 This thanke I you socoure of al mankynde 168

(22. Y.)

Ysaac was signe of his deth certeyn [leaf 207, back] Y 169  
 That so ferforth his fadir wolde obeye  
 That him ne rought no thinge to be sleyn  
 Right so thi sone list as lambe to dey 172  
 Now ladi ful of mercy I you prey  
 Sith he his mercy mesurid so large  
 Be ye not skant for al we syng & sey  
 That ye ben fro vengeaunce Ay oure targe 176

(23. Z.)

Zakary you clepith the opin weſt Z 177  
 To wassh ſinfulſoule out of his gilte  
 Therfor this lesson ought I weſt to teſt  
 That nere thi tendre hert we were ſpiltē 180  
 Now ladi ſith thou kanſt & wilte  
 Ben to the ſed of Adam mercyabulſ  
 Bringe vs to that paleis that is bilte  
 To penitentis that ben to mercy Abull 184

BODLEY **Explicit**

Through the bad practise of sending copiers to see out-lying MSS. that I ought to have lookt at myself, I lost till to-day, Dec. 3, 1877, the privilege of seeing the best MS. evidence yet produced, that the *A B C* is Chaucer's work. Not suspecting that this Sion College MS. was one of Shirley's, I did not examine it at first, but began copying from it the prose passage before the *A B C*. When I came on the two *beo*'s for *be*, I said to myself, "Shirley, by Jove!" and then I recognized his hand, saw his star before his capital A, his flourishes at the foot of the page, his side-notes, head-lines, r, &c. I turnd to the first leaf left of the MS., leaf 3 of sheet j., beginning "any yssing' a burdon. I began to seeke" (p. 4, l. 15, ed. Bradshaw and Wright, Roxb. Club, 1869), and of course found the wonted "per Shir[ley]"; and then on leaves 4, 5, 12, 25, "nota per Shir[ley]"; on 18, back, "Shirley /." The first "per Shir[ley]" is headed by "behold," the "nota per Shir[ley]" on p. 12 is followd by "discord of n[ature &] grace dieux"; and other side-notes occur, as leaf 12, "nature spek[ethe]"; leaf 12, back, "[nature s]pekethe to gracedieux"; leaf 13, "yit nature to gr[ace dieux]"; leaf 13, back, "[D]ame Gracedieux [speke]þe agein to nature /"; leaf 38, "prouerbium," (to the text "soft men fare goone /"); leaf 58, "Heere þe [debate of] þe Raven [& þe] Fox;" leaf 74, "Behold /"; leaf 77, "Videte;" leaf 87, "// þe fr[ ] [Fyen[ ]]" (to "Adonay kyng of Iustice", in the text). The MS. ends on leaf 93, back, sheet xij. leaf 7, with the 6th line of "[Ca]p<sup>m</sup>. x." and the words "I wol gyf þee / neuer þe leesse so michil avauntage powe shalt haue of me / if þou /." (p. 203, l. 8, Roxb. Club.) The last leaf, 8, of sheet xij. is wanting. The MS. is in Shirley's small close hand, not his free one of the Additional MS. *Anelyda* already autotyped for the Society in Part I. A facsimile of the front of leaf 79 of this Shirley Sion-College MS., *Archives*, 2, 23, will be given. The MS. is wrongly lettered at the back "*Pilgrimage of the Soule*." One of the Head-lines inside is "þe pilgrymage humayne." The MS. now contains 93 leaves, paper, injurd a little by damp.

The Headlines to the *A B C* in the MS. are:—

- leaf 79, ¶ The Devoute dytee. of oure Ladye
- " 79, bk, 80, ¶ A devote. Dytee. ¶ Of oure Ladye Marye
- " 80, bk, 81, ¶ A. devote. thing. ¶ To oure. Ladye
- " 81, bk, ¶ A devote prayer to oure lady

4.

## The House of Fame.

## THE HOUSE OF FAME.

[in hand B]

[Pepys 2006. Magd. Coll. Cambr. p. 91.]

g Od turne vs euery drem to gode  
 For it is wonder thyng by þe rode  
 To my wytt what causeth sweuenes  
 On the morows or on euenes 4  
 And why the effecte foloweth of some  
 An of som it shal neuer come  
 Why that is a vision  
 and why this is a revelacion 8  
 Why this a dreme why þat a sweuene  
 And not to euery man lyche euene  
 Why this a fauntom why they oracles  
 I not but tho so of this myracles 12  
 The causes knoweth bet then y  
 Defyne he for I certeynly  
 Ne can hem not ne neuer thenke  
 To besy my wytt for to swynke 16  
 To know of here significacions  
 The gendres neyþer ne distancies  
 Of þe Tymes of hem ne þe causes  
 Or why this is more then þat cause is  
 As yef folkes complexions 20  
 Make hem drem of reflexions  
 Or elles<sup>1</sup> thus as oþer seyne [<sup>1</sup> MS. eH]  
 For þe grete feblenes of here breyn  
 by absenes or by sekenes  
 Preson stoe or grete distres 24

Or ellis by dysordynaunce	
Or naturall accustumauunce	28
That some men ben to corious	
In study or malencolous	
Or thus so inly ful of drede	
That no man may hym bote rede	32
Or elles That deuocion	
Of some and contemplacion	
Causest sweche dremes oft	
Or that the crue <sup>h</sup> lyf vnsoft	36
These ilk whiche louers leden	
Thapen hopen or muche or dreden	
That purely her impressions	[leaf 92, col. 1]
Causest hem have visions	40
Or yef that spirites han the myght	
To maken folk for to drem on nyght	
Or yef the soule of propre kynde	
Be so perfite as men fynde	44
That it wote that is to come	
And That he warneth alle and somme	
Of eueryche of her auentures	
By avysions or by figures	48
But that our flessh ne hath no myght	
To vnderstond it a ryght	
For it is warned to derkely	
But why the cause is not wote y	52
We <sup>h</sup> wurth of this thyng <sup>e</sup> Clerkes	
That treten of þat and of oþer werkes	
For y of non opyneon	
Nil as nowe make mencion	56
But only That the holy rode	
Turne vs euery dreme to gode	
For neuer syth I was borne	
Ne no man els me beforne	60
Mette y trow stedefastly	
So wonderful a drem as dede y	

### [*Invocation.*]

*in MS.] make inuocacion*

Wyth a devoute special devocon)	68
Vn to þe god of help a non	
That dwelleth in a Cave of stone	[ . . . . . exit ab aqua lethe &c.]
Vp on a strem That commyth fro leete	
That is a flode vnswete	
Besyde a folk that men clepen Cimerye	exi. Est prope longo speluca, &c.
Ther slepyth ay this god vnmery	
Wyth his sleepy thowsand sones	
That alle wey to slepe her won is	76
And to this god That y of rede	
Pray [y] that he wul me spedē	
My sweuene for to tell I-ryght	
Yef euery drem stond in his myght	80
And he that mover is of alle	
That is and was and euer shalle	
So yef hem Ioy þat hit here	
Of alle that they drem to yere	84
And for to stond al in grace	
Of here loves or in what place	
That hem were levest for to stand	
And shild hem from pouerte and shond	88
And from euery vnhappe and desese	
And send hem that may hem plesē	
That taketh well and scorneth nouȝt	
Ne it mysdeme in here thought	92
Thurgh malicious intencion)	
And he through presumpcion)	
Or hate or scorne or through enuye	
Despyte or Iape or felonye	96

Mysdem it pray I. Ihe gode	
Dreme he bare fote drem he shode	
That euyer harm þat eny man	
Hath hadd seth þe world began	100
Befall hym þer of or he sterue	
And graunt that he may it ful deserve	
Loo wyth suche conclusion	
As hadd of his vision)	104
Cresus that was kynge of lyde	
That he vpon gebot dyede <sup>1</sup> [ <sup>1</sup> MS. dye, <i>with curl for d.</i> ]	
This prayer shall he have of me	
I am no better in cherite	108
n OW herkeneth as I have yow seide	
what þat y mette or y · abreide	

[*Story.*]

Of Decembre the tenth day	
Whenn it was nyght to slep I lay	112
Ryght þer as y was wont to don	
And fell on slep wonder son	
As he þat was very for-go	
On pilgrymage myles two	116
To the Cors seint leonard	
To make lyth þat was hard	
But as .y. slept me mette I was	[p. 88, col. 1]
Wyth in a Temple ymade of glas	120
In wheche ther weren mo ymages	
Of gold stondyng in diuers stages	
And mo ryche tabernacles	
And wyth perte mo pynacles	124
And mo ryche portretures	
And queynt maner of figures	
Of gold werkis thenn y saw euer	
For certeignly I nust neuer	
Were that I was but wel wust I.	128
It was of venus redely	

The temple for in purtreiture	
I sawgh a non hir figure	132
Naked fletyngē in a see	
And also on hede pardē	
Her roosgarland [ . . . . .	
. . . no gap in MS.] on her hede	136
Her downes and Dam Cupido	
Her blynd sone and Vlcano	
That in his face was ful brown	
But y romed vp and dounē	140
I fond that on a was þer was	
Thus wreten on a table of bras	
I wold syngē now and y cañ	
The armes and also þe man̄	144
That first come thurgh hes desteyne	
Futyf of troye countree	
In ytalle wthy full muche pyne	
Vn to the strandes of lauynē	148
And tho be-gan the story a non)	
As I shaſt tell yow eche on	
First sawgh y þe deſtruccon	
Of Troye through þe grek synon	152
Wyth his fals forsweryngē.	
And his cher and his lesyngē	
Made the hors brought in to Troye	
Thurgh wheche Troians lost alle her Ioy	156
And aftur this was graved alas	
How Ilion assailed was	
[ <i>p. 98, col. 2</i> ]	
And wonun and kynge Pryamis slayne	
And Plite his sone certayne	160
Dispitously of Daun Pirrus	
And next that saugh y how venus	
When at she saugh the castell brend	
Dowen from the heven she can descende	164
And Badde her sone Eneas flee	
And how he fledd and how þat he	

Escaped was from alle the prees	
And toke his fadur Anchises	168
And bare hym on his bakk a wey	
Cryyng alas and welewey	
The wheche Anchises in hys hand	
Bare the Goddes of the lande	172
Thilk that vnbrenned were	
And saugh y nex in alle this fere	
How Crusa dame Eneas wyf	
Wheche þat he loved as hys lif	176
And her yonge sone Iulo	
And eke Ascanius also	
Fledden eke wyth drery chere	
That is was pite for to here	180
And in a forest as they went	
And at attournyng of a wente	
How Crusa was y-lost alas	
That deede not I how she was	184
How he hir sought and how hir gost	
Badde hym to flee the Grekes host	
And seide he most in to Itaille	
As was his desteyne sauns faille	188
That it was pite for to here	
When he spirite gan apere	
The wordes that to hym she seide	
And for to kepe her sone hym prayed	192
Ther saugh I graven eke how he	
Hys fadur eke and his menye	
With his shippes gan to saylle	
[A line wanting in the MS.]	196
As streight as that they myght goo	[p. 94, col. 1]
Ther saugh I eke þe cruel Iuno	
That art dam Iubiter wyf	
That hast hated al thy lif	200
Alle the Trogeans blode	
Renne and Crye as thow wer wode	

On Eloes the god of wyndes	
To Blown out of alle kyndes	204
So lowde that he shal drenche	
lord lady Grome and wenche	
Of alle the Trogeans nacion	
Wyth owt eny of hem sauacon	208
Ther saugh I suche tempest aryse	
That euery hert myght gretely agryse	
So seen it peynted on the wall	
That saugh I eke graven wythalle	212
Venus how ye my lady dere	
Wepyng wyt full woful chere	
Praynge Iubiter on hye	
To save and kepe that navie	216
Of that Trogean Eneas	
Seth þat he here son was	
Ther saugh Ioues and Venus kysse	
And graunted of the tempest lisse	220
Ther saugh I how the tempest stynte	
And ho wyt alle peyn he wente	
And priuely toke a Riuage	
In to the countre of cartage	224
And on the morow hoo that he	
And a knyght that hight Achatee	
Metten wyt Venus that day	
Goyng in a queynt Aray	228
As she hadd be an hunteresse	
Wyth wynd blowyng vp on her tresse	
How Eneas began hym to pleyn	
Whenn he knew hir of his peyn	232
And how his shippes dreynyt were	
Or els I-lost he nyst where	
How she gan hym confort tho	[p. 24, col. 2]
And badd hym to cartage goo	236
And ther he shuld his folk fynde	
That in the see weren left be-hynde	

And shortly of this thyngē to passe	
She made Eneas so in grace	240
Of Dido quene of that countree	
That shortly for to tellen shee	
Be-cam his love and lete hym do	
Alle that weddynge longeth to	244
What shuld I speke more queynte	
Or peyn me my wordes for to peynte	
To spek of love it wiſt not be	
I can not of þat faculthe	248
And eke to tellen of the maner	
How that they furst aqueynted were	
It were a longe proces to telle.	
And ouer longe for yow to dwel	252
Ther saugh I grave how Eneas	
Told to Dido euery cas	
That hym tyed vpon the see	
And aftur graven was how þat she	256
Made of hym shortly at a worde	
He lif her love here lust her lorde	
And dede to hym alle reuerence	
And leyd on hym alle dispence	260
That any woman myght do	
Weneyngē alle hit hadde be so	
As he her swore and hertly demed	
That he was gode for he suche semed	264
Alas what harme doth aparence,	
When it is fals in existence	
For he to here a Traytour was	
Wher for she slough his self alas	268
Loo how a woman doth a mys	
To love hym that vnknowen is	
For eny trust lo how thus it fareth	[p. 95, col. 1]
It is not alle gold that glareth	272
For also browke I myn hede	
Ther may be vndre godely-hede	



In suche wordes gan compleyne	[p. 95, col. 2]
Dido of here grete peyn	312
As me mette redely	
None oper auctour alege y·	
Alas quod she my swete herte	
Have pyte of my sorows smerte	316
And slee me not go not a wey	
O woful Dido waleawey	
Quod she to hir selven thoo	
O Eneas what wiþ ye do	320
O that love ne <i>your</i> bounde	
That ye have sworen wyth <i>your</i> ryght hande	
Ne my crueþ deth quod she	
May holdþ yow still wyth me	324
O haveth of my deth pyte	
Iwys my dere hert ye	
Knoweth full wel þat neuer yet	
As ferforth as euer I had wytte	328
A-gilt yow in thought ne dede	
O men have ye suche godlyhede	
In speche and neuer a dele in trowthe	
Alas that euer hadde rowth	332
Ony woman on a fals man	
Now I see well and tellen can	
We wretched women can no art	
For certegn for þe more part	336
Thus we be served euerychoþ	
How sore ye men kan grone	
A non as we have yow resceyved	
Certeignly we be disceyved	340
For though <i>your</i> love lest a seson	
Wate vp on the conclusion	
And eke how þe determyne	
And for þe more part defyen	344
O waillewey that I was born	
For thurgh yow is my name I-lorne	

And myn attes rede and songe	
Ouer alle this lond in euery tonge	348
O wykked fame for þer nys	
No thyng so swyft lo as she is	
O sith euery thyng is wanst	
Though it be couered wyth þe myst	352
Eke though I myght endure euer	
That I have don recouer I neuer	
That I ne shall be seid alas	
I-shamed ben through Eneas	356
And þat I shal thus Iuged be	
Lo ryght as she hath now she	
Wull donñ eft sones hardely	
Thus seith þe puple prively	360
But þat is donn it not to don	
But allehir compleynyng ne hir mon	
Certeign) availleth not a stree	
And whenn she wist sothly he	364
Was forth in to his shippes gon	
She in to her chambre went a noñ	
And called ouer her suster Anne	
And began her to compleyn than	368
And seid þat she þe cause was	
That she so loved alas	
And thus con[s]ailed she hir to	
But what whenn this was seid and do	372
She rofe hir silven to þe herte	
And so dyed through þe wondre smerte	
But all maner how she dyed	
And alle þe maner how she seide	376
Who so to know hath it in purpos	
Rede Virgil in Eneydos	
Or þe Epistol of Ouide	
What þat she wrote or þat she dyed	380
And nere it wer to longe to endite	
By god I wold it here write	

But waillewey þe harm and rowth	
That hath betydd for suche vntrowth	384
As men may oft in bokes rede	
And alle day it is yet in dede	
That for to thenken it teen is	[p. 96, col. 2]
Lo Demephon Duk of Athenis	388
How he forswor hym falsely	
And trased Phillis wikkedly	
That kynges daughter was of Tarce	
And falsly gan his term passe	392
And whenn she wyst þat he was fals	
She hyngē hir selve by þe hals	
For he hadd don hir suche vntrowth	
Lo was not this a wo and rowth	396
Eke loke how fals and recheles	
Was to Breiseida Achilles	
And parus to oenone	
And Iason to Isephele	400
And eft Iason to medea	
And hercules to Dionira	
For he left her for yolee	
That made hym kache his dethe pardes	404
How fals was ek Teseus	
That as the story telleth vs	
How he betrayed Adriane	
The Devel be his sowle bane	408
For hadd he lauged or hadd he lowred	
He most a ben alle devowred	
Yef that Adrian had not be	
And for she hadd of hym pite	412
She made hym fro þe deth eschape	
And he mad hir a ful fals Iape	
For aftur this wyth in a whyle	
He loft her slepyngē wyth in an Ile	416
Desert alon wyth in þe see	
And stal a wey and lete hir be	

And tok his suster Phedra tho	420
Wyth him and gan to ship go	
And yet he hadd to her swere	
On alle þat euer he myght swere	
That so þat she saved hym his lif	
He wold have taken hir to his wyf	424
For she desyred no thyng Els	
In certeign as the boke vs telles	
But to excuse Eneas	[p. 97, col. 1]
Fulleche of his grete trespass	428
The boke seith sauntz faille	
Bad hym go in to Itaille	
And leven Affrikes regioum	
And Dido and hir faire towne	432
Tho I saugh grave ho to Itaille	
Dame Eneas is gon to saille	
And how the tempeste al be-gan	
And how he lost his steresman	
Wheche þat þe stere or he tok kepe	436
Smote ouer the bord lo how he slepe	
And also saugh I how sibile	
And Eneas besyde an Ile	440
To hell wenten for to see	
His fadur Anchises þe free	
How he þer found pallunurus	
And also Dido and Deiphebus	444
And eueryche turment eke in heff	
saugh he wheche no tonge can tell	
Whiche ho so listeth to know	
He most reden mony a row	448
On Virgil or on Claudian	
Or Daunt that it tellen can	
Ther saugh eke alle þe arevaille	
That Eneas hed mad in to Itaille	
And wyth Kynge latyn his trete	452
And alle þe Batailles þat hee	

Was at hym silf and alle his knyghtes	
Or he hedd alle I-won hys ryghtes	456
And whan he <i>turnus</i> reft his lif	
And when lauyna to his wylf	
And alle þe meruelous signals	
Of the goddes celestials	460
How magre Iuno Eneas	
For alle hir flyght and compas	
Acheved alle his auenture	[p. 97, col. 2]
For Iubiter toke on hym Cure	464
At the preyer of Venus	
The I prey alle wey save us	
And vs ay of owure sorows light	
When I hadd alle seyn this sight	468
In this noble temple thus	
Ay lord thought I þat madest vs	
Yet saw I neuer suche noblesse	
Of ymages nor suche richesse	472
As I saw graven in this chirche	
But not wote I who ded hem wirche	
Ne wher I am ne in what countree	
But now I gon out and see	476
Right at þe wiked yf I can	
Seen owghwer eny steryngē man	
That wald have telled wher I am	
When I owte of þe dere I-cam	480
I fast abowte me be-held	
Then saugh I but a large felde	
As ferre as I euer myght see	
Wyth out town eny howse or tree	484
Or busshes or gras or ered lande	
For alle the feld was but of sande	
As smal as man may see at ye	
In the desert of libie	488
Ne I ne maner of creature	
That ys formed by nature	

Ne saugh I me to rede or wysse		
O Crist thought I þat art in blisse	492	
From faumont and Illucion		
Me save and wytþ devocoñ		
Myn yeen to þe heven I cast		
Tho was I ware lo at the last	496	
That fast by þe sonnen an hie		
As ken myght I wytþ myn yee		
Me thought I saw an Egle sore		
But that it semed muche more	[p. 98, col. 1]	500
Thenn I hadd eny Egle I-seyen		
This it as soth as deth certeign		
It was of gold and shoon so bright		
That neuer saugh man suche a sight	504	
But yf þe heven hadd I-wonne		
Alle new of gold an oþer sonne		
So shon the Egles fethres bryght		
And sone downward gan it light	508	

## [BOOK II.]

## [Proem.]

n Ow herkeneth euery maner man		
That eny maner of englissi can		
And listeth of my dreme to lere		
For at þe first shall ye here	512	
So sely and dredfull a vision		
That I say ne Cipioñ		
Ne kyngé nabugodonosor		
Pharo Turnus ne Elcanor	516	
Ne metten suche a drem as this		
Now faire blessull O Cipris		
So be my fauour at this Tyme		
That ye me to endite and þyme		
Helpeth that in Par-Naso dwelle	520	
By Elicon the Clere welle		

[*Invocation.*]

O thought That wrot alle þat I mette  
And in þe tresorie it sette 524  
Of myn brayn now shal men see  
If eny vertu in the be  
To tellen alle my dreme a right  
Now kyth thyn engyn and thy myght 528

[*Story.*]

This egle of wheche I now have told  
That shon of fethres alle of gold  
Wheche þat so hye gan to sore  
I gan be-holdene mor and more 532  
To seen her beaute and the wonder  
But neuer was þer dynt of thonder  
Ne that thyng that men can foudre  
That smyte sonne a Towre to poudre  
And in his swyft commynge brende 536  
That so swyth can downward descende  
As this fowle when I behild  
That I arowme was in the feld [p. 98, col. 2] 540  
And wyth his grym pawys strengē  
Wyth yn his sharpe nayles longē  
Me fleyngē at a swap he hynte  
And wyth his sours ayen vp he wente  
Me caryngē in his clawes starke 544  
As lightly as I hadd be a larke  
How hye I can not tell yow  
For I cam vp I nuste neuer how  
For so astoyned and assweued 548  
That euery vertu In me heuede  
What wyth his sours and my drede  
That alle my felyngē gan to dede  
For why it was a grete affray 552  
Thus I longe in hys clowes lay

Till at the last he to me spake	
In mannes voyce and seide awake	556
And seide be not agast so for sham	
And caled me by my name	
And for I shuld bet abreyde	
Me me a wake to me he seyde	560
Right in þe same voice and steven	
That vseth oon that I cann neme	
And wyth that voyce soth for to seyn	
Me mynd cam to me agayn	564
For it was godely seid to me	
So as it neuer wont to be	
And here wyth alle I gan to stere	
As he me in his fete bere	568
Till that he feld that I hadd hete	
And felt eke tho myn hert beete	
And tho gan he me to disport	
And wyth Lentil wordes to counfort	572
And seide twyes saint Marie	
Thow art a noyes thynge for to karie	
And no thynge nedeth it pardee	
For al so wys god helpe me	576
As thow no harme shalt have of this	
And this cas þat betid þe is	
Is for thy lore and for thy prowe	[p. 99, col. 1]
Lette se darst thow loke yet nowe	580
Be ful ensured bodey	
I am thy frend and þerwyth I.	
Gan for to wondre in my mynde	
O god quod I that madest alle kynde	584
Shall I non oþer wyse dye	
Wher Ioues wil me stellyfye	
Or what thynge may this signifie	
I am neþer Enok ne Helye	588
Ne Romulus ne Ganemedē	
That were bor vp as men rede	

To heven wyth Dam Iubiter	
And made the godde Boteler	592
Lo this was tho my fantasie	
But he that bare me can aspie	
That I so thought and seide this	
Thow demest of thi self amys	596
For Ioues is not þer abowte	
I dar þe wel put ful out of dowte	
To make of þe yet a sterre	
But or I bere the muche ferre	600
I will the tell what I am	
And whyþer thou shalt and why I cam	
To do this so þat thouw take	
Gode hert and not be for fere quake	604
Gladely quod I now well quod h	
First I þat in my feete have þe	
Of whom thou hast a fer an wondre	
I am dwellynge wyth the god of thondre	608
Wheche men callen Iubiter	
That doth me fleen full oft ferre	
To do alle his commandement	
And for this cause he hath me sent	612
To þe herk now be thy trowth	
Certeign) he hath of the rowth	
That thou hast so truly	
Longe served entetyfly	616
His blynde nevew Cupido	1p. 99, col. 21
And faire Venus al so	
Wyth owt eny gwerdon euer yet	
And neyerlesse hast sett thy wytt	620
Alle though þat in thyn hede ful litil is	
To make bokees songes or ditees	
In Ryme or ellis in Cadence	
As thou best canst in reuerence	624
Of love and of his servant eke	
That han his servyce sought and seke	

And peynest the to pryses his art	
Alle though thou heddest neuer part	628
Where fore as al-so god me blisse	
Ioues halt hys grete humblisse	
And vertu eke þat wult make	
A nyght ful oft thyn hede to ake	632
In thy stodie so thou writest	
And euermore of love enditest	
In honour of hym and parysyngē	
And in his folkes furthryngē	636
And in hir mater alle deuysest	
And not hym ne his folke despystest	
Alle though þow maist go in þe daunce	
Of hem that hym list not avaunce	640
Wherfor as I seide I-wys	
Iubiter considereth well this	
And al so beaw sir of oþer thynges	
That is that hast no tydynge	644
Of Loves folke If the be gladdē	
Ne of of ne thyngē els þat god made	
And not only fro fer countree	
That no Tydynge comyth to þe	648
But of thy verrey neybores	
That dwelleth alle most at thy dores	
Thow herest neþer þat ne this	
For when this labour don al is	652
And hast I-made alle thy rekenynges	
In stede of rest and of new thynges	
Thow gost home to thyn hewse a non	[p. 100, col. 1]
And also dombe as a ston	656
Thow settest at anoþer bake	
Till fully daswedē is thy loke	
And levest thus as an hermyte	
Alle though thyn abstenance is lite	660
And therfor Ioues thrugh his grace	
Will þat I shal bere the to a place	

Wheche that hete the Howse of fame	
To do the somme dispot and game	664
In some recompensacion	
Of thy grete labour and devocoñ	
That thou hast hedd lo causeles.	
To Cupido the recheles	668
And thus this god for his merite	
Will wyt̄h some maner thyngs þe quyte	
So þat þow wilt be of gode chier	
For trust wel that thou shalt here	672
Whenn we be comen þer I say	
Mo wondre thynges I dar wel lay	
And of loves folk mo tydynge	
Both soth sawes and lesynges	676
And mo loves new be-gonne	
And longe I served love is wonne	
And mo loves casuelly	
That been betidd no man wote why	680
And as a blynd man sterteth an hare	
And more Iolite and wellfaire	
Whyll þat the fynden love of stèle	
As thenketh men and oueral well	684
Mo discordes mo Iolasies	
Mo murmures and mo novelries	
And also mo dissimilacōñs	
And eke feyned reparacōñs	688
And mo berdes in two howres	
Wyt̄h owten eny rasour or sisours	
I-made þen greynes ben of sendes	
And eke mo holdyngs in handes	692
And also mo renouelances	
Of old foreleten aqueyntances	
Mo lovedayes and mo acordes	[p. 100, col. 2]
Than on instromentes ben cordes	696
[ . . . . no gap in the MS.]	
Then euer cornes weren in granges	

Vnneth may thow trowen this	
Quoth he ne helpe me god as wysse	700
Quod I no why quoth he for it	
Were impossible to my wytt	
Though fame hadd alle þ <sup>o</sup> pites	
In alle a rewame and al aspies	704
How þat yet he shuld here alle this	
Or they aspyen it O this is yis	
Quoth he to me that can I prove	
By reson wurthy for to love	708
So that thow yeve thyn aduertence	
To vnderstonde my sentence	
First shalt pow heren wher she dwelleth	
And so thyn own booke telleth	712
His palais stondeth as I shal say	
Right even amyddes of the way	
Betwyxen heven erth and see	
That whoso euer in alle the three	716
Is spoken in prive or apert	
The wey þer to is so smert	
And stant eke in so Iust a place	
That euery sownne mot to it pas	720
Or what so commyth from eny tonge	
Be it rowned red or songe	
Or spoken in suerte or dredre	
Certeign it mot theþer nede	724
Now herken well for why I wille	
Tellen the a propre skylle	
And a wurthy demonstracion	
In myn ymaginacion	728
Geffrey thow wotest wel this	
That euery kynd þat is	
Hath a kyndly stede þer he	
May best in hyt confermed be	732
Vn to whyche place euery thyngē	
Trugh his kyndely enclynynge	

Moveth for to com to	[p. 101, col. 1]
Then þat it is avey þer froo	736
As thuse lo thow maist al day see	
That eny thyng that hevy be	
As ston or lede or thyng of wyght	
And bere it neuer so hye on hyght	740
Lete go thyn hand it falleth downe	
Ryght so sey I by fyre or sowne	
Or smoke or oþer thynges light	
Alle wey they seke vpward on hight	744
Light thynges vpwarde and downward charge	
Whil euer of hem be at her large	
And for this cause þou maist well see	
That euery ryuer on to þe se	748
Enclyned is to go by kynde	
And by these skilles as I fynde	
Hath fisses dwellynge in flode and see	
And trees eke on Erth be	752
Thus euery thyng by his reson	
Hath his propre mancion	
To wheche he seketh to repaire	
Ther as it shulde not apaire	756
Lo this sentence is knownen kowth	
Of euery philosopre mowthe	
As Areſtole and Dauñ platon	
And oþer clerkes monicioñ	760
And to conferme my reson	
Thow [wotest] well þat speche is sowne	
Or els no man myght it here	
Now herk what I will the lere	764
Sown is not but eire I-broken	
And euery speche that is poken	
Lowd or prive fowle or faire	
In his substaunce is but an eire	768
For as a flame is but lighted smoke	
Right so is sown eire Ibroke	





844	
848	
852	
856	
860	
864	<i>no gap in the MS.]</i>
	ha a quod he lo so I can
	Lewdely to a lewde man
	Speke and shew hym suche skylls
	That he may shak hem by þe billes
	So palpable the skilles be
	But telle me þis now I praye þe
	How thenkest þe myn concluson
	A goode persuacion
872	Quoth I and like to be
	Right so as þou hast proved me
	Be god quod he and as I leve
	Thow shalt have yet or it is eve
	Of euery word of this sentence
876	And prove by experiance

And wyth thyn Ere heren welle	
Top and taille euery dele	880
That euery worde þat spoken is	
Comes in to fames howse I-wisse	
As I have seide what wult þou more	
And wyth this worde vprer to sore	884
He gan and seid by saint Iame	
No will we speken alle of game	
How farest thou now quod he to me	
Wel quod I now se quod he	888
By þi trowth yond a downe	
Wher þat þou knowest eny towne	
Or howse or eny oþer thyngē	
And whenn þou hast of oght knowyngē	892
Loke þat þou warne me	
And I a non shal tell the	
How þou art now þer fro	[p. 102, col. 2]
And I a down to loken tho	896
And beheld feldes and pleynes	
Ard now hilles and now mounteynes	
No valeys now forestes	
And now vnneth grete bestes	900
No riuers now grete Citees	
No townes now grete trees	
No shypes saylyngē in þe see	
But thus son in a whil he	904
Was flowen fro þe gronde so hye	
That alle the world as to myn eye	
No more semed þen a prikke	
Or els was the Eire so thikk	908
That I myght not it decerne	
Wyth þat he speke to me as yerne	
And seide seyst þou eny token	
Or ought thou knowest yonder down	912
I seide ney ne wondre nys	
Quoth he for neuer half so hye as this	

Nas Alisaundre ne Macedo	
Ne þe kynge Daune Cupie	916
That say in Dreme point devis	
Hell and heven and paradise	
Ne eke þe wryght Dedalus	
Ne his child nyse Icarus	920
That flie so hye þat þe hete	
His wynges malt and he fel wete	
In myd the see and þer he dreynyt	
For whome was made a grete compleynt	924
No turne vpward quod he thy face	
And be-hold this large space	
This Eire bote loke thow thow ne he	
A-dradd of them þat thow shalt se	928
For in this region certeyn	
Dwelleteth mony a Citesyn	
Of wheche þat speketh Daun plato	
Thes ben the the airesshe bestes loo	932
And tho say I. alle the meyne	
Both goon and also flee.	
Lo quoth he cast vp thyng ye	
Se yondre lo the Galaxie	936
The wheche men clep þe mylky wey	
For it is whyt and some parfay	
Callen it Watlynge strete	
That onis was brent wyth hete	940
Whenn þe sonnes son þe rede	
That hight pheton wald lede	
Algate his fadur cart and gye	
The cart hors can well aspye	944
That he cowd no gouernaunce	
And goome for to lep and daunce	
And bere hym vp and now downe	
Till at he say the Scorpion	
Wheche þat in heven a signe is yet	948
And he for fer lost his wytte	

Of that and lete reynes gon	
Of this hors and they anōñ	952
Gan vp to monte and down descende	
Till both eire and Erth brende	
Till Iupiter lo at the last	
Hym slow and from þe cart cast	956
Lo is it not a grete mischanche	
To let a fole have gouernaunce	
Of thynges that he can not demen	
And wyth this word soth for to seyn	960
He gan allewey vpper to sore	
And gladed me þen more and more	
So faithfully to me speake he	
Tho gan I luk vndre me	964
And behild the Airessh bestes	
Clowdes mystes and Tempestes	
Snowes hailes reynes and wyndes	
And alle the engendryng in her kyndes	968
And alle they wey thrugh whiche I cam	
O god quod I þat made Adam	
Muche is thy myght and thy noblesse	[p. 103, col. 2]
And tho thought vpon Boyes	972
That writte a thought may fle so hye	
Wyth fethres of Philosophie	
To passen eueryche Element	
And whenn he hath so fer Iwent	976
Then may he se behynd his bake	
Clowde and alle that I of speake	
Tho gan I waxe in a were	
And seyd I wote wel I am here	980
Wheþer in body or in goost	
I not Iwys but god thow wost	
For more clere entendement	
Nadde he me neuer yet Isent	984
And thought I on Marcian	
And eke on anteclaudian	

That soth was here descripcōn		
[. . . . . no gap in the MS.]		988
As fer as I saw þe preve		
And þer for I can hem beleve		
Wyth that the Egle gan to crye		
lat be quod he thy fantasye		992
Wult þou here of sterres ought		
Nay certegnly quod [he] ryght nought		
And why quod I for I am olde		
Elles wold I the have told		996
Quoth he sterres names lo		
And alle þe hevens signes to		
And wheche they be no fors quod I.		
Yis pardee quod he wost þou why		1000
Whenn thow redest poetrie		
How the goddes can stellifie		
Brid fissh or hym or here		
As the Raven and other		1004
Or axiones harp fyne		
Castor polex or Delphyn		
Or athlauntres doughtres seven		
How alle these as sette in heven		1008
For though þou have hem oft in honde		[p. 104, col. 1]
Yet nost thow where they stonde		
No fors quod I it is no nede		
As well I leve as god me spede		1012
Hem that that wrtten of this matere		
As though I knew her places here		
And eke they shynen here so bright		
I shuld shenden alle my sight		1016
To loke on hem þat may wel be		
Quoth he and so furth bare he me		
A whyle and tho he gan to crye		
That neuer herd I thyngs so hie		
Now vp thyn hede for it is well		1020
Seint Iulian lo bon hostelle		

Se here the howse of fame lo	
Mayest þow not here that I do	1024
What quod I. þ <sup>e</sup> grete sounē	
Quod he that rombleth vp ande downē	
In fames howse full of Tydyngeſ	
Both of faire spece and of oþer thynges	1028
And of fals and soþ compouned	
Herken well it is not rownede	
Herest thou not the grete souȝh	
Yis pardee quod I well I-nough	1032
And what sounē is it like quod he	
Peter betynge of þ <sup>e</sup> see	
Quod I ayenst þ <sup>e</sup> roches old <sup>e</sup> holow	
When tempestes doþ her shippes swoþow	1036
And þat a man stant cwt of dowte	
A myle thens and here it rowte	
Or ellis like the humblyng	
Aftur the Clappe of a thonderyng	1040
Whenn Ioues hath the Eire Ibete	
But it doþ for fere swete	
Nay drede þ <sup>e</sup> not þer of quod he	
It is no thyng þat will beten þ <sup>e</sup>	1044
Now shalt have no harme truly	
And wþth this word both he and I.	
And nygh the place aryved were	
As men myght cast wþth a spere	[p. 104, col. 2] 1048
I nyst how bot in a strete	
He sette me fayre on my fete	
And seide walk forth a pace	
And tell thyn aventure and cas	1052
That thou shalt fynd in fames place	
Now quod he while we have space	
To speke or that I fro the	
For the love of god tell me	1056
In soþ that I will of the lere	
yef this noyse that I here	

Be as I have herd the tell  
 Of folk that forth in erth dwelle 1060  
 And here in the same wyse  
 As I the herd or this devyse  
 And that her lyves body nys  
 In alle that howse þat yonder is 1064  
 That maketh alle this lowde fare  
 No quod he be seint Clare  
 And also wis god help me  
 But o thyngē I will warn the 1068  
 Of the wheche thou wult have wonder.  
 Lo to þe howse of fame yonder.  
 Thow wost how commyth euery speche  
 It nedeth not the to teche 1072  
 But vnderstonde ryght well this  
 Whenn eny speche I-commen is  
 Vn to that paleis a non right  
 It weyth liche þe same wyght 1076  
 Wheche that the word in erth spak  
 Be he clothed red or blak  
 And hath so verrey his liknys  
 That spake þe word that thou wul gys 1080  
 That it the same body be  
 Man or woman he or she  
 And is not this a wonder thyngē  
 Yis quod I tho by heuenes kynge 1084  
 And wyth þis word fare wel quod he  
 And here I will a-bide the  
 And god of heven send the grace  
 Some gode to lern in this place 1088  
 And I of hym toke leve a noñ  
 And gan forth to the paleis goñ

[p. 106, col. 1]

[BOOK III.]

[Invocation.]

o god of science and of light  
Apollo thurgh thy grete myght  
This litil last boke thou now gye  
Not that I will for maistrye 1094  
Her art poetical be shewed  
But the ryme is so lewed  
It made it sumwhat agreeable  
Though sume vers fail in a silable 1098  
And that I do no diligence  
To shew craft but sentence  
And yef devyñ vertu thou  
Wult help me shew now 1102  
That in myn hede I merke<sup>d</sup> is  
Lo that is for to moven this  
The howse of fame for to discryve  
Thow shalt se me go as blive 1106  
Vn to þ<sup>e</sup> next lawre y see  
And kysse it for it is thyn tree  
Now entreth in to my brest anon

[Story.]

When I was frome the Egle gon 1110  
I gan behold<sup>d</sup> vp on this place  
An certeign or I ferþer pas  
I wull yow alle þ<sup>e</sup> shap devyse  
Of howse of Cite and of the wyse 1114  
How I gan to the place approche  
That stant vpon so hie a roche  
Hyer stant noñ in spayeñ  
But vp I clame wyt<sup>h</sup> al my peyne 1118  
And though to clymbe it greved me  
yet I ententif was to se

And for to power wounder low  
yef I kowde eny wyse know 1122  
What maner ston this roche was  
For it was liche alymde glas  
But þat it shewen mor clere  
But of what congeled matere 1126  
It was I nust redely [p 146, col. 2]  
But at the last aspyed I.  
And fownde that it was euerychede  
A roche of Ise and not of stele 1130  
Thought I by seint Thomas of Kent  
This were a feble fowndement  
To bilden on a place so hie  
He aught hym to glorifie 1134  
That here on bilt so god me save  
Tho saw I alle þe half I-grave  
Wyth famous folkes names fele  
That I-ben in muche wele 1138  
And her fames wyde blowe  
But wel onethes myght I knowe  
Any lettres for to rede  
Here names by for out of drede 1142  
They weren al most ouerthowed so  
That of the lettres on or to  
Was molt awey of euery name  
So vnfamous was wax her name 1146  
But men say what may euer last  
Tho can I in myn hert cast  
That they wer mult awey wytþ hete  
And not a wey wytþ stormes bete 1150  
For on þat oper syde I say  
On this hill þat northward lay  
How it was wrete ful of names  
Of folk þat hedd a fer grete fames  
Of old tym and yet pey were 1154  
As fresgh as men had wryte hem there

The silf day or that owre  
That I on hem gan to pore 1158  
But wel I wyst what it made  
It was conserved wyth the shadde  
Of a Castel that so stode on hyght  
Alle the writen that I sygh 1162  
And stode eke in so cold a place  
That hete myght it not deface  
Tho gan I on this hille to gon  
And found on the coppe a woof 1166  
That alle the men that ben on live  
Ne han the konnyng to discryve  
The beaute of that ilke place  
Ne cowde cast the compace 1170  
Suche an oper for to make  
That myght of Beaute be his make  
Ne so wonderly I-wrought  
That it astoyned yet my thought 1174  
And maketh alle my witt to swynke  
On this castel for to thenke  
So þat the grete beawte  
The cast craft and curiosite 1178  
Ne can I not to yow devyse  
My witt may not suffice  
But netherles alle þe substaunce  
I have yet in my remembraunce 1182  
For why me thought by saint Gile  
Alle was of a ston of berile  
Both the Castel and the Towre  
And eke the halle and euery bowre 1186  
Wyth owten peces or Ioyninges  
But mony sotell compassinges  
Babeweuries and pennacles  
Ymageries and Tabernacles 1190  
I saw eke and ful of wyndowes  
As flates fallen in grete snowes

And eke in euery of eche penacles	
Weren sondry habitacles	1194
In wheche stonden alle wyt <sup>h</sup> owten	
Ful the Castel alle abowten	
Of alle maner of menstralys	
And Gestours that tellen talles	1198
Both of wepynge and of game	
And of alle that longeth vn to fame	
There herd I pley on an harpe	
That sowned well and sharpe	1202
And Oxphevs full crafteley	
And on his syde fast by	[p. 106, col. 2]
Satte the harper Orion	
And Eaycides Chyron	1206
And oper harpers mony on	
As the Bretur Glaskyriōn	
And smale harpers wyt <sup>h</sup> her gleye	
Sett vnder hym in diuers seys	1210
And gon on hem vpward <sup>t</sup> to gape	
And counterfeted <sup>t</sup> hem as an ape	
Or as craft counterfeted <sup>t</sup> kynde	
Tho saw I hem be hynde	1214
A fer fro hem as by hem self	
Mony thowsand <sup>t</sup> tyme twelf	
That made lowde mynstraleys	
In Cornumuse or Chalemyes	1218
And mony oper maner pipe	
That crafteley here gonne pipe	
Both in dowced and eke in rede	
That ben at festes wyt <sup>h</sup> the brede	1222
And mony a floit and litelynge horne	
And pipes made of grete corne	
As have these litil herd Gromes	
That kepen bestes in the bromes	1226
Ther saw I then an Citherus	
And of Athenes Daf <sup>i</sup> presentus	

The Marcia that lost her skyn	
Both in face body and chyn	1230
For that she wold <sup>t</sup> envyen lo	
To pypen bet then Apollo	
There saw I Eke famous old <sup>t</sup> and yonge	
Pipers of the Duche tonge	1234
To lern howes daunces sprynges	
Rey <sup>ps</sup> and the stronge thynges	
Tho saw I and in an oþer place	
Standynge in a large space	1238
Of hem that maken blody sow <sup>n</sup>	
In Trompe beme and Clarion	
For in fight and blodesheddynge	[p. 107, col. 1]
Is vsed gode clarionyng <sup>e</sup>	1242
Ther herd I Trompe messenus	
Of whom That speketh Virgilius	
There herd I Ioab Trompe also	
Theodonas and oþer mo	1246
And alle that vsed <sup>t</sup> clarion	
In Castel lyon and Aragon	
That in her tymes famows were	
To lernen saw I Trumpyn <sup>n</sup> there	1250
Ther saw I sitte in her sees	
Pleyng <sup>e</sup> vpon oþer lees	
Wheche I can not nemene	
Mo then sterri <sup>s</sup> ben in heven	1254
Of whiche I nyl as now not rym	
For ese of yow and losse of Tym	
For tym I lost that knowe ye	
Be no wey recouered may be	1258
There saw I pley Geogeles	
Magisciens and Tregetours	
And Fetonisses and Charmeresses	
Old <sup>t</sup> wyches and sorseresses	1262
That vsen exorsisacions	
[. . . . . no gap in the MS.]	

And Clerkes that konnen well  
Alle this magik naturel 1266

That Craftly doth her ententes  
To make a certegn ascendentes  
Smages lo thorough suche magyk  
To make a man hole or seke 1270

Ther saw I þe Quen medea  
And Cirtes Eke and Caliophia  
Ther saw I Hermes Ballenus  
Llymote and Eke Symon magus 1274

Ther saw I and knew hem by name  
That by suche art don men fame  
Ther saw I colle Tregitour  
Vpon a Table of Cicomour 1278

Pley an vncowth thynge to telle  
Y saw hym Carie a wynd mylle  
Vnder a walshnot shale  
What shuld I make A lengur tale 1282

Of alle the puple that I say  
From hens vn to domys day  
When I hadd alle this folk behold  
And founde me loose and not hold 1286

And eft I mused lengur a whyle  
Vp on the wall of Birih  
That shon full lighter þen a glas  
And made wel more þen it was 1290

[. . . . . no gap in the MS.]

As kynd thynge of fame is  
I gan forth roment til I founde  
The Castel yat on myn right honde  
Wheche so wel carven was 1294

That neuer suche anoper nas  
And yet it was be auenture  
Iwrought as oft as by Cure  
It nedeth yow for to telle 1298

To make yow to lengur dwelle

Of these yates florysynges	
Ne of compases ne of kervenges	1302
Ne how the hackyngē in Masours	
As corbettes and ymagyryes	
But lord so feyre it was to shewe	
For it was alle of gold be-hew	1306
But in I went and þat a non	
There mett I cryyngē mony oon	
A larges a larges vp hold weſt	
God save the lady of thys pele	1310
Our own Ientil lady fame	
And hem that willith to have a name	
Of vs thus herd I cryen alle	
And fast commen out of halle	1314
And shake noblēs and sterlynges	
And I-crownedē wer as kynges	
Wyth crownes wrought full of lesynges	[p. 108, col. 1]
And mony reban and moy þynges	1318
Were in here clothes truely	
Tho at the last aspyed y	
That pursevauntes and herawdes	
That cryen riche folkes lawdes	1322
It weren alle and euery man	
Of hem as I yow tell kan	
Hedd on hem throw a vesture	
Wheche men clepe a cote armure	1326
Enbrowdrede wonderliche riche	
Alle though they nere nougħt Ilyche	
Bot not will I so mot I thryve	
Be a bowte to discryve	1330
Alle these Armes what they weren	
That they thus on here cotes beren	
For it to me wer impossible	
Men myght make of hem a bible	1334
Twenty fote thykk as I trowe	
For certeign who so kowde know	

Myght þer alle þe Armes se  
Of famous folk þat had Ibe 1338

In Awfryke Ewrope And Assie  
Sith first lo Chiualrie  
Lo how shuld I tell alle this  
Ne of the halle eke what nede is 1342

To tellen yow þat euery wall  
Of it and flore and rose wytþ alle  
Was plated half a fote thikk  
Of gold and that nas no thyng<sup>e</sup> wikk 1346

But for to prove in alle wyse  
As fyne as Doket of Venyse  
Of wheche to lite alle in my powche is  
And they wer sett as thikk as owches 1350

Full of the fynest stones faire  
That men reden in the lapidarie  
As gresses growen in a mede [p. 108, col. 2]  
But it wer alle to longe to rede 1354

The names and þerfore I passe  
But in this riche lusty place  
That famous halle called was  
Ful muche pres of folk þer nas 1358

Ne gronyng<sup>e</sup> for to muche pres  
But alle on high vpon a deiees  
Satt on a se Emperiall  
That made was of A Rubye 1362

Wheche a Carbuncle is I-called  
I saw perpetually I-stalled  
A femynyne creature  
That neuer formed<sup>e</sup> by nature 1366

Suche anþer thyng<sup>e</sup> I say  
For alderfurst soth for to say  
Me thought that she was so lite  
That the length of a cubite 1370

Was lengur then she semed<sup>e</sup> be  
But thus sone in a while she

Her silf tho wonderly streght  
 That wyth her fete she þ<sup>e</sup> irth right 1374  
 And wyth her hede she towched heven  
 Ther as shynygh the sterres seven  
 And þer-to yet as to my wytte  
 I saw as grete a wonder yet 1378  
 Vpon her yeen to be-hold  
 But certaign I hem neuer tolde  
 For as fele yeen hadd she  
 As fedres vp on fowles be 1382  
 Or weren on the bestes fowre  
 That goddes trone can honour  
 As wrythyth Ihon in þ<sup>e</sup> Apocalyps  
 Her here þat was owndy and Crysps 1386  
 As bornde gold shon as for to see  
 And soth to tellen also she  
 Hadde also fele stondyng Eres  
 And tonges as on an best ben heres [p. 109, col. 1] 1390  
 And on her fete waxen saw I  
 Partrige wynges redely  
 But lord the þerry and þ<sup>e</sup> ryches  
 I saw sittyng on þ<sup>e</sup> goddes 1394  
 And the hevenly melodye  
 Of songes full of Armonye  
 I herd abowte her trone I-songe  
 That alle the paleis walle ronge 1398  
 So songe the myghty muse she  
 That cleped is Caliope  
 And her seven sustren eke  
 That in her fates semen meke  
 And euermore eternally 1402  
 The songe of fame as tho herde I  
 Heriede be thow and thy name  
 Goddes of renoun and of fame 1406  
 Tho was I war lo at the last  
 As myn yeen gan vp cast

That this ilke noble quene  
On her shuldres gan susteygn 1410  
Both armes and the name  
Of Thoo that had large fame  
Alisaundre and Ercules  
That wyth a shert hys lyf les 1414  
And thus fownde I sittynge this goddes  
In nobley honour and riches  
Of wheche I stynt a while now  
Other thynges to tellen yow 1418  
Thoo saw I stond on þ<sup>e</sup> oþer syde  
Streight dow to þ<sup>e</sup> deris wyde  
From the dese mony a pylere  
Of metal that shon not ful clere 1422  
But though they weren of no riches  
Yet they weren made for gret noblesse  
And in hem grete sentence  
And folk of grete and digne reuerence 1426  
Of wheche I will to telle yow founde  
[p. 109, col. 2]  
Vp on a pyler saw I stonde  
Alderfirst lo ther I sigh  
Vpon a pilere stond on highe 1430  
That was of lede and yren fyne  
[ . . . . . no gap in the MS.]  
The Ebraik Iosephus þ<sup>e</sup> old<sup>t</sup>  
That of Iewes Gestes tol<sup>t</sup> 1434  
And Bare vp on hys shuldres hie  
The fame vp of the Iewry  
And by hym þer stoden seven  
Wyse and worthy for to nemene  
To helpen<sup>1</sup> hym bar vp the charge 1438  
[1 p. MS. helpeir]  
It was so hevy and so large  
And for they writen of Batailles  
As well as of oþer merveilles  
Ther for was lo this pilere 1442  
Of wheche I yow tell here

Of leede and yren both I-wys  
 For yren Martis metall is 1446  
 Wheche þat god is of bataille  
 And the leede wyth owten faille  
 Is lo the metalle of Saturne  
 That hath ful large wil to turne  
 To stondyng forth on euery rowe  
 Of hem wheche I þat cowde know  
 Though I be ordre hem not telle  
 To maken yow to longe to dwelle 1450  
 These of wheche I gonn rede  
 Ther saw I stond owt of drede  
 [ . . . . . no gap in the MS.]  
 That poynted was alle endelynge 1458  
 With Tygres blode in euery place  
 The Tolofan þat hight Stace  
 That bare of Tebes vp þe name  
 Vp on his shuldres and þe same  
 Also of Cruell Achilles 1462  
 And by hym stode wythowten lees  
 Full wonder high vp on o pilere  
 Of yren he the gret Omer [p. 110, col. 1] 1466  
 And wyth his Darus and Titus  
 Be fore and eke he Lullius  
 And Guydo eke de Columpny  
 As Englisshe Gaunfride eke Iwys 1470  
 And Eche of these as I have Ioye  
 Was besy for to ber up Troy  
 So hevy was þer-of the fame  
 That for to ber it was no game  
 But yet I can ful wel aspye 1474  
 Be twyx hem was a litill envyę  
 Oper seide þat Omer made lies  
 Feynyngę in hys postreys  
 And was to Grekes fauorable 1478  
 Therfore held he it but fabte

Tho sey I stond on a piler  
 That was of Tynnyd yren clere 1482  
 The latyn poete Virgile  
 That hath bore vp a longe whyle  
 The fame of pius Eneas  
 And next on a piler was  
 Of Coper Venus clerk Ovyde  
 That hath sowen wounder wyde  
 The grete godd of love his name  
 And Ther he bare vp well his name 1486  
 Vp on this piler al so hie  
 As I myght see it wyth myn ye  
 For wheche this hall of wheche I rede  
 Was wax on hie length and brede 1490  
 Wel more by a thowsand dele  
 Than it was erst that saw I well  
 Tho saw I on a piler by  
 Of yren wrought full sternely 1498  
 The grete poete Daun Lucan  
 And on hys shuldrys bare vp yan  
 As hie as I myght see  
 The name of Iulius and Pompie  
 And by hym stoden alle these Clerkes 1502  
 That wrytten of Romes myghty werkes  
 That yef I wold her names telle  
 Alle to longe must I dwelle  
 And hem vn a piler stode 1506  
 Of Sulpur liche as he wer wode  
 Daun Claudian seth for to telle  
 That bare vp alle the fame of helle  
 Of pluto and of proserpyne 1510  
 That quen is of the derk pyne  
 What shuld I more telle of this  
 The halle was alle ful I-wys  
 Of hem þat writhen olde Geestes 1514  
 As ben on trees Rokes nestes



Madame seid þey we be  
 Folk þat her besechen the 1554  
 That thow graunt vs now gode fame  
 And lette oure werkes have gode name  
 In ful recompensacion  
 Of gode werkes yef vs renoñ 1558  
 I warne yow quod she a noñ  
 Ye gete of me gode fame non  
 Be god and þer-for go *your* wey  
 Alace quod they and welewey 1562  
 Tell vs what *your* Cause may be  
 For me list not it quod she  
 No wyght shal speke of yow I-wys  
 Gode ne harme ne þat ne this 1566  
 And wyl þat worde she gan to calle  
 Her masynger that was in halle  
 And bad þat he shuld fast gon  
 Vpon peyn to blynde a non 1570  
 For Eolus the god of wynde  
 [ . . . . . no gap in the MS.]  
 And bid hym brynge his Clarion  
 That is ful diuers of his sowne 1574  
 And it is cleped clere lawde  
 Wyth wheche he wont is to herawde  
 Hem that me list I-preyseñ be  
 And al so bid hym how þat he 1578  
 Brynge eke his oper Clarion  
 That hight skaunder in euery towñ  
 In wheche he wont is to do fame [p. 111, col. 8]  
 Hem þat me list and do hem shame  
 This Masynger gan fast to gon  
 And fownd wher in a Cave of ston  
 In a countrey that hight Crase  
 This Eolus wyth hard grace 1582  
 Helle the wyndes in destres  
 And gan hem onder hym to presse

That they gan as the beres rore	
He bounde and pressed hem so sore	1590
This Masynger gan fast crye	
Ryse vp quod he and fast hye	
Till thow at my lady be	
And take thy clarions eke wyth the	1594
And spedē the fast and he a non	
Toke to a man þat hight Tryton	
Hys Clarion to beren tho	
And lete a certeign wynd go	1598
That blew so hidewly and hye	
That it left not a skye	
In alle the walkyn longe and brode	
This Eolus no wher a-bode	1602
Till he was com at fames fete	
And eke þe man that Tryton hete	
And þer he stode as stil as ston	
And her wyth alle þer cam a non	1606
An oþer huge compayne	
Of olde folk and gan to crye	
Lady graunt vs now gode fame	
And let oure werkes have þat name	1610
Now in honour and Ientilnes	
And also god your sowle bles	
For we han well deserved it	
Ther for is right þat we ben quyte	1614
As thrive I quod she ye shal faile	
Gode werkes shal not yow availle	[p. 112, col. 1]
To have of me god fame as now	
But wote ye what I graunt yow	1618
That ye shul have a shrewed name	
And wykked loose and wperse fame	
Though ye gode loos have wel deserved	
Now goth your wey for ye ben served	1622
And thow Daun Eolus quod she	
Take forth thy Trompe a non lette se	

That is I-cleped slaundre light  
 And blow her loos þat euery wyght 1626  
 Speke of hem harme and shrewedenes  
 In stede of gode and wurthynes  
 For thow shalt trompe alle the contrarie  
 That they have don wel an faire 1630  
 Alace thought I what Auentures  
 Have the sory Creatures  
 That they amonge alle þe prees  
 Shuld thus be shamed gilteles 1634  
 But what it must nedes be  
 What dede this Eolus but he  
 Toke owt his blak Trompe of Bras  
 That fowler then the devill was 1638  
 And gan this Trompe for to blowe  
 As alle the world shuld ouerthowre  
 Through owte euery region  
 Went his fowle trompes sowne  
 As swyft as a pelet owt of a gonne  
 Whenn fire is in to it ronne  
 And suche a smoke gan owt wende  
 Owt of his fowle trompes ende 1642  
 Blak bloo grevysshe swartisshe rede  
 As doth whenn men mult lede  
 Lo alle on hye from the twelle  
 And þer-to oo thyng saw I welle 1646  
 That the furthir þat it ranne  
 [T]he greter waxen it be-gan  
 As doth the Riuier from a welle  
 And it stanke as the pitt of helle 1650  
 Alace this was her shame I-ronge  
 And gilteles on euery tonge  
 Tho cam / the thryd· companye  
 And gan vp to þe deis hye 1654  
 And down on kneys thay fell a non  
 And seiden they ben euerychon

Folk þat han ful trewly  
Deserved fame rightfully 1662  
And pray that it myght be know  
Right as it is and forth I-blow  
I graunt quod she for now me list  
That now *your* god werkes ben wyst 1666  
And yet ye shul have better loos  
Right in despite of alle *your* foos  
Then wurthy is and that a non  
Let now quod she thy trompe gon 1670  
Thow Eolus that is so blak  
And owte thyn oþer trompe take  
That hight Lawde and blow it so  
That through þ<sup>o</sup> world her fame go 1674  
Alle esyly and not to fast  
That it be knownen at the last  
Ful gladely lady myn he seide  
And owt his trompe of gold he breyde 1678  
A-non and sett it to his mowth  
And blew it Est west and sowth  
And north as lowd as eny thonder  
That euery wyght have of it wonder 1682  
So brode it ran or at it stynt  
And certes alle the breth þat went  
Owt of his Trompe mowth it smyllde  
As men a pitiful of bawm hele<sup>t</sup> 1686  
Amonge a basket ful of Roses  
This fauour dede he to her loses  
And right Wyth this I gan aspye [p. 118, col. 1]  
Ther cam the foreth company 1690  
But certeign they were wonder fowe  
And gonne to stand on a rowe  
And seiden certes lady bright  
We haven do well wyth alle oure myght 1694  
But we ne kepen have no fame  
Hide oure werkes and oure name

For goddes love for certes we  
 Hāñ certeign) do it for bonite 1698  
 And for no maner oper thyngē.  
 I graunt you alle *your* askynge  
 Quod she let alle *your* werkes be dede  
 Wyth þat about I turned myn hede  
 And see anon þis furst rowte  
 That to this lady gan lowte  
 And down a non on knees falle  
 And her tho by-sowghten alle 1702  
 To hide her gode werkes eke  
 And seide they yefe not a leke  
 For fame ne suche renouñ  
 For they for contemplacion) 1706  
 And Goddes love hadd it wrought  
 Ne of fame wold they nowght  
 What quod she be ye wode  
 And wene ye to do gode  
 And for to have of that no fame  
 Have ye despite to have my name  
 Nay ye shull be euerychoñ  
 Blow thy trompe and þat a non 1714  
 Quod she thow Eolus I hote  
 And ryngē these folkes werkes by note  
 That alle the world may of it here  
 And gan blow her loos so clere 1718  
 In his gilde Clarion)  
 That through the world went þe sown  
 And so kyndely and eke alle soft  
 [ . . . . no gap in the MS.] 1722  
 Tho cam the sixt company  
 And gan fast to fame crye  
 Right verely in this manere  
 They seiden mercy lady dere 1726  
 To tell certeign as it is  
 We have do neþer þat ne this  
 [p. 118, col. 2]

But Idil alle oure lif be  
But neferles we preyen the 1734  
That we may have so god a fame  
And grete renouñ and knownen nam  
As they that have don noble gestes  
And eshued alle her bestes 1738  
As wel of love as *oper* thyngē  
Alle was vs neuer broche ne ryngē  
Ne elles ought fro women sent  
Ne ones in her hert I-ment 1742  
To make vs only frendely chere  
But mowght temen vs vp on bere  
Yet lete vs to þe puple seme  
Suche as the world may of vs deme 1746  
That wommen loved vs for wode  
That shal do vs as muche gode  
And to oure hert as muche availe  
To countre pese ese and travaille 1750  
As we hadd wonne wyth labore  
For that is dere bowght labour  
At ragarde of oure grete ese  
And yet ye must vs more plese 1754  
Lete vs behold eke þerto  
Wurthy wyse and gode also  
And riche and happy vn to love  
For goddes love that sittith above 1758  
Though we may not the body have  
Of women yet so god me save  
Lete men blaw on vs the name  
Sufficeth that we have the fame 1762  
I grount quod she be my trowth  
Now Eolus wyth outen slowth  
Take out thy trompe of gold quod she  
And blow as they have asked me 1766  
That euery man wene hem at ese  
Though they go in bad lese

[p. 114, col. 1]

This Eolus gan it so blow  
 That through the world it was knowe 1770  
 Tho com the vij rowte a non  
 And fele on knees euerychon  
 And seide lady graunt vs sone  
 The same thynge the same bone 1774  
 That these next folke have don  
 Fye on yow quod she euerychon  
 Ye masty swyne ye Idil wreches  
 Ful of Roten slow tecche 1778  
 What fals theves wher ye wold  
 Ben famous goode and no thynge nold  
 Deserve why ne neuer thought  
 Man rather yow to hangyn ought 1782  
 For ye ben like the sleepy catte  
 That wold have fisshe but wost þou what  
 He will no thynge wete his clowes  
 Evill thrift com on your Iowes 1786  
 And on myn yef I it graunt  
 Or do fauour yow to a-vaunt  
 Thow Eolus thow kynge of Trace  
 Go blow this folk a sory grace 1790  
 Quod she a non and wost thow how  
 As I shal tell the right now  
 Sey these ben they that wolden honour  
 Have and do no kynnes labour 1794  
 And do no good and yet hem lawde  
 That men wende that bele Isawde  
 Ne cowde hem nowt of love werne  
 And yet she grynt at a quyrne 1798  
 Is alle to gode to ese her hert  
 This Eolus a non vp stert  
 And wyt þis blak Clarioñ  
 He gan to blasyn owt a sown 1802  
 As lowde as bellyth wynde in helle  
 And eke þer wyt þoth to telle

This sown was as ful of Iapes  
As euere mows wer in Apes [p. 114, col. 2] 1806  
And that went alle the world abowte  
That euery wyght gan on hem showte  
And for to laugh as they wer wode  
Suche gam fownde they in her hode 1810  
Tho cam anoþer company  
That hadd I-doon þe trecherye  
The harme the grete wikkednes  
That euery hert cowde gesse 1814  
And prayed her to have gode fame  
That she nold do hem ne shawme  
But yeve hem loos and gode renoun  
And do it blow in Clarioun 1818  
Nay wys quod she it were a wyse  
Alle be þer-in be no Iustice  
Me list not do it nowe  
The nys nyl I not graunte yow 1822  
Tho cam þer crepyng in a rowte  
And gan clappe alle abowte  
Euery man vp on þe crowne  
That alle the hall gan to sowne 1826  
And seide lady leve and dere  
We ben suche folk as ye may here  
To tell alle the tale a right  
We ben shrewes euery wyght 1830  
And have delit in wikkednes  
As goode folk have in godnes  
And Ioie to ben knownen shrewes  
And ful of vice and wikked thewes 1834  
Wher fore we pray yow on a rowe  
That oure fame be suche I-know  
In alle thyngs suche as it is  
I grazunt it yow quod she Iwys 1838  
But what art þou that seyst þis tale  
That werest on thyn hose a pale

And on thy tipet suche a bell

Ma Dam quod he soth to tell

I am that ilk shrew I wys

1842

[*Pepys 2006 Fame ends the Mars follows.*]

## 5.

**The Legend of Good Women****FROM**

**ADDITIONAL MS. 28,617**, British Museum (has lost 20 leaves); all, from line 513 to the end, 1.2723; less, lines 610-807, 1106-1305, 1802-1851, 2111-2125, 2136-2151 ... ... p. 134-212

**MS. Ff. 1. 6**, University Library, Cambridge.  
THISBE *only* ... ... ... ... p. 139-149

**RAWLINSON MS. C. 86**, Bodleian Library.  
DIDO *only* ... ... ... ... p. 149-173

## THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN.

[*Addit. MS. 28,617, Brit. Mus. (paper), leaf 1, incomplete:  
begins at line 513 and has lost 9 other leaves.*]

[*There's a kind of // at the end of every line.*]

She that For hire housbonde chees to dye	[leaf 1] 513
And eke to gooñ to helle rather thanne he	
And hercules Rescoved hire pard	
And broght oute off helle ageyne to blysse	516
And I answerde ayen And seyde yisse	
Now knowe I hire And ys this goode Alceste	
The deyesye And myn owne hertys Reste	
Now Feele I weſt the goodnessse off this wyff	520
And that bothi aftter deethi and in hire lyff	
Hire grete bounte doubleth her' Renoūn	
Weſt hathi she quytte me myñe Affection	
That I have tyl hire Floure the Deyesye	524
No wondir ys thouſt Ioue hire stellyfye	
And as tellith Agatooñ For hire goodnessse	
Hire white Corovne berith off hit wytnesse	
For also many vertues hadde she	528
As smale Floures in hire Corovne be	
In remembraunce off hire and in honour	
Cybella made the deyse and the Flour	
I-Corovned al with with white as men may se	532
And Mars thanne to hire Corovne Rede pard	

ADDIT. 28,617

In stede off Rubyes sette amōnge the white  
Ther with she wexe rede For shame [ ]yte  
whanze she was preyed so in hire presence 536  
Thanze seyde love a Fuſt grete negligence  
Was yt to the that ylke tyme thou made  
[No gap in the MS.]  
Hyde Absolon thy Tresses in Bal[ade]  
[No gap in the MS.]  
And thou Forgate hire in thy songe to sette [leaf 1, back] 540  
[No gap in the MS.]  
Syn that thou art so gretely in hire dette  
And wiste so well that kalendre ys she  
To any womman that wole lover be  
For she tauht alle the Crafte off fyn lovynge 544  
And namely off wyffhooде the lovynge  
And alle the boundes that she ouht kepe  
Thy lytyl wytte was thilke tyme a-slepe  
But now I Charge the vpōn thy lyff 548  
That in thy legende thou make on this wyff  
whanze other smale ben made byfore  
And Fare now well I charge the nomore  
But or I goo thus myche I wole the telle 552  
Ne shall no trewe lover komen in helle  
Thes other ladyes sytten here a Rowe  
B[en i]n thy Balade yiff thou kanſt hem knowe  
And in thy bookeſ thou shalt hem fynde 556  
Have hem now in thy legende alle in mynde  
I mene off theym that ben in thy knowyng  
For here ben .xx .M. and moo syttinge  
Thanze thou knewest goode wommen alle 560  
And trewe off love For auht that may beſalle  
Make thy Metres off thaym as the leſte  
I mote goo home the ſonne drawith west  
To Paradys with alle this Companye 564  
And ſerve ay well the Fressh̄ deyesye  
At Cleopatre I wole at thou begynne  
[leaf 2]

And so Forth and my love shaltow wynze  
For latte se now what man that lover be 568  
Wole do so stronge a peyne in love as she  
I wote well thow mayst nat alle Ryme  
That suche lovers dydden in her' tyme  
It were to longe to reden and to here 572  
Suffyseth me thow make in this manere  
That thow rehersse off alle theyre lyff the grete  
Afster that thes olde Auctours lysten trete  
For who so shal so many a storye telle 576  
Say shortly or he shal to longe duelle  
And with that worde my bookes gan I take  
And riht thus on my legende ganne I make

[ I.]

## . Incipit . legenda . Cleopatrye .

**A**fter the deeth off Tholome the kyng 580  
That alle Egipre hadde in his governyng  
Regned his Quene Cleopataras  
Tyl on a tyme byfelle there suche a caas  
That out off Rome was sent a senatour 584  
Forte conquere Regnes and honour  
Vnto the tovne off Rome as was vsaunce  
To haue the worlde at theyre obeyssance  
And sothe to seyne Antonius was his name 588  
So felle yt as Fortune hym oult a shame  
whanne he was Fallen in prosperetye  
Rebelle vnto the tovne off Rome was he  
And over alle this the sustre off Cesar 592  
He lefft hire Falsly er she was war  
And wolde algatys haue a nother wyff  
For which he toke with Rome and Cesar stryff

ADDIT. 28,617

Natheles For sothe this ylke senatour	596
was a Full worthy werreour	
And off his deeth hit was Full grete damage	
But love hadd brought this man in such a Rage	
And hym so narwe bounden in his laas	600
For the love off Cleopataras	
That alle the worlde he sette at no value	
Hym thought ther was no thing to hym so due	
As Cleopataras Forto love and serve	604
Hym rouht nouht in Armys Forto sterfe	
In the defence off hire and off hire Riht	
This noble quene loved so this knyht	
Thurh his deserte and his Chiualrye	608
As certeynly but yiff that bookes lye	
He was off persone and off gentyllesse	610

[4 leaves gone here.]

[*4 leaves out of the Addit. MS. 28,617, British Museum.*]

[ II.]

[THE LEGEND OF THISBE.]

[MS. FF. 1. 6 (paper), University Library, Cambridge.]

A	t babilone whilom fil it þus	[leaf 64]
	the wych towne the quene Semiramis	
Let	dychene aȝ a-boute & wallys make	708
Ful	hey of arde / tyllys wele y-bake	
There	were dwellyng yn þis nobull towne	
Towe	lordys wych þat were of grett renow[n]e	
And	woned fo ny on a grene	712
That	þer nas but a ston whaȝ hym be-twene	
As oft <sup>1</sup>	in grett townys ys þe won	[ <sup>1</sup> it and st are the same]
And	soth to seyne that one man had a son	
Of aȝ	þat londe one of the lysteys[te]s	716
That	oudur had a dowtur the feyrest	
That	estward in þe worlde whas þe dwellyng	
The	name of eyuerych gane to oudur spryng	
Be	wemen þat were neyghburs a-bowte	720
For	in þat contre hit þe out of dowte	
Meydyns	ben y-kepet for Ialouse	
Ful	stryte leyst any downe sum foyly	
þis	yong man whas callyd peyramus	724
Thesbe	het þe meydon Naso seyth þus	
And	þus be report whas hir name y-schoue	
That	as þey wex yn age wax here luffe	
And	Serteyne as be reson of here age	728
The	myght haue ben be-twex hem maryage	
But	þat here fadurs nold not it sent	
And	bowth in luffe y-lych sore þey brent	
That	none of aȝ here frendys myght hyt lett	[res, bk]
And	preuely some tyme þat þey mette	732

Be slyeth & spekene some of here dyseyre  
 As owre the glede attur þe feyre  
 For-bede a luffe & it tene so wode 736  
 This wāl wych þat be-twex hym both stode  
 Whas clouen a tow ryght fro þe cope a down  
 Of olde tymys of his fundacion  
 But þat þis clyfte was so narowe & lyte 740  
 Hit was noyght a seyndyr noyght a myte  
 But wat þat luffe can noyght a-speye  
 The lufferys towe yf þat I shall not ley  
 The funden fyrt þis lyte narowe clyfte 744  
 And with a sowne as softe as any schryft  
 The lett here wordys thoro þe clyft passe  
 And tolden wyh þat þey stoden in the plase  
 Here compleynt of luffe and here woo 748  
 And euery tyme when þey dorst so  
 Vp-one þat on syde of þat whāl stode he  
 And on þat oudur syde stode tesby  
 The sweete sowne of oudur to reyseue 752  
 And þus here whardeyns wold þey dysseyue  
 And euery day this whāl wold þey threte  
 And wyssch to god hit were done bete  
 Thus wold þey seyne a las þow wykkyd whāl 756  
 Thurgh thyne envye towe ledest vs all  
 Why nylt þou cleue or fallone a downe  
 Or at the lest but þou woldust so [leaf 66, back]  
 Yet woldest but onus lat vs mete 760  
 Or onus þat we myght kysson swe,  
 Than were we couered of owre carus colde  
 But naytheles yet be we to þe holde  
 In as mych as þou sufferest for to gone 764  
 Oure wordus thurgħt þi lyme & eyke þy stone  
 Yet are we with þe weħ apayde  
 And when þis yduħ wordus were seyde  
 The colde whāl þey wold kysse of stone 768  
 And take here leyue & forthe þey wolden gone

And þis whas gladly in þe euenen tyde  
 Or wondur erly leyst men hit a-spyde  
 And long tyme þey wrowte in þis manere 772  
 Tyl on a day whan phebus gane to clere  
 Aurora wytþ þe stremus of his hete  
 Had dryude vp þe dewe of erbus swete  
 Vn-to þis clyft as hit whas wond to be 776  
 Come pyramus & astur come tesbe  
 And plyghton trowthe fully in fey  
 þat ylke same nyght to stelone a wey  
 And to be-geyle here whardeyns euerychone  
 And forth out of þe Syte for to gone  
 And for þe feldus bene so browde & wyde  
 For to mete in a plase at o tyde  
 þey sett merke here metyng schuld be [leaf 65, back] 784  
 There kyng nynus whas grauene vndur a tre  
 For olde penyms þat Idoles heried  
 Vsen tho in feldus to ben bered  
 And fast be þis geyne whas a weſt 788  
 And schorthly of þis tale to tell  
 þis conaunt was a-fermed wondur fast  
 And long hym thowght þat þe sone last  
 þat hit nere gone vndur þe goyng down 792  
 Thys tesby hath so grett affeccioun  
 And so grett hast piramus to se  
 That wen sche myght see here tyme myght be  
 Att nyght sche stale a wey preuyly 796  
 Wyþ here fase wympulþ Soþly  
 Alle here frendus for to sauе here thawght trwthe  
 Sche asse for-sake & þat þis rewþ  
 That euer womman wold be so trewe 800  
 To tryst a man but sche hym bettur knewe  
 And to the tre sche gose a full good pase  
 For loue made hyr so ardy in þat case  
 And be þat weſt a downe can sche hyr a-dresse 804  
 Alas tho come a wylde lyones

[Additional MS. 28,617, British Museum.]

To drynken off the welle there she satte	[leaf 3]	808
And whanne that Tesbe hadde espyed thatte		
She roos with a drery herte		
And in a kave with dredefull Foot she sterte		
For by the Mone she sawe yt we <sup>H</sup> with alle		812
And as she ranne hire wymples lette she Falle		
And tooke noon hede so sore she was awhaped		
And eke For gladde that she was escaped		
And thus she sytteth and derkyth wondre styll		816
whanne that this lyonesse hadde dronke hire Fylle		
Aboute the welle gazne she Forto wende		
And riht anoon the wymples gazne she Fynde		
And with hire blody mouthe yt ait to-Rente		820
whanne this was done no lengere wolde she stente		
But to the wodde hire way thazine hath she nome		
And at the laste this Pyramus ys kome		
But ait to longe at home allas was he		824
The Mone shone And he myht well se		
And in his way as that he kome Full Faste		
Hys eyen to the grounde a doyne he caste		
And in the sonde as he byhelde adovn		828
He seye the steppes broode off a lyoun		
And in his herte he sodeynly agroos		
And pale he wex and ther with his heere aroos		
And nere he kome and Founde the wymple torn		832
Allas quod he the day that I was born	[leaf 3, back]	
This oon nyht wole vs lovers bothe slee		
How shulde I aske mercy off Tesbee		
whanne I am he that haue yow slayne Allas		836
My hydyng hath yow slayne in this caas		
Allas to bydde A womman goon be nyht		
In place where as perylle Fallen myht		
And I so slowe allas I ne hadde be		840
Here in this place a Furlonge way or ye		

ADDIT. 28,617

Out of þ<sup>o</sup> wode wyth<sup>h</sup> out more a rest  
 Wyth<sup>h</sup> bloudy mowth<sup>h</sup> of stranglyng<sup>h</sup> of a best  
 To drynkene of þ<sup>o</sup> weſt þer as sche aſte<sup>1</sup> [ſate] 808  
 And when þat tesby had a-spyde that  
 Sche rose vp wyth<sup>h</sup> a drewri hert  
 And in a caue wyth<sup>h</sup> drydful<sup>h</sup> foot sche ſterte  
 For be þ<sup>o</sup> mone sche ſey hit welle wyth<sup>h</sup> all 812  
 And as sche rane here wympuh lett sche faſh  
 And toke no hed<sup>h</sup> so ſore sche whas a-wapede  
 And eyke for glad<sup>h</sup> þat sche whas eſc-apede  
 And þus sche ſetthe & erkyth<sup>h</sup> wondur ſteſh 816  
 When þis lyones had drenkyne here fell  
 A-boute þo weſt gan<sup>h</sup> sche for to wend  
 And rygħt a-none þe wympuh gan<sup>h</sup> sche fynd  
 And wyth<sup>h</sup> here bloudy mouth hit all to-rent 820  
 Whan þis was done no lenger sche ne ſtent  
 But to þo wode here wey then<sup>h</sup> hathi sche nome  
 And at þ<sup>o</sup> last þis pyramus ys come  
 But all to long<sup>h</sup> allas at home whas he 824  
 The mone ſchone & he myght wele y-ſee  
 And be hys wey as he come ful<sup>h</sup> fast  
 Hys eyen<sup>h</sup> a downe to the erth he caſt  
 And in þe ſonde as he be-helde a downe 828  
 He ſaye þ<sup>o</sup> ſteppus broude of a lyon  
 And in hys hert ſodenly he a-groſe  
 And pale he wex þer-wyth<sup>h</sup> hys here a-rose  
 And nere he come & fonde þ<sup>o</sup> wympuh torne 832  
 Allas quod he the day þat I whas borne  
 Thys o nyght wold<sup>h</sup> vs louers bothe ſlee  
 How ſchuld<sup>h</sup> I aſke mercy of you<sup>h</sup> tesby  
 Whan I am<sup>h</sup> he þat hath you<sup>h</sup> ſlayn allas 836  
 My bydyng<sup>h</sup> hath you<sup>h</sup> ſlayne in þis case  
 Allas to byddone a woman go be nyght  
 In plase þer as pereſt fallen myght  
 And I ſo ſlow<sup>h</sup> allas I had<sup>h</sup> ne be [leaf 66, back] 840  
 Here in þis plas a furlong<sup>h</sup> wey or sche

Now what Lyoun that be in this Foreste  
 My body mot hem rente or what beeste  
 That wylde ys gnawen mote he myn herte 844

And with that worde he to the wymples sterte  
 And kyste yt ofte and wepte on yt Full sore  
 And seyde wymples allas there is na mare  
 But thow shalt Fele as wel the bloode off me 848

As thow haste Felte the bledynge off Tesbe  
 And with that worde he smote hym to the herte  
 The bloode out off the wounde as broode sterte  
 As water whanē the conduit brokyn ys 852

Now Tesbe which that wyst nat off this  
 But sytting in here drede she thought thus  
 Yiff hit so Falle that my Pyramus  
 Be comen hedir and may me nat Fynde 856

He may me holde Fals and eke vnkynde  
 And oute she komyth and after hym gan espyen  
 Bothe with hire herte and with hire eyen [leaf 4]  
 And thought I wolde hym tellen off my drede 860

Bothe off the Lyonesse and alle my dede  
 And at the last hire lyeff thanne hath she Founde  
 Betynghe his heeles vpon the grounde  
 Al blody and ther with al abak she sterte 864

And lyke the wawes quappe ganne hire herte  
 And pale as Box she was in a throwe  
 Avyset hire and gan hym wel to knowe  
 That hit was Pyramus hire herte dere 868

Who kouth the wryte swych a dedly Chere  
 Hath Tesbe now and how here heere she Rent  
 And how she ganne hire sylff to turmente  
 And how she lyeth an swowneth on the grounde 872

And how she wepte off Teeres Fulle his wounde  
 And medlyth she his bloode with his compleynt  
 How with his bloode hire selff ganne she peynt  
 How clippeth she the deede corps allas 876

How doth this woful Tesbe in this caas

Nowe what lion þat be in þis forest  
 My body mote rent or what best  
 That wyld þis gnawen mut my hert 844  
 And wyth þat word he to þe wympul starte  
 And kyst it oft & weppet on it full sore  
 And sayd wympul alas þer is nomore  
 But þou shal fele as weH þe bloude of me 848  
 As þou as feld þe block of tesby  
 And wyth þat word he smet hym to þe hert  
 The bloude out of þe wond as brod start  
 As watur wan þat þe condyf broken pis 852  
 Nowe tesby wych wast no thyng of pis  
 But settyngh in here drede sche thut h þus  
 Yf it so fall þat my none pyramus  
 be comon hiddur & may me not fynd  
 He may hold me false & eke on-kynd  
 And out sche comthe & aftur hym sche can aspye  
 Both wyth hyr hert & eke wyth hyr ee  
 And thought I wyH hym teH of all my drede 860  
 Both of þe lyones & all my dede  
 And at þe last here luffe þere as sche fond  
 Betyng wyth his helys vnto þe grond  
 AH blody & þer-wyth a-bakke sche sterte 864  
 And lyke þo quays quakyngh here hert  
 And pale as box sche was in a throwe  
 A-vyseH here & gan hym wele to knowe  
 That it was peramus here hert dere [leaf 67] 868  
 Woo cowde wryte wych a dely schere  
 Hath tesby nowe & howe her here sche rent  
 And howe sche gan here seluen to torment  
 And houe sche lyth & suownyth on þe grond 872  
 And howe sche weppet of teres full hys wond  
 And medulth sche his blode wyth here complynt  
 How wyth his bloude here selue gane sche paynt  
 Howe klepet sche þe dede corse allas  
 Houe doth þis wofull tesby in this case 876

How kysseth she his Frosty mouthe so colde  
 Who hath don this and who hath ben so bolde  
 To sleep my lyeff / O speke my Pyramus 880  
 I am thy Teebe that the callyth thus  
 And ther with all she lyfted vp his heede  
 This woful man that Fully was nat deede  
 On hire he caste his hevy deedly eye 884  
 Whanne that he herde the name off Tesbe crye [leaf 4, back]  
 And dovn ageyn and yeldith vp the goest  
 Tesbe rysith vp with oute noyse or boost  
 And sauh hire wymple and his empty seeth 888  
 And eke his swerde that hym hath done to deeth  
 Thanne spak she thus thy woful hande quod she  
 Is stronge ynoch in swich a werke to me  
 For love shalt yeve me strength and hardynesse  
 To make my wounde large ynoch y gesse  
 I wole the Folwen deede and I wole be  
 Felawe and cause eke off thy deeth quod she  
 And thow that no thyng save the deeth only 896  
 Miht the Fro me departe trewly  
 Thow shalt no more now departe Fro me  
 Thanne Fro the deeth For I wole goo with the  
 And now yee wretched Ielous Fadres oure 900  
 We that whylom werñ children youre  
 We pray yow that with outer more envye  
 That in oone grave we moten lye  
 Syn love hath brought vs to this pitous ende 904  
 As Rihtwyse god to enery lover sende  
 That lovyth trewly more prospertye  
 Thanne euere hadde Pyramus and Tesbe  
 And latte no gentyl woman hire assure  
 To putten hire in sache an aventure  
 But god Forbede but yiff a woman kan  
 Ben as trewe and lovyng as a Man  
 And For my part I shal anoōn yt kythe 912  
 And with that worde his swerde she toke as awythe

Howe kyssethe sche his fursty mowth so colde  
 Howe hath done þis & hath bene so bolde  
 To slene my loufe o speke my pyramus 880  
 I am þ<sup>i</sup> tesby þat þe calluth þus  
 And þer-wyt<sup>h</sup>-all sche lyftud vp his hed  
 þis wofull man þat was not fully dede  
 Wen he herd þ<sup>o</sup> name of tesby crye 884  
 On here he cast his hone dely ey  
 [ . . . . . no gap in the MS.]

Tesbe ryseth wyth-outon noyse or bost  
 And her wympull & hes emty schethe 888  
 And eke his sword þat hath him done to deth  
 þan spake sche þus my wofull hand quod sche  
 His strong I-noght in sych a werke to me  
 For luffe shall gyffe strynth & hardynes 892  
 To make my wond<sup>h</sup> large e-noght I gesse  
 I wy<sup>h</sup> þe foloue dede & I wy<sup>h</sup> be  
 Feloue & case eke of thy deth quod sche  
 And þan þat nothyng saue deth only 96  
 Myght the fro me part truly  
 [ . . . . . line out of the MS.]

Than fro þ<sup>o</sup> deth for I wi<sup>h</sup> go wyth the [leaf 67, back]  
 And now the wrychyd Ialous sadurs owrs 900  
 We þat were whylomus we chyldren your  
 We prayn you<sup>h</sup> wyth-outon moreenuye  
 þat in one graue we motton both lye  
 Syn loufe hath browt vs to þis petius ende 904  
 And ryghtfull god to every louere send  
 That louethe truly more prosperyte  
 Than euer had pyramus & tesby  
 And let no gentelwoman hyre assure 908  
 To putton hyre in sych auenture  
 But god for-bede but a woman kane  
 Be as trewe & louyng as a man  
 And for my parte y shall a-non hit ryght 912  
 And wyth þat word his swerde sche toke as syuthe

That warme was off hire lovis bloode and hoote  
 And to the herte she hire syluen smote  
 And thus ys Tesbe and Pyramus agoo 916  
 Off trewe men I Fynde but Fewe moo  
 In alle my bookees sauff this Pyramus  
 And therfore have I spokyn off hym thus  
 For yt ys deynte to vs Men to Fynde  
 A man that kan in love be trewe and kynde 920  
 Heer may he seen what lover that hem be  
 A woman darre and kan love as well as he

## [ III.]

Incipit. legenda / Didonis. Cartagie. Regine ./

**G** Lorye and Honour Virgyl Manteān 924  
 Bere thy name and I shall as I kan  
 Folwe thy lanterne as thou goost byform  
 How Eneas was to Dydo Forsworn  
 In thyne eneyde And naso wole I take  
 The tenoure and the grete effectes make  
 Whanne Troye brought was to the destruccioun [leaf 5, back]  
 By Grekes sleyht and namly by Synoun  
 Feynyngt the hors offred vnto Mynerwe 932  
 Thurh which many a Troian must sterue  
 And Ector hadde after his deeth appiered  
 And Fyre so woode yt myht nat ben stiered  
 In alle the noble Toure off ylyoun. 936  
 That off the Citee was the Chieff dongoun  
 And alle the Cuntry was so lowe ybrought  
 And Pyramus the kyng Fordon and nouht  
 And Eneas was Charged by Venus 940  
 To Fleen away / he toke Ascanius  
 That was his sonne in his riht hande and Fledde  
 And on his bak he bare and with hym ledde

That warme was of hyr luffys blode & hote  
And to þe herte sche hyr sylfe smotte  
And þus his pyramus & tesbe a go 916  
Of so trewe men I fynd but fewe mo  
In alþ my bokys sauē þis pyramus  
And þer-fore I haue spoken of hym) þus  
For hit is dente of syche men to fynd  
A man þat gan) in luffe be trewe & kynd  
Here may ȝe seen) whate louere so he be  
A woman dar & kan) as wele as he  
Explicit Pyramus & tesbe  
Nomen scriptoris nicholaus plenus amoris.

[ III.]

[Rawl. MS. C. 86, leaf 113; paper: late 15th cent.]  
the complaynte of Dido [in a later hand]

**G**lorie and honowre Virgil Mantuañ / Lidgate.  
Bere thi name & I shall as I can  
Folow thi laten as thou goist beforñ /  
How Enyas was to Dido for-Swron) (sic) /  
In thi Supporte ovide & naso will I take / 928  
The tenour' and the grete effecte make /  
When) troy was brought to distruption) /  
By grekys slyght & namely by Synoñ /  
Feinyd the horse offird vnto Manerve /  
Throw whiche many a Trogian dide stryve /  
And Ector had after his Deith apperid /  
And a fire so wode it myght not be sterid /  
In alle the nobil tourē of Ilion) [leaf 113, back] 936  
That of the Citie was the Cheyf Dungeon) /  
And alþ the Contrey was so low I-brought /  
And Piramus the kyng brought to nought /  
And eneas was chargid by Venus / 940  
To fleyñ awey he toke askaneus  
That was his sone in his right hande & fledde /  
And on) his bake he bare & forth he ledde /

His olde Fadir cleped Anchises	944
And by the way his wyff Creusa he lees	
Andmekyl sorwe hadde he in his mynde	
Or that he kouth his Felysshipe Fynde	
But at laste whanne he hadde hem Founde	948
He made hym redy in a certeyn stounde	
And to the see he gan hym Full Fast hye	
And saylith Forth with alle his companye	
Towardes ytaylle as wolde his destynee	952
But off his aventures in the see	
Ne nys nat to purpos Forto speken off here	
For hit accordyth nat to this matere	[leaf 6]
But as I seyde off hym and off Dydo	956
Shal be my Tale that I have y-do	
So longe he saylled in the Salte See	
Tyl in Lybye vnneth arryved he	
With shippes seven and no more navye	960
And gladdie was he to londe Forto hye	
So was he with the Tempest al to-shake	
And whanne that he the haven hadde ytake	
He hadde a knyht was called Acchates	964
And hym off alle his Felysshipe he chees	
To goon with hym the cuntre For tespyle	
He toke with hym no more Companye	
But Forth they goon and lefft the Shippes Ryde	968
Hys Feer and he with outen eny guyde	
So longe he walkyth in this wyldernessee	
Tyl at the laste he mette an hunteresse	
A Bowe in hande and Arwes hadde she	972
Hire clothes werin kutted to the kne	
But she was yitt the Feyrest creature	
That enere was Fourmed by nature	
And Eneas and Acchates she grette	976
And thus she to hem spak as she hem mette	
Sawe yee quod she as yee haue walked wyde	
Eny off my sustren walke yow bysyde	

His old<sup>d</sup> fader / Callid<sup>d</sup> Anchises / 944  
 And by the wey his wiff Crusa he leese  
 And Much sorow had he in his mynde /  
 Or that he Coude his felishippe fynde /  
 But at the last when he had them founde / 948  
 He made hym redy on a Certeyn stovnde /  
 And to the see he Covde hym fast hye /  
 And saillyd forth with all hys Company /  
 Toward Itay<sup>H</sup> as was his destine / 952  
 But his auenture on the see /  
 Is not to purpos to sepke (*sic*) of here  
 for it acordith nat to my Matiere /  
 But as I said<sup>d</sup> of hym and of Dido / 956  
 Er I go ferther and or I haue adoo /  
 So longe he sailid in the salt see /  
 Till at libie vnneth arivith he /  
 With Shippes viij<sup>me</sup> & with no more nave / 960  
 And glade was he to lond forto hye /  
 So was he with tempest al to shake /  
 And when that he the hauyn had I take /  
 He had a . kynght (*sic*) that was Callid<sup>d</sup> Achates 964  
 And hym of all his felishipe he chees  
 To goo with hym & this land forto aspie /  
 He toke with hym no more Company /  
 But forth they gone & leten the shippes ride / 968  
 His fere and he with-outyn eny gyde /  
 So long he walkyth yn the wildernesse /  
 That at the last they mete an huteresse /  
 A . Bow in hand & arowes had she / [leaf 114] 972  
 Her Clothes Com to hir' kney /  
 But she was yet the fayrest creature /  
 That euer was maide by nature /  
 Eneas and achates she grett 976  
 And thus to them spake as she them mete /  
 Sawe ye as ye walkyd wyde  
 Any of my sistres walkyng you by-side /

With eny wylde Boor or other Beeste	[leaf 6, back]	980
That they haue hunted in the Foreste		
I-tukked vpe with Arwes in theyr Caas		
Nay sothely lady quod this Eneas		
But be thy beaute as thenkyth me		984
Thow myhitest neuere erthely womman be		
But Phebus suster artow as I gesse		
And yiff so be thow be a goddesse		
Hauе mercy on oure labour and on oure woo		988
I nam no goddesse sothely quod she thoo		
For maydens walken in this Cuntry heere		
With Arwes and with Bowe in this manere		
This ys the Regne off Lybye there yee bene		992
Off which ys Dydo lady and quene		
And shortly tolde hym alle thoccacion		
why Dydo kome in to that Regioun		
Off which as now me lyst nat to Ryme		996
Hyt nedyth nat yt nere but losse off tyme		
For this ys alle and somme yt was Venus		
Hys owne Moder that spak with hym thus		
And to Cartage she badde he shulde hym dyht		1000
And vanysshed anooni oute off his syht		
I kouthe Folwe worde For worde virgil		
But yt shulde lasten al to longe whil		
This noble quene that cleped was Dydo		1004
That whilom was the wyff off Scytheo		
That Fayrer was thazne the brift sonne		
This noble tovn off Cartage hath begonne		
In which she Regneth in so grete honour		1008
That she was holde off alle quenes the Flour		
Of gentyllesse of Fredam of beaute		
That well was hym that myht hire onys se		
Off kynges and off lordes so desired		1012
That alle the worlde hire beaute hath yffyred		
She stode so well in euery wyhtes grace		
Whanne Eneas was kommen to that place		

Whit any wild <sup>d</sup> Bore ar any wyld <sup>d</sup> best /	980
That they haue huntyd in this forest /	
I-tuckyd vp with arows in a case	
Nay sothely lady quod Eneas /	
But by thy beaute as thynkyd me /	984
Thou Mighest neuer erly woman <sup>d</sup> be /	
But phebus sustre thow art I gesse /	
Or ellys I trowe thow art a goddesse /	
Haue mercy on oure laboure & woo /	988
I am no goddesse sothely quod she thoo /	
For Maydeyns walkyn <sup>d</sup> in this Contrey here /	
With aroweys and with Bowes In this manere /	
This ys the Region <sup>d</sup> of <sup>d</sup> libie / ther ye bene /	992
Of <sup>d</sup> Dido ys a lady and a quene	
And shortly she told them <sup>d</sup> the occasion <sup>d</sup>	
Why Dydo com <sup>d</sup> yn-to that Region <sup>d</sup> /	
Of <sup>d</sup> whiche as now me list not reyne /	996
For truly it were but losse of <sup>d</sup> tyme /	
For this is all and sunne it is Venus	
His owyn <sup>d</sup> moder that spake to hym <sup>d</sup> thus /	
And to Cartage she bade he shuld <sup>d</sup> hym <sup>d</sup> dight /	1000
And than <sup>d</sup> vanyshyd anon <sup>d</sup> oute of <sup>d</sup> hys sight /	
I coude folow worde for worde Virgile /	
But it shuld <sup>d</sup> last all to longe a whyle /	
This noble quene that clepid <sup>d</sup> was dido	1004
That wiff <sup>d</sup> was whilom <sup>d</sup> of <sup>d</sup> Citheo /	
That sure was than <sup>d</sup> the Bright sonne /	
This noble Towne <sup>d</sup> of Cartage hath <sup>d</sup> be-gonne	
In whiche she Reigned <sup>d</sup> yn grette honoure /	1008
And she was holden <sup>d</sup> of <sup>d</sup> all quens flower	
Of <sup>d</sup> gentilnesse / fredom <sup>d</sup> & of <sup>d</sup> Beuate (sic)	
Yet well <sup>d</sup> was hym <sup>d</sup> that hir <sup>d</sup> myght ones see /	
Of <sup>d</sup> kynges and of <sup>d</sup> lordes she was desyred <sup>d</sup> /	1012
So that all the world <sup>d</sup> hir beaute had <sup>d</sup> fired <sup>d</sup> /	
She stode so well <sup>d</sup> / yn euery whyghtes grace /	
And whan <sup>d</sup> that eneas was Comen <sup>d</sup> to the place /	

Vnsto the maystre Temple off the tovn 1016  
 Ther Dydo was in hire devocion  
 Fuſſ pryvely his way thanne hath he nome  
 Whanne he was in the large Temple kome  
 I kan nat say yiff hit be possyble 1020  
 But Venus hadde made hym Invysible  
 Thus seyth the book with oute eny les  
 And whanne this Eneas and Achates  
 Hadden in this Temple ben ou're alle 1024  
 Thazne Fonden they depeynted on a walle  
 How Troye and alle the londe destroyed was  
 Allas that I was born quod Eneas  
 Thurh oute the worlde ou're shame ys kyd so wyde 1028  
 Now yt ys peynted on euery syde  
 How we that whilom werſi in prosperyte  
 Ben now dysclandred and in suchē degré 1032  
 [leaf 7, back]  
 Noo lenger Forto lyve I ne kepe  
 And with that worde he brast out to wepe  
 So tendirly that Routhe yt was to seene  
 This Fresshe lady off the Citee quene  
 Stode in the Temple in hire estate Realle 1036  
 So Richely and eke so Fayre with alle  
 So yonge so lusty with hire eyen glade  
 That yiff that god that hevene and erthe made  
 Wolde haue a love For beaute and goodnesse  
 And womanhede and trouthe and semelynesse  
 Whome shulde he loven but that lady swete  
 Ther nys no woman to hym halff so mete  
 Fortune that hath the worlde in governaunce 1040  
 Hath sodeynly brought Inne so newe a chaunce  
 That neuere was ther so Fremde a caas  
 For alle the company off Eneas  
 Which that he wende haue lorne in the See. 1044  
 Arryved ys nat Ferr From that Citee  
 For which the grettest off his lordes some  
 By aventure ben to the citee kome

Vnto the Maister temple of the tounē	1016
There Dido was in hir' deuocion/	
Ful preuely his wey than hath he nom/	
When he was In the Temple I-com/	
I can not sey yf it were possible/	1020
But that Venus had made hym visible/	
Thus saith this boke / with-oute any les/	
And when thise Eneas and achates/	
Had ben in the Temple ouer all/	1024
Then founde they depeyntid on a wall	
How Troy and all the land distroyd was	
Alas that he was Born said Eneas/	
Throw oute the world our' shame is knowyn so wyde/	
Now is it here peyntyd vpon euery syde/	1029
We that wereyn in most prosperite	
Be now disc[la]ndred & in suchē degré [MS. discu'dred]	
No lenger for to leuyn I ne kepe/	1032
And whit that werde anon he gan to wepe/	
So tenderly that it was routhe to see/	
This lady Freshe & of the Cetie quene/	
Stode yn the Temple / in hir' estate riall/	1036
So richely & eke so fare with-all/	
So yonge so lusty with hir' eizen glade/	
That yff goode that heuyn made/	
Wolde haue a loue for Beaute and goodnesse / [leaf 115] 1040	
And womanhede trouth & sembines/	
There ys no woman to hym half so mete/	
Whom shuld he haue but this lady swete/	
fortune that hath worlde in gouernaunce /	1044
hath sondely wrouth so new a chaunce/	
That neuer was there a more straunge Case/	
For all the Company of Eneas/	
Whiche he had went to haue lorn yn the see/	1048
Arriuyd ben not ferr from that Citie/	
Of whiche the gretest of his lordes sun	
By auenture / to the sam Cite ben Com	

Vnto the same Temple Forto seke 1052  
The quene and off hire sokour to beseke  
Swych Renoun was ther sprongen off hire goodnesse  
And whanne they hadde tolde alle theyre destresse  
And alle theyre Tempest and theyre harde caas 1056  
Vnto the quene thanne appered this Eneas [leaf 8]  
And openly byknewe that yt was he  
Who hadde Ioye thanne but his meyne  
That hadde Founde theyr lorde and governour 1060  
The quene sauli they dydde hym suche honour  
And hadde herde affter off Eneas or tho  
And in hire herte hadde Routhe and woo  
That euere swich a noble man as he 1064  
Shulde ben dyshered and in suche degré  
And sauli the man that he was lyke a knyght  
And sufficeaunt off persone and off myht  
And lyke to ben a verrey gentyl man 1068  
And wel his wordes he be-sette kan  
And hadde a noble vysage For the noones  
And Formed wel off Brawnes and boones  
And affter Venus hadde he suche Fayrenesse 1072  
That no man myht be halff so Fayre I gesse  
And wel a lorde he semyd Forto be  
And For he was a straunger somwhat she  
lyked hym the bette as god do boote 1076  
To somme Folke off newe thing ys swoote  
Anoon hire herte hath pyte off his woo  
And with that pyte love kamme Inne also  
And thus For pytee and For gentyllesse 1080  
He moste be Reffreshed off hys dystresse [leaf 8, back]  
She sayde certys that she sory was  
That he hath hadde suche perylle and such caas  
And in hire Frendely speche in this manere 1084  
She to hym spak and seyde as ye may here  
Be nat ye Venus sonne and Anchises  
In goode Feyth alle the worshippe and encres

And vnto the same Temple for to seche / 1052  
 The said quene and hir' socour' to seche /  
 Suche renowyn' was spoke of hir' goodenesse /  
 And they had tolde al thir' distresses /  
 And al Tempest & thir' harde Cas / 1056  
 Vnto the quene apperid Eneas /  
 And openly they knew it was he /  
 Who had ioie But al his meyne /  
 That thei had founde thir' lorde & gouernour' 1060  
 The quen Saw how they did hym' suche honour'  
 And had herd of Eneas more than mow  
 And yn hir' herte she had than rought & woo /  
 That euer any suche a nobilit man as he / 1064  
 Shulde be deserite & be in suche degree /  
 And Saw the man was like a kynght (sic) /  
 [No gap in the MS.]  
 And like to be a very gentilman / 1068  
 And wel hys worde he be-sett Can /  
 And had a nobile visage for the nones /  
 And fourmyd wel of Fleshe & bones /  
 And after Venus he had suche farenesse / 1072  
 That no man myght be so fare I gesse /  
 And wele a lorde he semyd for to be / [leaf 115, back]  
 And for he was straung sun what she /  
 lykyd hym the better as god doith bote / 1076  
 For to serue folke / new aquytaunce is swote  
 A none here herte had a pece of his woo /  
 Whit that pyte / loue Can In also /  
 And thus for pite and for gentilnesse / 1080  
 Refresh she wold hym of his distresse /  
 She said Certys that sory she was /  
 That he had suche pereit and Cas /  
 And yn hir' frendely speche in this maner 1084  
 She to hym spake & said as ye may here /  
 Be ye not Venus sone and Anchises /  
 In good faith al the worshipe & encres /

That I may goodely doon yow ye shall have 1088  
 Youre shippes and youre meyne shall I save  
 And many a gentyl worde she spak hym to  
 And komanded hire Messagers Forto goo  
 The same day with oute Faylle 1092  
 Hys shippes Forto seke and hem vitaylle  
 Full many a beeste she to his shippes sent  
 And with the wyn ganne hym present  
 And to hire Realle paleys she hire spedde 1096  
 And Eneas al way with hire she ledde  
 What nedyth now the Feste to dyscryve  
 He neuere better at ese was in his lyve  
 Fulle was the Feste off deyntes and Richesse 1100  
 Of Instrumentes off songe and off gladnesse  
 And many an Amerous lokynge and devys  
 This Eneas ys komen into Paradys  
 Oute off the swolow off helle and thus in Loys 1104  
 Remembrith hym off his estate In Troye  
 To daunsyng chaumbres [*catchwords at foot*]

[*a leaf (C i) gone here; next leaf (9, C ii) mostly gone.*]

That I may do ye shall haue / 1088  
 Youre shippes & your meyn I shall sauue /  
 And Many a gentill worde she spake hym to /  
 And Commandid her Messengres anon to goo /  
 That sam Day withouten fayle / 1092  
 His shippes to seche to stuffe & to vitaylle /  
 Fu<sup>ll</sup> Many a best shippes she sent  
 And with the wyn Can hem present /  
 And to hir paleys she hir sped / 1096  
 And Eneas allwey with hir she lede /  
 What nedith then the fest to discryve /  
 He neuer better at ease was in his lyve  
 Full was the fest of Deynte & of Richesse / 1100  
 Of Instrumentes songes & gladnesse /  
 And Many an amerous & devise /  
 And Eneas is in Comyn to parodise /  
 Owte of the sorow of helle to Ioe (*sic*) / 1104  
 Ne remembret hym of his estate in troy  
 To Daunsyng Chambres fu<sup>ll</sup> of paramentes /  
 Of riche Beddis & of pauementes 1108  
 This eneas is ledde after mete  
 And with the quene whan he hade sete /  
 And Spices partid & the wyn a-gone /  
 Into his Chamber he was lede anone  
 To take his ease & for to take his reste / 1112  
 Wit all his folke to don what hym lest /  
 There ne was a Cou[r]sour well bride<sup>ll</sup> anone /  
 Ne stede for the Iustis wel to gone /  
 Ne large palfrey esy for the nones / 1116  
 Ne Iuel fort<sup>o</sup> ffy<sup>ll</sup> of riche stones / [full alterd to tyl]  
 Ne rubie none that shynyth by nyght  
 Ne Sackes fu<sup>ll</sup> of gold of large wyght /  
 Ne Ientyle hauke facon ne herone / 1120  
 Ne hounde for herte or wilde dere /  
 Ne Coupe of golde with faire florins bet  
 That In the lande of libie myght be get /

Off which ther gan to breden suche  
That sely Dydo hath now swich d  
with Eneas hire newe geste to d  
That she hath loste hire hewe a

[leaf 9] 1156

ADDIT. 28,617

But that Dido hath to eneas sent 1124  
A<sup>h</sup> eke is paide that he hath spent /  
Thus gafe this honorable quene her gyftes a<sup>h</sup> /  
As she that Can in fredom passen a<sup>h</sup>  
Eneas eke sothely with-outen lese / 1128  
Hath sent to his shippe by achates /  
After his sonne & after Riche thinges /  
Bothe Sceptre clothes Broches & Rynge /  
Sum for to were & sume for to present 1132  
To her that a<sup>h</sup> thise nobi<sup>h</sup> thynges sent /  
And bad his sone how *that* he shuld make /  
The presentes & to the quen he it take /  
Repaire<sup>d</sup> is this Achates agayn 1136  
And Eneas is ful blithe & fayne /  
ferto se his yong sone askanius /  
But neuertheles our Auctor tellith vs  
That Cupide that is goddes of loue / [leaf 116, back] 1140  
At the prayer of hir fader aboue  
Had the likenesse of this chyld I-take /  
This nobile quene enamoured to make /  
On Eneas but as of *that* scripture / 1144  
Be as be may I take of it no Care /  
But soth<sup>h</sup> is this the quene hath such chere /  
Vnto the Chyld<sup>d</sup> that wonder it was to here /  
And for the present that his fader sent 1148  
She thanky<sup>d</sup> hym oft in ful entent /  
Thus the quene in plesaunce & in ioye /  
With a<sup>h</sup> the newe lusty folke of Troye /  
And of the Dedys hath she no more enquire 1152  
Of Eneas as thus the story leuid  
Of Troy but a<sup>h</sup> the longe day ther' twey /  
Entendid to Speke eythir' to othir' & play  
Of whiche *ther* gan bredyn afyre / 1156  
That sely Dido hath now suche a desyre /  
With Eneas now her gest to dele /  
So that she hath lost her fresh hew & hele /

Now to thefecte now to the	1160
Why I have tolde this storye	
Thus I begynne yt Felle	
Whanne that the Moone	
This noble quene vn	1164
She syketh sore and	
She wakith we	
As done thes lo	
And at the l	1168
She made h	
Now der	
That	
This	1172
Fo	

ffecte what shulde I more seye [leaf 9, back] 1180

alle to do me lyve or deye  
e as she that kouth hire goode  
uht and soñedel yt withstode  
so longe a sermonyng 1184  
maken Rehersynge

t be withistonde

ng wole yt wonde

he see 1188

hire meyne

ode and kene

quene

o 1192

[3 lines under]

ff

t

And to the effecte now & the frute of al / 1160  
Why I haue tolde this story & tellith shall  
Thus I be-gynne it fel vpon a nyght  
When that the mone vp-reisid had hir light  
This nobiH quene onto hir' rest went / 1164  
She syghed sore & gan hur' self' turment  
She waikith she walieth she makyth many a sigh /  
As doith this louers as I hane hard said /  
And at the last vnto hir' suster Anne 1168  
She made her mone & Right thus gan she say /  
Now dere sustir' myn what may it be  
That me a gasteth yn my dreme quod she  
This new Trogian is so in my thought 1172  
For that me thinkith he is so wiH I-wrought  
And eke so likely for to ben a man  
And ther with<sup>1</sup> so mekyH good he can / [leaf 117]  
That all my liff & loue is in his cure / [1. MS. first yes whit]  
Haue ye not herde hym teH his auenture /  
Now serthes anne / yf ye rede me /  
I wold fayn to hym I-wedid be /  
This is effecte what shuld I more sey 1180  
In hym lith all to do me leve or dey /  
Her suster Anne as she that Coude hir' good /  
Seid as she tougH & what whit-stode /  
But herof was betwen hem so longe a talkyng / 1184  
The whiche were to long to make of rehersyng /  
But finally it may not be with-stonde  
Loue weH I-loue for nothing wiH it wonde /  
The dawnyng vprist in the see / 1188  
This Amorus quene charged her meyne /  
The nettes dresse the Speres brode & kene /  
On huntyng wold this lusti Freshe quene /  
So prikyd her this new Ioly woo /. 1192  
To hors all ben these lusty folkys goo /  
Vnto the Courte hondes ben I-brought /  
And vpon Coursers as Swyft as any thought

318-319 PAR.-TEXT

164 LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN. ADDIT. MS. 28,617.

[1 leaf, C iii gone; C iv, a scrap of the margin of leaf 10  
contains only a few letters beginning lines 1271—1280  
of *Dido*.]

ADDIT. 28,617

Her yong kynḡtes houen̄ aſt a-boute / 1196  
 And of̄ hir̄ gentilwomēn̄ eke an̄ huge route /  
 And vpon̄ a thicke palfrey pap[er] white /  
 With ſadeſt rede embrauded with delite /  
 And of̄ gold the Bares emboced̄ hie / 1200  
 Sate Dido aſt in gold̄ and in perrye  
 And ſhe as faire as is the Bright more /  
 That helith folke aſt fro nyghtes ſorow /  
 And on̄ a · Coursour̄ ſterklyng as the fire / 1204  
 A man̄ myght turne hym with a liteſt wyre /  
 Ther Sat Eneas like phebus to deuife /  
 So was he arrayd̄ freshly yn the new gyſe /  
 The fomy Brideſt with the bitte of̄ gold̄ / 1208  
 Gouernith̄ his hors as hymſelf̄ wold̄ /  
 And forth̄ this nobiſt quene doith ride / [leaf 117, back]  
 To hunten̄ with this new Trogen̄ by hir̄ ſyde /  
 The herd of̄ herttes · is founded̄ a-none / 1212  
 With hay go bett prike lettē gone /  
 Whethir̄ the lion̄ cum or the Bere /  
 That I myght ones mete hym with a ſpere  
 This ſeyne theſe yong kynḡtes & vp they kylle 1216  
 The wyld̄ Beſtes & haue hem̄ at thiſ̄ wiſe /  
 Amonge aſt thiſ̄ to Roumbelyn̄ can̄ the heuyn̄ /  
 The thounder rored̄ with a grysly ſtevyn̄ /  
 And doun̄ Cam̄ the rayn̄ & the light ſo fast 1220  
 With hedowſe fire that ſore ben̄ agaſt  
 This nobiſt quene & also hir̄ meyne /  
 That iche of̄ them̄ was glade awey to flye  
 And ſotheſt from̄ the tempeſt hem̄ to ſaue / 1224  
 She flede her ſelf̄ vnto a liteſt Cauſe /  
 And with her went thiſ̄ Eneas alſo /  
 I note yf with them̄ went any moo /  
 Myn̄ auctour̄ Makyth̄ of̄ them̄ no mencion̄ 1228  
 And here be-gan̄ the firſt affeccion̄ /  
 Be-twen̄ hem̄ ij thiſ̄ was on̄ the firſt Morowe /  
 Of thiſ̄ gladneſſe & the gynnyngē of̄ hir̄ ſorow /

[Leaves C iii, C iv, are out of the Addit. MS. 28,617,  
Brit. Mus.]

For ther had Eneas hym kelid so / 1232  
And told hir aſt his hert & woo /  
And sowreyn is to hir ful depe to be trwe /  
For well for woo & chaunge her for no newe /  
And as a fals louer so well can playn / 1236  
That sely Dydo rewed on his payn  
And toke hym for hir hosbonde & becam his wiff /  
For euer more whil them last liff /  
And after this when the tempest stynte / 1240  
With Mirth as they com home they went /  
The wykyd fame vp-rose that anone  
How Eneas hath with the queen I-gone  
Vnto the Cau & demeden what hem list / 1244  
And when the Kyng that Iarbast he it wist [leaf 118]  
As he that euer louyd her as his liffe /  
And wouid her to haue her to his wiff /  
Suche sorow / he makith & suche chere / 1248  
It were grete routh & pite to here /  
But in loue aſt day it happith so /  
That on ſhall lawh at anothir's wo /  
Now hauheit h (sic) Eneas yn his Ioe . 1252  
And hath more Richesse than euer he had in troy /  
O sely women ful of Innocence /  
Full of pyte trouth & gode Concience /  
What Maith you false men to trusten so / 1256  
for to haue suche Routh of ther feinyd woo /  
And haue so many old samples her be-form /  
Se ye not aſt how thei haue be for-sworyn /  
Where se ye one be he ne hath lost her liff / 1260  
Or ben vnkynde / or don her sum myscheyf /  
Or pyled her or bosted he of hes dede /  
Ye may as welle it dalyse as I may se /  
Take hede now of this worthy Ientilman 1264  
This Trogian that her so welle plese can  
That fayned hym so trwe & obesyng /  
So gentil and so prime yn his doyng /

[*Letters of leaf C iv.*]

A	
A	1272
W	
Iu	
Se	
No	1276
Th	
Fo	
And	
And	1280

And Can So well do his obseruaunce / 1268  
 To her at feestes and at daunces /  
 And when she goith to the temple & agayn /  
 And fasten tyl haue seyn his lady /  
 And beren hers<sup>1</sup> deuise for hir sake / [1 altered to hys] 1272  
 Woot ye not what & songes wold he make /  
 Iustyng and doyng of armes many thynges /  
 Send her lettres br[o]ches and rynges /  
 Now / herkenith how his lady he hath seruyd 1276  
 There as he was like to haue ben stervyd / [lf 118, bk]  
 For hunger and for myshyff in the see /  
 Desolate and fide from hys owyn contrey /  
 And al hys folke with tempest al to driven / 1280  
 She hath her Body & her Reame yevyn /  
 In to his handes . ther as she myght haue ben /  
 Of other lande then of Cartage a quen /  
 And to haue leuyd In ioye wolle ye more / 1284  
 This Eneas that was so depe I-swore /  
 Is wary of his Craft with-in a throwe /  
 The hote ernest is ower blowe /  
 And preuely he doith his shippis dight 1288  
 And shapith hym to stèle awey by nyght  
 This Dido hath suspcion of this  
 And thought well it was amysse /  
 For yn hys Bede he lieth al nyght & sighith 1292  
 She askith a-none what hym mysliketh  
 My dere herte whiche I loue most /  
 Certes quod he this nyght my faders gost /  
 hath ym my slepe me so sore trument / 1296  
 And eke mercurie / this message hath present  
 That nedys to the conquest of Itay /  
 My Desteny ys sone forto say /  
 For whiche me thinkyth bresten myn herte / 1300  
 There with his false terys oute they sterte /  
 And takyth hir with-In his armes two /  
 Is that yn ernest quod she wiH ye goo /

Ye wole nat Fro youre wyff thus Foule Fleene [leaf 11]  
 I am a gentyl woman and eke a quene  
 That I was borū Allas what shal I do 1308  
 To telle in shorte this noble quene Dydo  
 She seketh halowes and doth sacrefyce  
 She knelith crieth that routhe ys to devyse  
 Conjureth hym and profreth Forto be 1312  
 Hys thralle his seruaunt in the leste degree  
 She Fallith hym to Foot and swowneth there  
 Dyssheuel with hire brift heere  
 And seyth haue mercy late me with yow ryde 1316  
 Thes lordes which that wonen me bysyde  
 Wolen me dystroye only For youre sake  
 And ye wole me now to wyff take  
 As ye haue sworne thanne wole I yeve yow leve 1320  
 To slene me with your swerde now sone at eve  
 For thanne yitt shal I deyen as youre wyff  
 I am with childe and gyff my childe his lyff  
 Mercy lorde haue pyte in youre thouȝt 1324  
 But alle this avayllith hire riȝt nouȝt  
 For on a nyȝt slepyng he lete hire lye  
 And stale a way vnto his compayne  
 And as a Traytour Forth he ganne to saylle 1328  
 Towarde the large cuntry off ysaylle  
 And thus hath lefft Dydo in woo and pyne  
 And wedded there a lady that hiȝt Lauyne [leaf 11, back]  
 A Clothe he lefft and eke his swerde standyng 1332  
 Whanne he Fro Dydo stale in hire slepyng  
 Riȝt at hire beddys heede so ganne he hye  
 Whanne that he stale a way to his navye  
 Which Clothe whanne sely Dydo ganne awake 1336  
 She hath yȝt kyȝt Full offte For his sake  
 And seyde O swete cloth whil Iubiter yt lest  
 Take my soule vnbynde me off this vnrest

haue ye not Sworn to wiff me to take / 1304  
A-las what woman of me will you make /  
I am a gentilwoman and a quene /  
Ye will not from thus fowle fleyn /  
That I was born Alas what shall I Doo / 1308  
To tell yn shorte this nobi<sup>h</sup> quene dido  
She seky<sup>h</sup> halowes she doith sacrifice / [leaf 119]  
She knelith Crieth that routh is to devise /  
Coniureth hym & proferyth hym to be 1312  
His tharle his seruaunt in the lowest degree  
She fallyth doun to hys fote & Swunoith there /  
All vnatired with her Bright here /  
And said haue mercy & lete me with you yde / 1316  
The lordes that dwellyn here by side /  
Willen me distroy only for your sake /  
And ye will me for your' wiff take  
As ye haue sworn than I gyve you leue / 1320  
for to slee me with your swerde sone at eve /  
for than shall I die as your owyn wiff  
I am with chylde & gyve my chyld hys lyff /  
Mercy lorde & haue yn your thought 1324  
Butt all thise petius complayntes avayleth noug<sup>t</sup>  
for yn a nyght sore slepyng he lete her lye /  
And from her falsly stale to his Company  
And as a false traytour' fourth he can saile / 1328  
Towarde the large Contray of Itaill  
And thus he left Dido in sorow & in payn  
And wedded ther a lady Callyd lavy<sup>n</sup> / 1331  
A clope he left be-hynde hym & his sworde standing  
When he from Dido stale awey in her slepyng  
Right at his beddys hede so can he hye /  
Whan he stale awey to his Nauye /  
Whiche clope when sely dido dide awake / 1336  
She dide it kysse full oft for his sake /  
And said o swete clope / whiel<sup>t</sup> Iubyter it lest /  
Take my Sowle & vnbynd me of this vnrest

I have Fulffylleſt off Fortune alle the Course 1340  
 And thus Allas with-outen his socourſe  
 Twenty tyms y-swowned hath ſhe thanne  
 And whanne that ſhe vnto hire ſuſtre Anne  
 Compleyned hadde off which I may nat write 1344  
 So grete Routhe I have / yt Forto endyte  
 And hadde hire norice and hire ſuſtre goone  
 To Fecchen Fyre and other thyng anōōne  
 And ſeyde that ſhe wolde ſacrifycē 1348  
 And whanne ſhe myht hire tyme weſt espye  
 Vpon the Fyre off ſacrifice ſhe ſterte  
 And with his ſwerde ſhe roffe hire to the herie  
 But as myn Auctour ſeyth yitt thus ſhe ſeyde 1352  
 Or ſhe was hunte byforſt or ſhe deyed  
 She wrote a lettre anōōn that thus beganne  
 Riht ſo quod ſhe as the white ſwanne  
 Ageyns his deeth begynneth Forto ſynge [leaf 12] 1356  
 Riht ſo to yow I make my Compleynyngē  
 Nat that I trowe to getyn yow ageyne  
 For weſt I wote that yt ys alle in veyne  
 Syn that the goddes ben contrarye vnto me 1360  
 But syn my name ys lost thurh yow quod ſhe  
 I may weſt leſe a worde on yow or a lettre  
 Al be hit I ſhall be neuere the bettre  
 For thilke wynde that blewe your ſhippe away 1364  
 The ſame wynde hath blowe away youre Fay  
 But who ſo wole alle this lettre haue in mynde  
 Rede Ovyde and in hym ye ſhulſt yt Fynde

I haue fulfil'd of<sup>n</sup> fortune all the cours / 1340  
And thus alas with-oute hys Socours /  
xx<sup>th</sup> tymes Sowuned hath<sup>n</sup> she than<sup>n</sup> [leaf 119, back]  
And when<sup>n</sup> that she vnto hir<sup>n</sup> suster Anne /  
Complaynned · had of whiche I may not write / 1344  
So gret routh<sup>n</sup> I haue for to endite  
And bad her now rise & to her suster gon<sup>n</sup> /  
To feche fire and othir<sup>n</sup> thing anone /  
And said<sup>n</sup> that she wold sacryfie / 1348  
And when<sup>n</sup> hir<sup>n</sup> tyme she myght wele aspie  
Vpon<sup>n</sup> the fire of<sup>n</sup> sacrifice she stert /  
And with<sup>n</sup> hys Swerd smote her self<sup>n</sup> to the hert /  
And as myn<sup>n</sup> auctour<sup>n</sup> / seith thus she said<sup>n</sup> / 1352  
Er she was hurt be-fore & or she deide /  
She wrote a *lettre a non* & thus it began<sup>n</sup> /  
Right soo quod she as the whit Sawan<sup>n</sup> (*sic*)  
A-yenst her deth beginneth for to syng / 1356  
Right So to you I make my complanyng /  
Not for *that* I know to getyn<sup>n</sup> you agan<sup>n</sup>  
For wel<sup>n</sup> I woot that it were yn veyn<sup>n</sup>  
Sithe that the goddes ben<sup>n</sup> contrary to me 1360  
But sith my name ys lost / Throw oute quod she /  
I may lese on<sup>n</sup> you a worde or a letter /  
all be it I shall be neuer the better  
For thilke wynde that Blew *your* shipe awey 1364  
That sam<sup>n</sup> wynde hath brought *your* faith awey /  
But who wi<sup>n</sup> haue all this letter yn mynde /  
Rede ovide & In hym<sup>n</sup> ye shall it fynde /

Explicit the complaint of<sup>n</sup> Dido /

## [ IV.]

Incipit legenda . ysephile & . Medee . Marter<sup>1</sup> :

**T**How Rote off Fals lovers Duke Iason [<sup>1</sup> The title is copied underneath in a later hand, but with *Incipit* for *Incipit*.]  
 Thow slyh devourer and confusion  
 Off Ientyh wymman gentyl Creatures  
 Thow madest thy Reclaymynge and thy leures  
 To ladyes off thy stately Apparaunce 1372  
 And off thy wordes yfforsed with plesaunce  
 And off thy Feyned trouthe and thy manere [leaf 12, back]  
 With thyh obeyssaunce and humble Chere  
 And with thy Countrefeted peyne and woo. 1376  
 Ther' other Falseden oon thow Falsedest twoo  
 And ofte swore thow that thow woldest deye  
 For love whan ne Feltest maladye  
 Save Foule delyce which at thow callest love 1380  
 Yiff that I lyve thy name shall be shove  
 In Englyssh that thy seeyte shall be knowe  
 Have at the Iason now thyn horn ys blowe  
 But certes yt ys bothe Routhe and woo 1384  
 That love with Fals lovers werkith so  
 For they shall haue weyl bettre chere  
 Than he that hath bouht his love Full dere  
 Or hadde in Armes many a blody Boxe 1388  
 For euere as tendre a Capon etyth the Foxe  
 Thouh he be Fals and the Foule betrayed  
 As shall the goode man that therfore payed  
 Alle have he to the capoun skylle and riht  
 The Fals Fox wole haue his parte at nyht  
 On Iason this ensample ys weyl yseene  
 By ysyphyle and Medea the quene  
 In Tessalye and Guydo tellyth thus 1396  
 There was a kyng that hiht Pelleus  
 That hadde a brother which that hiht Esone  
 And whan For age he myht vnnethe goone

He gaff vnto Pelleus the governyng [leaf 18] 1400  
Off alle his Regne and made hym lorde and kyng  
Off which Esone this Iasone getyn was  
That in his tyme in alle that londe there nas  
Nat swich a Famous knyght off gentyllesse 1404  
Off Fredam off strenth and off lustynesse  
Affter his Fadris deeth he bare hym so  
That there nas noon that lyst to ben his Foo  
But dydde hym alle honour and companye 1408  
Off which this Pelleus hath grete envye  
Ymagynyng that Iasone myght be  
Enhaunseed so and putte in suche degree  
With love off lordes off his Regioun 1412  
That From his Regne he may be putte adown  
And in his wytte a nyght compassed he  
how Iasone myght best destroyed be  
with oute sklaundre off his compassement 1416  
And at the laste he toke avysament  
That to senden hym into somme Ferr cuntre  
There as this Iasone may destroyed be  
This was his wytte al made he to Iasone 1420  
Grete chere off love and off affeccioun  
For drede lest his lordes hit espyed  
So ffel yt so that as Fame renneth wyde  
Ther was such tydynges ouere all and such loos 1424  
That in an yle that called was Calcos [leaf 18, back]  
By yonde Troye Estwarde in the see  
That ther Inne was a Ram that men may se  
That hath a Flees off golde that shone so briȝt  
That nowhere was there such a nother siȝt  
But yt was kepte al way with a dragoun  
And meny other merveylles vpe and doun  
And with two Booles maked alle off Bras 1432  
That spytten Fyre and mych thyng there was  
But this was eke the tale natheles  
That who so woldewynnen thilke Flees

He muste both or he yt wynne myht 1436  
 With the Booles and with the Dragoun Fyht  
 And kyng Otes lorde was off that yle  
 This Pelleus bethoult vpōn this wyle  
 That he his Nevew Iasone wolde enhorte 1440  
 To sayllen to that lande hym to dysport  
 And seyde Nevew yiff yt myht be  
 That swich worshiphe myht Fallen the  
 That thow this Famous Tresor myfitest wynne 1444  
 And bryng hit my Regioun with Inne  
 Hyt were to me grete plesaunce and honour  
 Thanne were I holden to quyte thy labour  
 And alle the coste I wole my sylff make 1448  
 And chese what Folke thow wylt with the take  
 Latte se now darstow take this vyage  
 Iasone was yonge and lusty off Corage  
 And vndertoke to done this ylke emprise [leaf 14] 1452  
 Anōōn Argus his shippes kan devyse  
 with Iasone went the stronge Hercules  
 And many a nother that he with hym chees  
 But who so askyth who ys with hym gōon 1456  
 Latte hem goo rede Argonautikōn  
 For he wole telle a tale longe ynowh  
 Philotetes anōōn the saylle vpe drouh  
 Whanne that the wynde was goode and gan hym hye 1460  
 Out off his Cuntry callyd Thessalye  
 So longe he sayllyd in the salte see  
 Tyl in the yle off Leonōn arryved he  
 Alle be this nat Rehersyd off Guydo 1464  
 Yitt seyth Ovyde in his Epistles so  
 And in this yle lady was and quene  
 The Fayre yonge ysiphile the shene  
 That whilom Thoas doulter was the kyng 1468  
 Ysiphile was gooñ in hire pleyng  
 And romynge on the see clyves by the see  
 Vnder a Banke anooñ espyed she

Where lay the shippe that Iasone gan arryve 1472  
 And off hire goodnesse adovne she sent blyve  
 To wetyn that yiff eny straunge wȳt  
 With Tempeste thedyr were yblowe a nȳt  
 To done hym sokour as was hire vsaunce [leaf 14, back] 1476  
 To Forthern euery wȳt and to do plesaunce  
 Off verrey bounte and off Courteysye  
 This Messager adovne ganne hym hye  
 And Fonde Iasone and Hercules also 1480  
 That in a Cogge to londe were ygoo  
 Hem to Refreshen and to take the heyre  
 The morwenyng attempre was and Fayre  
 And in his way this Messager hem mette 1484  
 Full konnyngly thes lordes tho he grette  
 And dydde his Message askyng hem anōōn  
 Yiff they were broken or oūt woo begōōn  
 Or hadde nede off loodman or off vytaylle  
 For off sokour they shulde no thyng Faylle 1488  
 For yt was vitterly the quenys wylle  
 Iasone answerde mekely and style  
 My lady quod he I thanke hertly 1492  
 Off hire goodenesse vs nedith trewly  
 No thyng as now but that we wery be  
 And komen Forto pleyen oute off the see  
 Tyl that the wynde be bettir in oure wey 1496  
 This lady romyth by the clyffe to pley  
 With hire meyne endelonge the stronde  
 And Fyndeth this Iasone and this other stonde  
 In spekyng off this thing as I yow tolde 1500  
 This Hercules and this Iasone gan beholde [leaf 15]  
 How that the quene yt was and Fayre hire grette  
 And anōōn rīht as they with this lady mette  
 She toke heede and knewe by here manere  
 By here Array by wordes and by chere 1504  
 That yt were gentyl men off grete degree  
 And to the castell with hire ledyth shee

Thes straunge Folke and doth hem grete honour	1508
And askyth thaym off travaylle and off labour	
That they haue suffred in the salte see	
So that with Inne a day twoo or three	
She knewe be folke that in his shippes be	1512
That yt was Iasone Fulle off Renovme	
And hercules that hadde the grete loos	
That souhiten thaventures off Calcos	1515

[No gap in the MS.]

For they ben worthy Folke with oute lees	1518
And namely moste she spak with hercules	
To hym hire herte bare that he shulde be	1520
Sadde wyse trewe and off wordes avysee	
With outen eny other Affeccioun	
Off love or other evy <sup>H</sup> ymagynacioun	
This hercules hath This Iasone preyed	1524
That to the sonne he hath vp Reysed	
That halff so trewe a man ther nas off love	
Vnder the the Cope of hevene that ys above	
And he was wyse hardy secree and Riche [leaf 15, back]	1528
And thes three poyntes ther was nōōn hym lyche	
Off Freedome passed he and lustyheed	
Alle thoo that lyven or be deede	
Therto so grete a gentyl man was he	1532
And off Thessaylle lykly kyng to be	
There nas no lak but that he was agaste	
To love and Forto spoke shamefaste	
hym hadde lever hym sylf to mordre and dye	1536
Thanne men shulde hym a lover Espye	
As wolde god I hadde y-yeve	
My bloode and Fless <sup>H</sup> so that I my <sup>H</sup> t leve	
With the noones that he hadde or where a wyff	1540
For his estate For suche a lusty lyff	
Leden she shulde with this lusty kny <sup>H</sup> t	
And alle this was compassed on the ny <sup>H</sup> t	

ADDIT. 28,617

Betwixen Iasone and this hercules 1544  
Off thes twoo ther was a shrewed lees  
To kome to hovs vpone an Innocent  
Fortho doote this quene was theyr' entent  
And Iasone ys as koye as ys a Mayde 1548  
He lokyth pytously but nouȝt he sayde  
But Frendely thane he to hire counseyllers  
Yiffes grete he gaffe and to hire Officers  
And wolde god I leyser hadde and tyme 1552  
By processe alle theyre wowyng Forto Ryme  
But in this hovs yiff eny Fals lover be  
Riȝt as hym syllf now doth so dydde he  
With Feynyng and with euery sotyȝ dede  
Yee gete no more off me but ye wole Rede 1556  
Thorygenah that tellith alle this caas  
The somme ys this that Iasone weddyȝ was  
Vnto this quene and toke off hire substaunce  
What so hym lyst vnto his purveaunce  
And vpon hire bygatte children twoo  
And drouȝ vpe his sayle and sauȝ hire neuer mo  
A lettre sent she hym certeyne 1564  
which were to longe to writen or to Feyne  
And hym reprovith off his grete vntrouthe  
And prayeth hym on hire to haue somme routhe  
And on his children twoo she seyde hym thys  
That ben lyke off alle thynges yvys 1568  
To Iasone sauȝ they kouthe nat begyle  
And prayed god yt were longe whyle  
That she that hadde hire herte refte hire Fro  
Muste Fynden hym vntrewe also  
And that she muste bothi hire children spylle  
And alle thou that suffred hym haue his wylle  
And trewe to Iasone was she euere hire lyff 1576  
And euere kepte hire chaste as For his wyff  
And neuere hadde she Ioye at hire herte [leaf 16, back]  
But dyed For his love in peynes smerte

To Calcos komen ys this Duke Iasone 1580  
 That ys off love devourer and Dragone  
 As matere apperith For me al way  
 And From Forme to Forme yt passen may  
 Or as a swolle that were botmeles 1584  
 Riht so kan Fals Iasone haue no pees  
 Forto desyren thurh his Appetyte  
 To done with gentyl wymmen his delyte  
 This ys his luste and his Felicitye 1588  
 Iasone ys Romed Forthe in to the Citee  
 That whilom cleped was Iaconytes  
 That was the Maistre tovn off alle Colcos  
 And hath ytolde the cause off his komyng 1592  
 Vnto Oetes off that Cuntrye kyng  
 Praynge hym that he moste done his assay  
 To gete the Flees off golde yiff that he may  
 Off which the kyng assentith to his boone 1596  
 And doth hym honour as yt was to doone  
 So Ferforth that his douhter and his heyre  
 Medea which that was so wys and Feyre  
 That Feyrer sauhi there neuere man with eye 1600  
 He made hire to done with Iasone compayne  
 Atte mete and satte by hym in the halle  
 Now was Iasone a semly man with alle  
 And lyke a lorde and hadde a grete Renoun [leaf 17] 1604  
 And off his looke as Ryall as a Lyoun  
 And goodly off his speche and Famylyer  
 And koude off love alle the Crafte plener  
 With oute booke with euerych observaunce 1608  
 And as Fortune hire auht a Foule meschaunce  
 She wexe Enamoured vpon this Man  
 Iasone quod she For auht I se or kan  
 As off this thyng the which ye ben aboute  
 ye and your sylf y putte in huge doute  
 For who so wole this Aventure achieve  
 he may nat well asterten as I leve 1612

With outen deeth but I his helpe be 1616  
But natheles yt ys my wylle quod she  
To Forthren yow so that ye shal nat dye  
But tourne sounde home to youre Thessalye  
My riht lady quod this Iasone thoo 1620  
That ye haue off my deeth or off my woo  
Eny rewarde and done me this honnour  
I woote wel that my myht ne my labour  
May nat deserve yt in my lyffes day 1624  
God thanke yow ther as I ne kan ne may  
youre Man I am and lowlich yow beseche  
To be myn helpe with outen more speche  
But certes For my deeth shal I nat spare 1628  
Thoo gan this Medea to hym declare [leaf 17, back]  
The perylle off this caas From poynt to poynt  
And off his bataylle and what dysioynt  
He mote stonde off which no Creature 1632  
Save only she ne myht his lyff assure  
And shortly to the poynt Forto goo  
They ben accorded Fu<sup>h</sup> bytwix hem twoo  
That Iasone shal hire wedde as trewe knyht 1636  
And terme ysette to kome sone at nyht  
Vnto hire Chambre and make there his othe  
Vpon the goddes that he For leeff ne lothe  
Ne sholde hire neuere Falsen nyht ne day 1640  
To ben hire housbonde while he lyve may  
And she that From his deeth hym savyd here  
And here vp<sup>o</sup>n at nyht they mette yffere  
And doth his othe and goth with hire to bedde 1644  
And on the morwe vpward he hym spedde  
For she hath tauht hym how he shal nat Fayle  
The Flees to wynne and stynt his batayle  
And saved hym his lyff and his honour 1648  
And gate hym a name as a Conquerour  
And thurh the sleyht off hire enchauntement  
Now hath Iasone the Flees and home ys went

with Medea and Tresoures Full grete woone 1652  
 But vnewyst off hire Fadire she ys goone  
 That afterward hath brought hire to myscheff  
 To Thessalye with Duke Iasone hire lieff  
 For as a Traytour he ys From hire ygoo [leaf 18] 1656  
 And with hire lefft yonge children twoo  
 And Falsly hath he betrayed hire Allas  
 As euere in love a Theeff a Traytour he was  
 And wedded yitt the thridde wyff anoon  
 That was the doulter off kyng Creon  
 This ys the mede off love and guerdon  
 That Medea resseyved off Iason  
 Right For hire trouthe and For hire kyndenesse 1660  
 That loved hym better thanne hire sylff y gesse  
 And laffte hire Fadire and hire heritage  
 And off Iasone this is the vasselage  
 That in his dayes nas neuere noon Founde 1664  
 So Fals a lover goyng on the grunde  
 And therfore in hire lettre thus she seyde  
 First whanze she off his Falsnesse hym vpbreyde  
 Why lyked me thy yelow heere to se 1668  
 More thanne the boundes off myn honeste  
 Why lyked me thy youthe and thy Feyrnesse  
 And off thy tunge the Infynyte graciousnesse  
 O haddest thou in thy conquest deede ybe  
 Full mekyH vnlouth hadde there dyed with the 1672  
 Well kan Ovyde hire lettre in vers endyte  
 Which were as now to longe For me to write.

[ V.]

Incipit. Legenda. Lutricia. Rome. Martiris:

[leaf 18, back]

**N**ow mote I seyn the Excellyng off Kynges 1680  
Off Rome For hire horrable doynges  
Off the laste kyng callyd Torquenrys  
As seyth Guydo And Tytus Lyuyus  
But For that cause telle I nat this storye 1684  
But Forto preyseyn and drawe to memorye  
The verrey wyff off the verrey Lucresse  
That For hire wyfhode and hire stedfastnesse  
Nat only that thes payens hire comende 1688  
But he that cleped ys in oure legende  
The grete Austyn hath grete compassion  
Off this Lucresse that starffe off Rome tovn  
And in what wyse I wole but shortly trete 1692  
And off this thing I touche but the grete  
Whanne Ardea beseged was aboue  
With Romayns that sterne were and stoute  
Full longe leyn in the see and lytyl wrouhiten 1696  
So that they werē halff ydeh hem thouhiten  
And in his pleye Torquenrys the yonge  
Gan Forto Iape For he was liht off tonge  
And seyde hit was riht an ydeh lyff [leaf 19] 1700  
No man dydde more there thanne his wyff  
And latte vs speke off wyffes that ys best  
Preyse euery man his owne as hym lest  
And with oure speche latte vs ese oure herte 1704  
A knyht that hilf kalatyn vpe sterte  
And seyde thus nay sire yt ys no nede  
To trowen vpōn the worde but on the dede  
I have a wyff quod he that as I trowe 1708  
Is holden goode off alle that euere hire knowē  
Go we to nyht to Rome and we shal se  
Torquenrys answerde that lykyth me

To Rome be they komen and Fast hem diht 1712  
 To Calatyns hovs and dovn) they liht  
 Torquenys and eke this Calatyne  
 The housbande knewe the Esters well a Fyne  
 And Full pryvely to the hovs they goone 1716  
 For porter at the gate was there noone  
 And at a chambre dore they abyde  
 This noble wyff satte by hire beddys syde  
 Dyscheuele For off malice she ne thauht 1720  
 And soffte wolle oure booke seyth she wrouht  
 To kepe hire From slouthe and ydelnesse  
 And badde hire seruaantz done here besynesse  
 And asketh hem what tdynges here yee 1724  
 How seyth men off the sege how shal yt be  
 God wolde the walles werft Falle adovn) [leaf 19, back]  
 Myn housbonde ys to longe out off this tovn)  
 For which the drede doth me so smerte 1728  
 That with a swerde yt styntes to myn herte  
 Whanne I thenke on that sege or off that place  
 God save my soule I pray hym For his grace  
 And there with all full tendirly she wepe 1732  
 Off hire werke she toke no more kepe  
 But mekely she lete hire eyen Falle  
 And thilke semblaunt sat hire well with alle  
 And eke hire teeres Fulle off honeste 1736  
 Embeseled hire wyffly chastyte  
 Hire contenaunce ys to hire herte dygne  
 For they accorden both in d.e and sygne  
 And with that worde hire housbonde Colatyn 1740  
 Er she was off hym warr kome stertyng Inne  
 And seyde drede the nat For I am here  
 And she anoon vp roos with blysfull chere  
 And kyssed hym as off wyffes ys the woone 1744  
 Torquenys this proude kyngis soñe  
 Conceyved hath hire beaute and hire chere  
 Hire yellow heer hire wordes and hire manere

Hire hewe and how she hath compleyned 1748  
 And be no Crafte hire beaute was nat Feyned  
 And kauht to this lady suche a desire  
 That in his herte he brente as eny Fyre [leaf 20]  
 So woodly that his wytte was all Forgetyn 1752  
 For wel thoulit he she wolde nat begetyn  
 And ay the more he was in despeyre  
 The more he coveytyth hire and thouht hire Feyre  
 His blynde luste was alle his Coveytynge 1756  
 And morned whanne the brydde beganne to syng  
 Vnto the Sege he komyth Fu<sup>th</sup> pryvely  
 And by hym sylff he walkyth sobirly  
 The ymage off hire al way recordyng newe 1760.  
 Thus laye hire heer thus Fressh<sup>th</sup> was hire hewe  
 Thus satt thus spak thus span this was hire chere  
 Thus Fayre she was and this was hire manere  
 Alle this conceyte his herte hath now ytake 1764  
 And as the see with Tempest al to-shake  
 That aftter whanne the storme ys all agoo  
 Ytte wole the watire quappe a day or twoo  
 Rih<sup>th</sup> so thouh hire Fourme were absent 1768  
 The plesaunce off hire Fourme was present  
 But natheles nat plesaunce but delyte  
 Or an vnrifftfull talent with dyspyte  
 For maugre hire she shal my leman be 1772  
 Happe helpit<sup>th</sup> hardy man al way quod he  
 What ende that I make hit shal he so  
 And girte hym with his swerde and gan to goo  
 And Foth he Ryte tyl he to Rome ys kome [tr<sup>th</sup>, bk] 1776  
 And all alone his way he hath ynone  
 Vnto the hovs off Colatyn Fu<sup>th</sup> Rih<sup>th</sup>  
 Dovne was the sonne and day hath lost hire liht  
 And Inne he kome vnto a pryve halke 1780  
 And in the nyght Ful theeffly gan he stalke  
 For euery wiht was to his Reste brouht  
 Ne no wiht hadde off Tresone such a thouht

Were yt be wyndow or be other gynne 1784  
 With swerde ydrawe shortly he kome Inne  
 Ther as she lay this noble wyff Lucresse  
 And as she wooke hire bedde she Felte presse  
 What beeste ys that quod she that weyth thus 1788  
 I am the kyngis sonne Torquenynus  
 Quod he / but and thow crye or noyse make  
 Or yiff there eny creature a-wake  
 Be that god that Fourmed man on lyve 1792  
 This swerde thurh thyn herte shal I Ryve  
 And there with al into hire throte he sterte  
 And sette the poynþ al sharpe vpon hire herte  
 No worde she spak she hath no myht thereto 1796  
 What shal she seyn hire wytte is al agoo  
 Riht as a wolff that Fyndeth a lambe allone  
 To whome shal she compleyne and make mone  
 What shal she Fyght with an hardy knyght 1800  
 Well wote men that a woman hath no myht

[*A leaf, D iii, gone here.*]

Be as be may quod she off Forgevyngē [leaf 21] 1852  
I wole nat haue Forgyffte For no thyng  
But prevely she kauht Forth a knyff  
And ther with al she refte hire selff hire lyff

ADDIT. 28,617

And as she Felle adovn she caste hire looke 1856  
 And off hire clothes yitt she heede tooke  
 For in hire Fallyng yitte she hadde kare  
 lest that hire Feet or swich thyng lay bare  
 So wel she loved clennesse and eke trouthe  
 Off hire hadde alle the tovne off Rome Routhe 1860  
 And Brutes by hire chaste bloode hath swore  
 That Torquyn shulde ybanysshed be therfore  
 And alle his kynne and lete the puple calle 1864  
 And openly the Tale he tolde hem alle  
 And openly lete carye hire on a Beere  
 Thurh alle the tovn that men may se and here  
 The horrable dede and hire Oppressioun 1868  
 Ne neuere was ther kyng in Rome tovn  
 Syn thilke day And she was holden there  
 A seynt and euere hire day ys halwed dere  
 As in theyre lawe And thus endith Lucresse 1872  
 The noble wyff as Titus berith wytnesse  
 I telle yt For she was off love so trewe  
 For in hire wylle she chaunged For no newe  
 And in hire stable herte sadde and kynde  
 That in thes wymmen men may al day Fynde [leaf 21, back]  
 Ther as they caste hire herte there it duellith  
 For wel I wote that Crist hym sylff tellith  
 That in Israell as wynde as ys the londe 1876  
 That so grete Feylh in alle that he ne Fonde  
 As in a womman And this ys no lye  
 And as off men looke ye what Tyrauntrye  
 They done al way assay hem who so leste 1880  
 The trewest ys Full broteh Forto treste  
 1884

[ VI.]

: *Incipit . Legenda . Adriane . Martiris .*

**I**gue<sup>1</sup> Infernal Minos off Crete Kyng [sic]  
Now komyth thy boot now komystow on the Rynge  
Nat For thy sake wryte I only this storye 1888  
But only Forto clepe ayeyn vnto Memorye  
Off Theseus the grete vntrouthe in love  
For which the goddes off the hevene above  
Ben wroth and wreche haue taken For thy synne 1892  
Be reede For shame now I thy lyff begynne  
Minos that was the myghty kyng off Crete  
That hadde an hundred<sup>2</sup> Citees stronge and grete  
To scole hath sent his sonne Androgeus [leaf 22] 1896  
To Athanes off which yt happe<sup>d</sup> thus  
He was slayne lernyng Phylosophye  
Rith in the Citee nat but For Envye  
The grete Minos off the which I speke 1900  
hys sonnys deeth ys komyn Forto wreke  
Alcytote he bysegith harde and longe  
Buat<sup>2</sup> natheles the Walles ben so stronge [sic]  
And Nysus that was kyng off that citee 1904  
So chialrous that lytyl dredith he  
Off Minos nor off his Oost toke no cure  
Tyl on a day by-Felle an Aventure  
That Nysus doulter stooode vpo<sup>n</sup> the walle 1908  
And off the siege sau<sup>h</sup> the maner alle  
So happe<sup>d</sup> yt that at a scarmysshynge  
She caste hire herte on Minos the kyng  
For his beaute and For his chialrye 1912  
So sore that she wende Forto dye  
And shortly off this processe Forto pace  
She made Minos wynnen thilke place  
So that the citee was alle at his wylle 1916  
To save whom hym lyst or ellys spylle

But wykkedly he quytte hire kyndenesse  
 And lete hire drenche in sorwe and dystresse  
 Nor that the goddes hadde off hire pytee 1920  
 But that tale were to longe as now For me [leaf 22, back]  
 Athanes wanne this kyng Minos also  
 And Alecytote and other tovnes moo  
 And this theffecte that Minos hath so dryven 1924  
 Thaym off Athanes that they mote hym yeven  
 Fro yere to yere theyre owne children dere  
 Forto be slayne riht as ye shall here  
 This Minos hath a monstre a wykked beeste 1928  
 That was so cruell that with oute Reste  
 Whanze that a man was brouht in his presence  
 He wolde hym ete there helpith no dyffence  
 And euery thridde yere with oute dovte 1932  
 They casten loot as yt kam abovte  
 On ryche on pore he muste his sonne take  
 And off his childe he muste present make  
 To Minos / to save hym or to spylle 1936  
 Or latte his beeste devoure hym at his wylle  
 And this hath Minos done riht in despyte  
 To wreke his sonne was sette alle his delyte  
 And maken off Athanes his Thralle 1940  
 Fro yere to yere while that he lyven shalle  
 And hoome he saylles whazne the tovn ys wonne  
 The wykked custume ys so longe yronne  
 Tyl that off Athenes the kyng Egeus 1944  
 Mote senden his owne sonne Theseus  
 To ben devoured syth grace ys ther nooñ  
 Syth that the loote ys Fallen hym vpoñ  
 And Forth ys ladde this woful yonge knyght 1948  
 Vnto the Court of kyng Minos Fuñ Riht  
 And in a prisoun Fetred caste ys he  
 Tyl thilke tyme he shulde Freten be  
 Wel maystow wepe O woful Theseus  
 Thow art a kyngis sonne and dampned thus 1952

Me thenkyth this that thou were depe yholde  
To whom that saved the From cares colde  
And yiff now eny womman helpe the 1956  
WeH ouitestow hire servaunt Forto be  
And ben hire trewe lover yere by yere  
But now to tourne ageyn to my matere  
The Toure there this Theseus ys Inne throwe 1960  
Dovne in the Botme depe and wonder lowe  
was Ioynynge to the walle to a Foreyne  
As yt was longyng to the sustren tweyne  
Off Minos that in theyre chambre grete 1964  
Dwelten above towarde the maystre strete  
Off Athanes in Ioye and in solace  
Note I nat how yt happed *per caas*  
As Theseus compleyned hym by nyht 1968  
The kyngis doulter that Adryan hyht  
And eke hire sustre Freda herden alle  
Hys compleynt as they stode on the walle  
And looked vpon the bricht Moone [leaf 23, back] 1972  
Hem lyst nat to goon to bedde so soone  
And off his woo they hadde compassioune  
A kyngis sonne to be in suche prisoun  
And ben devoured thouht theym grete pytee 1976  
Thanne Adrian spak to hire sustre Free  
And seyde Freda leve sustre deere  
This wofull lorde sonne may ye nat here  
How pytously compleyneth he his kynne 1980  
And eke this pore estate that he ys Inne  
And giltles now certes this ys routhe  
And yiff ye wole assenten be my Trouthe  
He shall ben holbyn how so that we doo 1984  
Freda answerde ywys me ys as woo  
For hym as euery I was For eny man  
And to his helpe the beste rede that I kan  
Is that we done the Layler prevely 1988  
To kome and speke with vs hastely

And doon) this woful man with hym to kome  
 For yiff he may this monstre ouerkome  
 Thanne were he quytte ther nys noon other boote 1992  
 lat vs wel taste hym at his hertis Roote  
 That yiff so be that he a wepne have  
 where that he darr his lyff to kepe and save  
 Fyghten with this Feende and hym defende 1996  
 For in prison there he shall descende  
 Ye wote well that the beeste ys in that place [leaf 24]  
 That ys nat derke and there ys Rome and space  
 To welde an axe & swerde a staffe or knyff 2000  
 So that me thenkith he shulde haue his lyff  
 Yiff that he be a man he shalle do so  
 And we shul make hym balles and eke also  
 Off wex and Towe that whan he gapith Faste 2004  
 Into the beestes throte he shal hem caste  
 To slake his hunger and encombe his teeth  
 And riht anoon whanne Theseus seeth  
 The beeste achoked he shal on hym leape 2008  
 To sleen hym or they komon more to kepe  
 This wepen shal the Gayller or that tyde  
 Fu full prevely with Inne the prison hyde  
 And For the hovs ys ykrynkelyd to and Fro 2012  
 And hath so queynte wayes Forto goo  
 For yt ys shapen as the mase y-wroult  
 Therto have I a Remedye in my thoult  
 That be a clewe off twyne as he hath goon) 2016  
 The same way he may retourne anoon  
 Folwyng al way the threde as he hath kome  
 And whanne that he this beeste hath ouerkome  
 Thanne may be Fleen away oute off this drede 2020  
 And eke the Gayllere may he with hym lede  
 And hym avaunce at home in his Cuntree  
 Syn that so grete a lordys sonne ys he  
 This ys my rede yiff that he darr yt take [leaf 24, back] 2024  
 What shulde I lenger sermon off yt make

The Gayller' komy<sup>th</sup> and with him Theseus  
Whan<sup>e</sup> thes Maydens ben accorded thus  
Dovne hym sette Theseus on his kne 2028  
The riht lady off my lyff quod he  
I sorowfull man y-dampned to the deeth  
For yow whils that me lasty<sup>th</sup> lyff or breeth  
I wole nat twynne affter this aventur<sup>e</sup> 2032  
But in youre service thus I wole endure  
That as a wrecche vnknowe I wole yow serve  
For euere mo tyl that myn herte sterue  
Forsake I wole at home myn heritage 2036  
And as I seyde ben off youre contre a page  
Yiff that ye vouchesauff that in this place  
Yee graunte me to haue so grete a grace  
That I ne have nat but my mete and drynke 2040  
And For my sustenaunce yitt wole I swynke  
Riht as yow lyst that Minos ne no wy<sup>ht</sup>  
Syn that he sauh me neuere with eyen si<sup>ht</sup>  
No no man ellys shall me konne espye 2044  
So sley and so well I shall me guye  
And me so well dysfigure and so lowe  
That in this worlde ther shall me no man knowe  
To haue my lyff and to haue presence 2048  
Off yow that done to me this Excellence [leaf 25]  
And to my Fadir shall I sende here  
This worthy man that now ys youre gayllere  
And hym so <sup>1</sup>dwerdon<sup>th</sup> that hym shall well be [sic] 2052  
One off the gretteste men off my Contre  
And yiff I durste yt seyn my lady briht  
I am a kyngis sonne and eke a kny<sup>ht</sup>  
As wolde god that yiff yt my<sup>ht</sup> be 2056  
Yee wer<sup>th</sup> in my cuntre alle three  
And I with yow to bere yow compayne  
Thanne shulde ye seen yiff that I theroff [l]ye  
And yiff I profre yow in lowe manere 2060  
To ben youre page and serven yow riht here

ADDIT. 28,617

ODD TEXTS.

13

But I yow serve as lowly in that place  
 I pray to Marce to yeve me suche grace  
 That shamys deeth there mote on me Falle 2064  
 And deeth and poverté vnto my Frendes alle  
 And that my spryrt be nyht mote goo  
 Affter my deeth and walke to and Froo  
 That I mote off Traytour haue a name 2068  
 For which my spryrt goth to do me shame  
 And yiff I euere clayme other degree  
 But ye wouchesauff to gyff yt me  
 As I have seyde a shamys deeth mote I dye  
 And mercy lady I kan nat ellys seye  
 A semly knyht was Theseus to se [leaf 25, back]  
 And yonge but off twenty yere and three  
 But who so hadde yseyn his contenaunce 2076  
 He wolde haue wepte For Routh off his penaunce  
 For which this Adryan in this manere  
 Answerde hym to his profre and his chere  
 A kyngis sonne and eke a knyht quod she 2080  
 To been my seruaunt in so lowe degré  
 God shelde yt For the shame off wymmen alle  
 And leene me neuere suche a caas be-Falle  
 But sende yow grace and sleyht off herte also 2084  
 Yow to defende and knyhtly sleen youre Foo  
 And leene here after I may yow Fynde  
 To me and to my sustre heere so kynde  
 That I repent nat to yeve yow lyff  
 Yitt were yt bettre that I were *your* wyff 2088  
 Syn that ye been as gentyl borne as I  
 And haue a Reavme heere Fast by  
 Thanne that I suffered yow gittles to sterve  
 Or thanne I lete yow as a page to serve  
 Hit ys no profre as vnto youre kynrede  
 But what is that at man wole nat do For drede  
 And to my sustre syn that yt ys so  
 That she mote go with me yiff that I goo 2092

Or ellis suffre deeth as weH as I  
That ye vnto youre sonne as trewly  
Done hire be weddyd at your home komynge [leaf 26] 2100  
This ys the Fynaff ende off alle this thinge  
ye swere yt here on alle that may be sworne  
yee lady myn quod he or ellys to-torne  
And havith heere off myn herte bloode to borwe 2104  
And that I be with the Minatour to-morwe  
yiff that ye wole yiff I hadde knyff or spere  
I wolde yt laten oute and theron swere  
For thenne at erst I wote ye wole me leve 2108  
Be Mars that ys the chieff off my beleve  
So that I myht levyn and nouh Faylle  
To morwe Forto taken  
I wolde n 2112  
Tyl

And to hire sustre seyde In this manere [leaf 26, back]  
Al softely / now sustre myn quod she  
Now bethi we duchesse bothe ye and I  
And sykered to the Regales off Athanes 2128  
And bothe here affter lykly to be quenes  
And savyd From his deeth a kyngis sonne  
As euere off gentyl wymmen ys the wonne  
To save a gentyl man emforthe hire myht  
In honest cause and namely in his Riht 2132  
In honest cause and namely in his Riht

Me thenke no wyht ouht vs heroff blame  
 Ne beeren vs therfore an evyht name  
 this matere Forto make  
 ke

2136

And off his wyffis Tressour he gan yt charge [leaf 27]  
 A[nd] toke his wyff and eke hire sustre Free 2152  
 And eke the Gayllers and with theym alle three  
 Is stoole a way oute off the londe by nyht  
 And to the cuntry off Ennypye hem dyht  
 There as he hadde a Frende off his knowynge 2156  
 There Festen they there dansen they and syng  
 And in his Armes hath this Adryane  
 That off the beeste hath kepte hym From his bane  
 And gate hym there a newe Barge anoone 2160  
 And off his cuntry Folke a grete woone  
 And takith his leve and hamward sayllith he  
 And in an yle amyddle the wylde see  
 There as duelled Creature noone  
 Save wyld beestes and that Full many oone  
 He made his Shippe a lande Forto sette  
 And in [this] yle halff a day he lette  
 And s[eyde that on] the londe he muste hym Reste 2164  
 Hys maryners done riht as hym leste

ADDIT. 28,617

And Forto telle shortly in this caas  
Whazne Adryane his wyff a slepe was  
For that hire sustre Fayrer was thanne she 2172  
He takith hire in his honde and Forth goth he  
To shippe and as a Traytour stale his way  
While that this Adryan on slepe lay  
And to his Cuntreward he sayllyth blyve [leaf 27, back] 2176  
A twenty devyH way the wynde hym dryve  
And Fonde his Fadire drenchid in the see  
Me lyste no more speke off hym parde  
Thes Fals lovers poyson be theyre bane 2180  
But I wole turne ageyn to Adryane  
That ys with slepe For werynesse y-take  
FuH sorowfully hire herte may a-wake  
Allas For the myn herte hath pytee 2184  
Riht in the dawnyng awakith she  
And gropith in the bedde and Fonde riht nouh  
Allas quod she that euere was I wrouh  
I am betrayed and hire heere to-Rente 2188  
And to the stronde barefoot Fast she wente  
And cryed Theseus myn herte swete  
Where be ye that I may nat with yow mete  
And myht thus with beestes been yslayne 2192  
The holowe Rokkes answerde hire agayn[e]  
No man she sauhi and yitt shyned the [Moone]  
And hyh vpon a Rokke she went soone  
And sauhi his barge sayllyng in the see 2196  
Colde wexe hire herte and riht thus seyde she  
Meker thenne ye Fynde I thes beestes wylde  
Hadde he nat synne that hire thus begylede  
She Cryed O turne ageyn For Routhe and synne 2200  
Thy barge hathi nat alle his meyne with Inne  
Hire kevercheff vpon a pole vp styketh she  
[Ask]aunce he shulde hyt weH y-se [leaf 29]  
And hym Remembre that she was behynde 2204  
And turne ageyn and [on] the stronde hire Fynde

But alſt For nouſt hiſ wey he ys y-goone  
 Adovne ſhe Felle a-swone vpōn a ſtoone  
 And vpe ſhe Ryst and kyſſeth in alle hiſ care 2208  
 The ſteppes off hiſ Feet there he hath Fare  
 And to hiſ bedde riſt thus ſhe ſpekiſt thou  
 Thow bedde quod ſhe that haſt reſſeyved twoo  
 Thow haſt anſwers off twoo and nat off oone 2212  
 Where ys the gretter partye a-way goone  
 All[as] where haſt I wrecched wiſt beſome  
 For thouſi ſo [be] that boote here kome  
 Hoome [to my c]untrē darre I nat For drede 2216  
 I kon my ſel[ven] in thiſ caaſ nat Reſe  
 What ſhuld [I] more telle hiſ compleynyng  
 It ys to l[ong i]t were an hevy thynge  
 In hiſ E[piftle] Naso tellyth alle 2220  
 But ſhortly to the ende telle I ſhaſſe  
 The goddes haue hiſ holpen For pytee  
 In the ſygne off Taurus men may ſe  
 The ſtones off hiſ Crovne ſhyne clere 2224  
 I wole no more ſpeke off thiſ matere  
 But thiſ thiſ Fals lover ganne begyle  
 Hys trewe lova the devyſt quyte hiſ whyle

## [ VII.]

## : Incepit · legenda · Philomene.

**T**How yeſter off the Formes that haſt wrouſt 2228  
 The Fayre worlde and bare yt in thi thouſt  
 Eternally thow thiſ werke began  
 Why madestow vnto the ſclaundre off Man  
 Or alſt be hit / yt was nat thi doyng 2232  
 As For that Fyne to make ſwiche a thiſe  
 Why ſuſt thou that Tereus w[as] bore  
 That ys in love ſo Fals and Forſwore]

ADDIT. 28,617

That Fro this worlde vp to the Firs[t] hevene 2236  
Corrupteth whanne that Folke his n[am]e nevene  
And as to me so grysly was his [ded]e  
That whanne that I in his Fou[le stor]ye Rede  
Myn eyen wexen Foule and sor[e alsoo] 2240  
Yitt laste the venyme off so longe agoo  
That yt Infectyth hym that wole be-holde  
The storie of Tereus the whiche I tolde  
Off Trace was he lorde and kynne to Marte 2244  
The Cruell god that stant with bloody darte  
And wedded hadde he with a blysfuill chere  
Kyng Pandiones doulter Fayre and dere  
That hiht Progne Floure off hire Cuntree 2248  
Thouh Iuno lyst nat at the Feste to be  
Ne ymeneus that god off weddyng ys  
But at the Feste redy ben y-wys  
The Furies three with theyre mortall bronde 2252  
The Owle aſt nyght aboute the balkes wondre  
That prophete ys off woo and off meschaunce  
This Revell ffull off songe and ffull off daunce  
laste Fourtenyth or lytyH lasse 2256  
But shortly off this story fforsto passe  
For I am werye off hym Forto telle  
Fyve yere his wyff and he togedre duelle  
Tyl on a day she ganne so sore longe .i. languendo  
To seen hire sustre that she saul nat longe 2261  
That For desire she nyst what to say  
But to hire housbonde ganne the Forto pray  
For goddis love that she must oonys goone 2264  
Hire sustre Forto se and kome anoone  
Or ellys but she moste to hire wende  
She prayde hym he wolde after hire sende  
And this was day by day hire prayere 2268  
With alle humblesse of [wif] hode worde and chere  
This Tereus lete ma[ke his] shippes yare  
And into Grece hym sylff ys Forth y-Fare

Vnto his [father] in lawe ganne he preye	2272
To vouchesauff that For a moneth or tweye	
That Philomene his wyffis sustre myght	
On Proigne hys wyff but onys haue a syght	[leaf 29, back]
And she shal kome anoon ageyn anoone	2276
My sylff with hire I wole both kome and goone	
And as myn hertys lyff I wole hire kepe	
This olde Pandeone the kyng gan wepe	
For tendernes off herte Forto leve	2280
Hys douhiter goon and Forto yeve hire leve	
Off alle this worlde he lovith no thyng so	
But at laste leve hathi she to goo	
For Philomene with salte teeres eke	2284
Ganne off hire Fadire grace Forto seke	
To seen hire sustre that she lovith so	
And hym embracethi with hire Armes twoo	
And ther withi all so yonge so Fayre was she	2288
That whazne that Tereus sauhi hire beaute	
And off Array that ther was noone hire lyche	
And yitt off beawte was she twoo so Riche	
He keste his Fyrye herte vpōn hire so	2292
That he wylle haue hire how so yt goo	
And with his wyles kneledi and so preyde	
Tyl at the last Pandeone thus seyde	
Now sonne quod he that [art] to me so dere	2296
I the bytake my yonge douhitere heere	
That berith the keye off alle myn herttys lyff	
And grete [yow] well my douhiter and [thy] wyff	
And giffe hire leve somme tyme Forto pleye	2300
That she may seen me onys or I deye	
And sothely he hym hathi made Riche Feste	
And to his Folke the moste and eke the leste	
That withi hym kam he yaff hem gyfftes grete	2304
And hym conveyith thurh the maystre strete	
Off Athanes and to the see hym brought	
And turneth home no malice he ne thought	

The Oores pullen Forth the vessel Faste	2308
And in to Trace arryvetli at the laste	
And vp in to a Foreste he hire ledde	
And in to a Cave pryvely hym spedde	
And in this derke Cave yiff hire leste	2312
Or leste nat he badde hire Forto Reste	
Off which hire herte agroos and seyde thus	
Where ys my sustre brother Tereus	
And ther with alle she wepte tendirly	2316
And quoode For Feere pale and pytously	
Riht as the lambe that off the wolff ys beten	
Or as the Colver that off the Egle ys smeten	
And oute off his Clawes Forth escaped	2320
yitt yt ys a-Ferde and a-whaped	
Lyst yt be hente effe so[n]es so that she	
But vterly yt may noon other be	
By Force hath this Traytour done a dede	2324
That he hath refte hire off hire maydenhede	
Maugre hire heede by strenth and by myht	
Loo here a dede off men and that a Riht	
She crieth suster with Full lowde stevene [leaf so, back]	2328
And Fadire deere and helpe me god off hevene	
Alle helpith nat and yitt this Fals theeff	
Hath done this lady a more myschieff	
For Feere she sholde hys shame crye	2332
And done hym hauȝ an opne velanye	
And with his swerde hire tunge off kerff he	
And in a casteȝ made hire Forto be	
Full prevely in a prysone euere more	2336
And kepte hire to his vsage and to his store	
O sely Phylomene woo ys thyn herte	
Huge ben thy sorwes and wondre smerte	
God wreke the and sende the thy boone	2340
Now yt ys tyme I make an ende soone	
This Tereus ys to his wyff ykome	
And in his Armes hath his wyff ynome	

And pytously he wepte and shake his heede 2344  
 And swore to hire he Fonde hire sustre deede  
 For this sely Progne hath swich woo  
 That nyh hire sorowfull herte breste atwoo  
 And thus in teeres latte [I] Progne duelle 2348  
 And off hire sustre Forth wole I telle  
 This w[ofu]H lady lerned hadde in youthe  
 So that she werkyn and embrowden kouthe  
 And weven in the stole the Radenore 2352  
 As hit off wymmen hath ben wouen yore  
 And sothely Forto seyn she hadde hire Fylle [leaf 31]  
 Off mete and drynke and Clothyng at hire wylle  
 She kouthe eke rede and wel ynouh endyte 2356  
 But with a penne koude she nat wryte  
 But lettres kanne she weven to and Froo  
 So that by the yere was alle agoo  
 She hadde woven in a stamyn large 2360  
 How she was brought From Athenes in a Barge  
 And in a Cave how that she was brought  
 And alle the thinge that Tereus hath wrought  
 She wove yt wel and wrote the storye above 2364  
 How she was served For hire sustre love  
 And to a knawe a Rynge she yaff anoone  
 And preyde hym by sygnes Forto goone  
 Vnto the quene and beren hire that clothe 2368  
 And be sygnes swore many an othe  
 She shulde hym yeve what she geten myh  
 This knave anoone vnto the quene hym dyh  
 And toke yt hire and alle the manere tolde 2372  
 And whazne that Progne hath this thinge beholde  
 No worde she spak For sorwe and eke For Rage  
 But Feyned hire to goon on Pylgrymage  
 To Bacus Temple and in a lytyH stounde 2376  
 Hire dumbe sustre sytting hath she Founde  
 Wepyng in the Castell hire alloone  
 Allas the woo the compleynt and the moone

That Progne vpon hire sustre maketh	[leaf 31, back]	2380
In Armes euerche off hem other' taketh		
And thus I late hem in here sorwe duelle		
The remnanaunt ys no charge to telle		
For this ys alle and somme thus was she served		2384
That neuere harme ne gylte ne deserved		
Vnto this cruell man that she off wyst		
Yee may be warr off men yiff that yow lyst		
For al be that he wole nat For shame		2388
Doone so as Tereus to lese his name		
Ne serve yow as Murdrer or a knave		
Ful lyty <sup>H</sup> while shul <sup>H</sup> ye trewe hym have		
That wole I seyn al were he now my brother		2392
But yt so be that he may haue a nother		

[ VIII.]

: Incipit . legenda : Philles :

<b>B</b> Y prove as well as by Auttoryte		
That wykkes <sup>H</sup> Fruyt komyth off wykkes <sup>H</sup> tree		
That may ye Fynde yff that yt lyke yow		2396
But For this ende I speke this caas as now		
To tellen yow off the ffals Demophone		
In love a Falser herde I neuere noone		
But yiff hit were his Fadir Theseus	[leaf 32]	2400
God For his grace Fro <sup>m</sup> such con kepe vs		
Thus thes wymmen prayen that hit heere		
Now to thefecte tourne I off my matere		
Dystroyed ys off Troye the Citee		2404
This Demephone kome sayllyng in the see		
Towarde Athanes to his Paleys large		
With hym kome many a shippe and many a barge		
Fulle off Folke off which Ful <sup>H</sup> many oone		2408
Is wounded sore and syke and woo begoone		

ADDIT. 28,617

And they haue at the Siege longe yleyne  
 Behynde hym kome a wynde and eke a Reyne  
 That shooff so sore his saylle myht nat stande 2412  
 Hym were lever than alle the worlde ha lande  
 So hunteith hym the Tempest to and Froo  
 So derke yt was he kouthe nowhere goo.  
 And with a wawe brokyn was his steere 2416  
 His shippe was rente so lowe in such manere  
 That the carpenter kouthe yt nat amende  
 The see be nyht as eny Torche brende  
 For woode and possith hym now vp now down 2420  
 Tyl Neptyne hath off hym compassioun  
 And Tetes Thorus<sup>1</sup> Triton and they alle [<sup>1</sup> sic]  
 And made hym vpon a lande to Falle  
 Wheroff that Philles lady was and quene [leaf 32, back] 2424  
 Lygurges doulter Fayerer on to seene  
 Thanne ys a Floure ayen the briht sonne  
 Vnnethe ys Demephone to londe y-wonne  
 Wayke and wery and his Folke Forpyned. 2428  
 Off werynesse and also enfamyned  
 And to the deeth he was almost ydryve  
 Hys wyse Folke to conseyl haue hym yeve  
 To seken helpe and sokoure off the quene 2432  
 And loken what his grace myht beene  
 And make in that lande somme chevysaunce  
 To kepen hym Fro woo and Fro meschaunce  
 For syke he was and almast at the deeth 2436  
 Vnnethes myht he speke or drawe his breeth  
 And lyeth in Rodopya hym Forto Reste  
 Whanne he may walke him thouht yt was the beste  
 Vn to the Courte to seken For sokour 2440  
 Men knewe hym well and dydde hym honour  
 For off Athenes Duke and lorde was he  
 As Theseus his Fadir hadde y-be  
 That in his tyme was off grete Renoun 2444  
 Noone so grete in alle the Regiouen

And lyke his Fadire off Face and off stature  
And Fals off love yt kome hym off Nature  
As doth the Fox Reynard the Foxis sonne 2448  
Off kynde he kouthe his olde Fadris wonne  
With outen lore as kan a drake sywmme [leaf 32]  
Whazne yt ys kauht and caryed to the brymme  
This honnourable Philles doth hym chere 2452  
Hire lykith weſt his porte and his manere  
But For I am agrucched heere be-forne  
To write off hem that ben in love Forſworne  
And to haste me eke in my legende 2456  
Which to perfourme god me grace sende  
Therfore I passe shortly in this wyſe  
Yee haue weſt herde this Theseus devyſe  
In the betraysyng off Fayre Adryane 2460  
That off hire pytee kepte hym From his bane  
At shorte wordes Rilſt so Demophone  
The same way the same paath hath goone  
That dydde his Fals Fadire Theseus 2464  
For vnto Philles hath he sworne thus  
To wedden hire and hire his trouthe pliſt  
And pyked off hire alle the goode he myht  
Whanne he was hole and sounde and hadde his Ryst 2468  
And doth with Philles what so hym lyst  
As weſt kouthe I yiff that me lyst soo  
Tellen alle his doyngē to and Froo  
He seyde to his cuntrē muste he saylle 2472  
For there he wolde hire weddyng apparaylle  
As Felle to hire honour and his also  
And openly he tooke his leve thoo  
And hath hire sworn he wole not soiourne [leaf, bk] 2476  
But in a moneth he wolde ayen retourne  
And in that lande lete make his ordenaunce  
As verrey lorde and toke thobeyssaunce  
Wele and homly and his shippes dyht 2480  
And home he gooth the next way he myht

For vnto Philles yitt kome he noult  
 And that hathi she so harde and sore yboult  
 Allas that as the stories vs Recorde 2484  
 She was hire owne deeth with a corde  
 Whanne that she seye that Demephone hire trayed  
 Bote to hym wrote she and Fast prayed  
 He wolde komen and hire delyuere off peyne 2488  
 As I reherse shall a worde or tweyne  
 Me lyst nat wouchesauff on hym to swynke  
 Ne spenden on hym a penne Fulle off ynke  
 For Fals in love he was riht as his syre 2492  
 The devel sette theyr soules bothe on Fyre  
 But off the lettere off Philles wole I write  
 A worde or twey al thoult yt be but lyte  
 Thyn Oostesse quod she O Demophon  
 Thy Philles which that is so woo begoon  
 Off Rodopey vpōn yow mote compleyne  
 Over the terme sette bitwix vs tweyne  
 That ye ne holden forwarde as ye seyde 2500  
 Youre anker which ye in oure haven leyde  
 Hyht vs that ye wolde komen oute off doute  
 Or that the Moone went onys aboute  
 But tymes Foure the Moone hathi hidde hire Face 2504  
 Syn thilke day ye went From this place  
 And Foure tymes lilt the worlde ageyne  
 But for alle that yiff I shulde sothely seyne  
 Yitt hathi the Streme off Cyteys noult brought  
 Fram Athenes the shippe yitt kome yt noult 2508  
 And yiff that ye the terme Rekne wolde  
 As I or as a trewe lover sholde  
 I pleyne nat god wote tofore my day  
 But alle hire lettere writen I ne may  
 Be ordre For yt were to me a charge  
 Hire lettere was riht longe and therto large  
 But here and there In Ryme I have yt leyde 2512  
 Ther as me thoult that she well hathi seyde  
 2516

She seyde thy saylles komyth nat ageyne  
 Ne to thy worde ther ys no Fey Certeyn  
 Bote I wote why ye komen nat quod she 2520  
 For I was off my love to yow so Free  
 And off the goddes that ye haue swore  
 Yiff here vengaunce Falle on yow therfore  
 Ye be nat suffisaunt to bere the peyne 2524  
 To muche I trusted I may well seyne  
 Vpon youre lynage and youre Fayre tonge [leaf 34, back]  
 And on youre Teeres Falsly oute wronge  
 How kouthe ye wepe so by Crafte quod she 2528  
 May there suche teeres yffeyned be  
 Now certes yiff ye wole haue in memorye  
 It oult to be to yow but lyth glorye  
 To haue a sely Mayde thus betrayde 2532  
 To god quod she pray I and ofte ha prayde  
 That yt moste be the grettest pride off alle  
 And moste honour that euere shall yow befall  
 That whazne thyn olde Auncestres ypeynted be 2536  
 In which men may thayre worthynesse se  
 Thenne pray I god how peynted be also  
 That Folke may reden Forby as they goo  
 Lo this ys he that with his Flaterye 2540  
 Betrayed hath and done hire vylanye  
 That was his trewe love in thoult and dede  
 But sothely off oon poynt yitt may they rede  
 That ye be lyke youre Fadire as in this 2544  
 For he begyled Adryane y-wys  
 With suche an Arte and with suche subtylite  
 As thow thy selven hast begyled me  
 As in that poynt all thoult yt be nat Fayre 2548  
 Thow Folwist hym certeyn and art his hayre  
 But sen thus synfully ye me begyle  
 My body mote ye se with Inne a while  
 Riht in the havene off Athenes Fletynge 2552  
 with oute sepulture or Buryyng

Thouȝt ye ben harder thanne ys eny stoone  
 And whanne this *lettre* was Forth ygoone  
 And knewe how broteȝ and how Fals he was 2556  
 She For despeyre Fordydde hire selff allas  
 Suche sorwe hath she For she besette hire so  
 Be warre ye wymmen For youre subelle<sup>1</sup> woo  
 Sen yitt this day men may ensemple se [1 sic]  
 And trusteth as in love no man but me 2560

## [ IX.]

: *Incipit . Legenda . Ypermystre :*

**I**N Grece whylom werne Brethren twoo  
 Off which that oon was callyd Danoo  
 That many a sonne hath off his body wonne 2564  
 As suche Fals lovers often tyme konne  
 Amonge his sonnes alle there was oone  
 That aldermoste he loved off euerychoone  
 And whanne this Childe was borne this Danoo 2568  
 Shope hym a name and callyd hym Lyno  
 That other brother callyd was Egyste  
 That was off love as Fals as hym lyste  
 And many a doulter hadde he in his lyff 2572  
 Off which he gate vpōn his riȝt wyff  
 A doulter deere and dydde hire calle  
 Ypermystra yongest off hem alle  
 The whiche Childe off hire natiuuite 2576  
 To alle thewes goode borne was she  
 And lyked to the goddes or she was borne  
 That off the sheeff she shulde be the corne  
 The wordes that we clepen destyne 2580  
 Hath shapen hire that she mot nedys be  
 Pietous sadde wys Trewe as stel  
 As to thes wymmen yt accordeith wele

For thouȝt that Venus yeff hire grete beaute	2584
With Iupyter compovned so was she	
With Conscience trouthe and drede off shame	
And off hire wyffhode Forto kepen hire name	
This thouȝt hire was Felicite as heere	2588
The Rede Mars was that tyme off yere	
So Feble that his malice hath hym Raffte	
Repressed hath Venus his Crueȝt Craftte	
And with Venus and other oppressiouȝ	2592
Off honeste Mars ys venyme ys a dovn	
That ypermystra darre nat handle a knyff	
In malyce thouȝt she shulde lese hire lyff	
But natheles as hevyne gan has tourne	2596
Twoo badde especetes hat she off Satourne	[leaf 36]
That made hire dyen in prison	
As I shal after make mencion	
To Danoo and Egistes also	2600
And thouȝt so be that they wern) brether twoo	
For thylke tyme Mars spared no lynage	
It lyked hem to maken a maryage	
Bytwixen ypermystre and hym lynoo	2604
And casten swich a day yt shal be do	
And Fuȝt accorded was yt vtterly	
The array ys wrouȝt and the tyme Fast by	
And thus Lyno hath off his Fadris brother	2608
The doulter wedded and eche off hem other	
The torches breȝnyng and the lampes briȝt	
The sacrifices ben Fuȝt redy dyȝt	
Thensence oute off the Fyre reketh swote	2612
The Floure the leeff ys Rent vpe by the Rote	
To maken gerlondes and crovnes hye	
Fulle ys the place off Mynstralcye	
Off songes Amerous off Mariage	2616
As thilke tyme was the pleyne vsage	
And this was in the paleys off Egiste	
That in his hovs was lorde as hym lyste	

ADDIT. 28,617

ODD TEXTS.

14

And thus that day they dryven to an ende 2620  
 The Frendes take leve and home they wende  
 The nyȝt ys kommen the Bryde shall go to bedde [leaf 28, back]  
 Egiste to his chambre Fast hym spedde  
 And prively lete his douhter calle 2624  
 Whanne that the hovs voyde was off hem alle  
 He lokith on his douhter with gladde chere  
 And to hire he spak as ye shall affter here  
 My riȝt douhter Tresour off myn herte 2628  
 Syn First that day that shapen was my sherte  
 Or by the Fatale Sustren hadde my doome  
 So nyȝt myn herte neuere thinge ne kome  
 As thow ypermystra douhter dere 2632  
 Take hede what I thy Fadir seyth the here  
 And wirke affir' thy wyser euerē moo  
 For alderfirst douhter I loved̄ the so  
 That alle the worlde to me nys halff so leeff 2636  
 That I wolde rede the to no myschieff  
 For alle the goode vndir' this colde Moone  
 And what I mene yt shall be seyde riȝt soone  
 With protestacion as seyne thes wyse 2640  
 That but thow do as I shall devyse  
 Thow shalt be deede by him that alle hath̄ wrouȝt  
 At shorte wordes thow ne skapest nouȝt  
 Out off my paleys or that thow be deede 2644  
 But thow consente and wirke affter my Reede  
 Take this to the For Fuȝt conclusion  
 This ypermystre caste hire eyen dovn)  
 And quooke as doth the leeff off Aspees grene [leaf 27] 2648  
 Deede wexe hire hewe and lyke asshes to sene  
 And seyde lorde and Fadir' alle youre wille  
 Afster my myȝt god wote I shall Fulfylle  
 So hit be to me no Confusioun 2652  
 I nyl quod he haue noone Excepcioun  
 And oute he kauȝt a knyff as Rasour kene  
 Hyde this quod he that yt be nat sene

And whanne thyn housbonde ys to bedde ygoo 2656  
while that he slepithe kutte his throte atwoo  
For in my dremes yt ys y-warne<sup>d</sup> me  
How that my nevew shall my baane be  
But which I not wherfore I wole be seker 2660  
yiff thou say nay we twoo shall haue byker  
As I have seyde by hym that I have sworne  
This ypermystre hath ny<sup>h</sup> hire wytte forlorn<sup>e</sup>  
And Forto passen hameles Fro that place 2664  
She granty<sup>h</sup> hym there nas noone other grace  
And there with aff a costrete takith he  
And seyde heroff a draught or twoo or threes  
yeve hym to drynke whanne he gooth Reste 2668  
And he shall slepe as longe as euere the leste  
The narbolykes and Epies ben so stronge  
And goo thy way lest hym thenke to longe  
Out komyth<sup>h</sup> the Bryde with Ful sobre chere  
As off thes Maydenes ofte hit ys the manere 2672  
[leaf 57, back]  
To Chaumbre ys brou<sup>h</sup>t with Revell and songe  
And shortly lyst this tale be to longe  
This lyng and she ben brou<sup>h</sup>t to Bedde 2676  
And euery wiht oute off the doore hym spedde  
The ny<sup>h</sup>t ys wasted<sup>d</sup> and he Felle A-sleepe  
Full tendirly bygynneth she to wepe  
She ry<sup>h</sup>t hire vpe and dredefullly she quaketh<sup>h</sup> 2680  
As dothe the Braunche that Zepherus shaketh<sup>h</sup>  
And hussit were alle in Argone that citee  
As colde as eny Froste now wexith she  
For pytee by the herte streyneth hire so 2684  
And drede off deeth<sup>h</sup> doth hire so muche woo  
That thryes down<sup>h</sup> she Felle in this weere  
She ryseth vpe and stakereth here and there  
And on hire hondes Faste lokith she 2688  
Allas and shall myn handes bloody be  
I am A Mayde And as by Nature  
And by my semblaunt and my vesture

Myn handes ben nat shapen For a knyff 2692  
 As Forto Reven a man From his lyff  
 What devyff have I with this knyff to do  
 And shal I have my throte kutte a twoo  
 Thanne shall I bleede allas and me shende 2696  
 And nedys coste this thing must haue an ende  
 Or he or I muste nedys lese oure lyff  
 Now certes quod she sen I am his wyff [leaf 33]  
 And hath my Feyth yitt ys yt bette For me 2700  
 Forto be deede in wyffly honeste  
 Thanne ben a Traytour levynge in my shame  
 Be as he may For ernest or For game  
 He shall awake and ryse and goon his way 2704  
 Out at this goter er that yt be day  
 And wepte Fu full tendyrlly vpōn his Face  
 And in hire Armes gan hym to embrace  
 And hym she rogeth and awakith softe 2708  
 And at a wyndow lepe From the loffte  
 whanne she hath warned and done hym bote  
 This lyno swyfth was and liht off Foote  
 And From his wyff ranne a Fu full goode paas 2712  
 This sely womman ys so wayke allas  
 And helpeles so that er she Ferre wente  
 Hire cruefull Fadire dydde hire hente  
 Allas lyno why art thou so vnykynde 2716  
 Why ne haddestow Remembred in thy mynde  
 And taken hire and ladde hire Forth with the  
 For whanze she sauh that goon away was he  
 And that she myght nat so Fast goo 2720  
 Ne Folwe hym she satte dovn riht thoo  
 Tyl she was take and Feted in prisoun  
 This Tale ys seyde For this conclusioune

[*unfinisht*]

## 6.

## The Dethe of Blanche the Duchesse

(A.D. 1369)

FROM BODLEY MS. 638.

[In Note 1, p. 34, of my *Trial-Forewords*, I said,—relying on the examination of the two MSS. by a Chaucer-friend—that this Bodley 638 was copied from the Fairfax 16. Further comparison of the two MSS. has led me to doubt this as regards Chaucer's *Blanche*. Compare these differences:—

F. to fore, 190;	swete hert, 206;	Ful, 324;	file, 374;
B. byfore	swete	And	was
F. how, 514;	791-2 <i>in</i> ;	place, 806;	
B. where	<i>not in</i>	chambre	
F. memoire, yvoyer, 945-6;		she koude, 1012.	
B. memorye, Ivorye		that she was	

And so I now print the Bodley copy, tho' it is very close to the Fairfax; I suppose from the same original.]



[*Bodley MS. 638 (paper quires in vellum covers, ab. 1450),  
leaf 110, back.*]

[*W is for n : the light dot at the end of many lines  
is not printed.]*

**The boke of the Duchesse**

**I** haue grete wondir be this light  
how that I leue for day ne nyght  
I may not slepe wel nygh nought  
I haue so many an ydell thought.

4

Purely for defaulte of slepe  
That bi my trouth I take no kepe  
Of no thinge how hit comyth or goth  
Ne me nys no thinge leue nor loth

8

Al is I-lich good to me  
Ioye or sorwe wherso it be  
For I haue felynge yn no thynge  
But as it were a mased thynge

12

Alway yn poynte to falle a doun  
For sorwefull ymagynacioun  
Is alwey holely yn my mynde  
And weill ye wote a-geyns kynde

16

Hit were to lyuen yn this wyse  
For Nature wolde nat suffyse  
To non erthly creature  
Nat longe tyme to endure

20

Without slepe & be yn sorwe  
And I ne may ne nyght ne morwe  
Slepe & this Melancolye

[*Lines 24—96 are left out*]

BODLEY 638

Had such pite & such routh [leaf 111] 97  
 To rede hir sorwe that be my trouth  
 I ferde the worse aſt the morwe  
Aſtir to thinkyn on hir sorwe 100  
 So when this ladi koude her' no worde  
 That no man myght fynde hir lorde  
 Full ſte ſhe swownyd & ſayd allas  
 For sorwe full nygh wood ſhe was 104  
 Ne ſhe koude no rede but oon  
 But dounē on kneys ſhe ſate a-non  
 And wepte that pite was to her'.  
A mercy ſwete ladi dere 108  
 Quoth ſhe Iuno hir goddesse  
 Help me owte of this diſtreſſe  
 & yeue me grace my lorde to ſe  
 Sone or wite wher-so he be  
 Or how he fareth or in what wyſe  
 And I ſhal make yowe ſacrifyſe  
 And hoolly yourys biſome I ſhall  
 With good wyſt body herte & aſt 112  
 And but thou wolte this ladi ſwete  
 Send ſte grace to ſlepe & mete  
 In my ſlepe ſom certeyn ſweuyn  
 Wher-thorghi that I may know euyn [leaf 111, back] 120  
 Whethir my lorde be quyk' or ded'  
 With that worde ſhe henge dounē the hed'  
 And fell a ſwowne as colde as ſtonē  
 Hir women caught hir vp a-non 124  
 And brought hir in bed aſt nakyd'  
 And ſhe forwepid' & forwakyd'  
 Was wery & thus the ded' ſlepe  
 Fyſt on hir or ſhe toke kepe.  
 Thorghi Iune that had herd hir bone  
 That made hir to ſlepe ſone  
 And as ſhe praid' right ſo was done  
 Indede for Iuno right anone 128  
 132

Callid thus hir messagere  
To do hir erande & he come nere  
When he was come she bade him thus  
Goo bet quoth Iuno to Morpheus 136  
Thou knowist hym well the god of slepe.  
Now vndirstonde well & take kepe  
Sey thus on my halue that he  
Go faste yn-to the grete se 140  
And bid him that on all thynges  
That he take vp Seys body the kynges  
That lith ful pale & no-thinge rodye [leaf 112]  
Bid him crepe yn-to the bodye 144  
And do hit goon to Alchyon  
The quene ther' she lieth allone  
And shew hir shortely it ys no nay  
How hit was dreynte this othir' day 148  
And do the body speke right so  
Right as it was wonyd to do  
The whiles that it was a-lyue  
Goo now faste & hye the blyue 152  
This Messanger' toke leue & wente  
Vpon his wey & neuyr ne stente  
Tyl he came to the derke valey  
That stante bitwyx Rochis twey 156  
Ther' neuyr yet grew corne ne gras  
Ne tre ne nought that ought was  
Beete ne man ne nought ellys  
Sauff ther were a few wellys  
Came rennyng fro the clifffes a doun 160  
That made a dedly slepyng soun  
And ronnen doun right bi a Cave  
That was vndir a rocke I-graue [leaf 112, back]  
A mydde the valey wondir depe 164  
Ther' thes goddis lay & slepe  
Morpheus & Eclympasteyre  
That was the god of slepis eyre 168

That slepe & did<sup>t</sup> non othir' werke  
 This Cau<sup>e</sup> was also as derke  
 As helle pitte ouyr al aboute  
 Thei had<sup>t</sup> good<sup>t</sup> leysar for to route 172  
 To enuye who myght slepe beste  
 Som henge her chynne vpon<sup>t</sup> her breste  
 And slept vpright her hed<sup>t</sup> I-hyd<sup>t</sup>  
 And som<sup>t</sup> lay nakid<sup>t</sup> yn her bed<sup>t</sup> 176  
 And slepe whiles the dayes laste  
 This Messager<sup>r</sup> come fleyng<sup>r</sup> faste  
 And cried O howe a-wake a-non)  
 Hit was for nought ther herd<sup>t</sup> hym non) 180  
 A-wake quoth he who lithe here  
 And blew his horne right yn her ere  
 And cried awakith wondir<sup>r</sup> hye  
 This god<sup>t</sup> of slepe with his on<sup>t</sup> ye [leaf 119]  
 Caste vp & axyd<sup>t</sup> who clepith ther<sup>r</sup>  
 Hit am I quoth this Messager<sup>r</sup>  
 Iuno bade thou sholdist gon)  
 An<sup>t</sup> tolde him what he shulde don)  
 As I haue tolde you her<sup>r</sup> byfore 184  
 Hit is no nede reherse it more  
 And went his wey when he had<sup>t</sup> seyde  
 A-non) this god<sup>t</sup> of slepe abreyde  
 Out of his slepe & gan to goon)  
 And did<sup>t</sup> as he had bede him doon)  
 Toke vp the dreynte body sone 192  
 And bare it forth to Alchyone  
 His wife the quene ther<sup>r</sup> as she laye  
 Right euyñ a quater<sup>r</sup> bifore daye  
 And stode right at his beddys fete  
 And calle<sup>d</sup> hir right as she hete 196  
 Bi name & seide my swete wife  
 A-wake let be youre sorweful life  
 For yn youre sorwe ther lith no rede  
 For certys swete I am but dede 200  
 204

ye shul me neuyr on lyue I-se  
But good swete that ye  
Bury my body for such a tyde  
ye mow it fynde the se bisyde 208  
And far' wel swete & my worldes blysse  
I pray god youre sorwe lysse  
To liteH while owre blisse lasteth  
With that hir yem vp she casteth 212  
And saw nougnt alas quoth she for sorwe  
And deyde within) the thridde morwe  
But what she seyde more yn that swowe  
I may not tell you as nowe 216  
Hit were to longe for to dwelle  
My firste matere I wul you telle  
Wherfor I haue tolde you this thinge  
Of Alchion & Seys the kynge 220  
For thus much dar I say well  
I had be doluyn) enery deth  
And ded right thorgh defaulte of slepe  
If I ne had red & take kepe 224  
Of this tale nexte before  
And I wul tell you wherfore  
For I ne myght for bote ne bale  
Slepe or I had red this tale  
Of this dreynte Seys the kynge 228  
And of the goddis of slepynge  
When I had red this tale well  
And ouyrlokyd hit everydell  
Me thought wondyr if it wer so  
For I had neuyr herd speke er' tho  
Of no goddis that koude make  
Men to slepe ne for to wake 232  
For I ne knew neuyr god but oon  
And yn my game I seyd anon  
And yit me lust right euyd to pleye  
Rathir then that I shulde deye 236  
240

Thorogh defaulte of slepyng thus  
 I wold yeue thilke Morpheus  
 Or his goddesse daime<sup>1</sup> Iuno [or danne] 244  
 Or som wight ellys I ne rought who  
 To make me slepe & haue som reste  
 I wol yeue him the aldirbeste [leaf 114, back]  
 yefte that euyr he a-bode his lyue  
 And her on warde right now as blyue  
 yif he wul make me slepe a lyte  
 Of downe of pure dowuys whyte  
 I wul yeue hym a fedir bedde  
 Rayed with golde & right wel cledde 248  
 In fyne blak Satyn de owter mere  
 And many a Pylowe & euery bere  
 Of cloth of Raynes to slepe softe  
 Him thar not nede to torne ofte 256  
 And I wul yeue him al that fallys  
 To a chambre & al his hallys  
 I wolde do peynte with pur' golde  
 And tapite hem full many folde 260  
 Of oo sute this shal he haue  
 If I wiste where wer his Cau<sup>e</sup>  
 If he kan make me slepe sone  
 As did the goddesse quene Alchione 264  
 And thus this ilke god Morpheus  
 May wynne of me mo fees thus [leaf 115]  
 Than euyr he wanne & to Iuno  
 That is his goddesse I sha<sup>ll</sup> so do  
 I trow that she sha<sup>ll</sup> holde hir payde 268  
 I had vnneth that worde I-sayde  
 Right thus as I haue tolde it you  
 That sodeinly I nyste how 272  
 Such a luste a-non me toke  
 To slepe that right vpon my boke  
 I fyl a slepe & therwith euyn  
 Me mette so ynlye swete a sweuyn

So wondirfu<sup>H</sup> that neuyr yitte  
 I trow no man had the witte  
 To konne wel my sweuyn rede  
 No not Ioseph withoute drede 280  
 Of Egipte he that red so  
 The kynges metynge Pharaao  
 No more then koude the leste of vs  
 Ne not skarslye Macrobeus 284  
 He that wrote al thauysion  
 That he mette kynge Cipyon  
 The noble man the Aufrykan [Leaf 115, back]  
 [Blank line in the MS.] 288

I trow a rede my dremys euynd  
 Lo thus it was this was my sweuyn  
**M**e thought thus that it was May  
 And yn the dawnynge I lay 292  
 Me mette thus yn my bedde al nakyd  
 And lokyd forth for I was wakyd  
 With smale fowlys a grete hepe  
 That had afraide me out of my slepe 296  
 Thorogh noyse & swetnesse of her songe  
 And al me mette thei sate a-monge  
 Vpon my chambre rofe withoute  
 Vpon the tyles ouyr-al a-boute 300  
 And songe euerych yn his wyse  
 The moste solempne seruyse  
 By note that euyr man I trowe  
 Had herde for som of hem songe lowe  
 Som hygh & al of oon accord  
 To telle shortely at oo worde  
 Was neuyr herd so swete a steuyn  
 But it had be a thinge of heuyn 304  
 So mery a sowne so swete entewny  
 That certys for the towne of tewnys  
 I nolde but I had herde hem syng  
 For al my chambre gan to ryng [Leaf 116]  
 312

Thorogh syngenge of her Armonye  
 For Instrument nor melodye  
 was nowgher herde yet half so swete  
 Nor of Accorde halfe so mete 316

For ther was non of hem that feyned  
 To syng for eche of hem hym peyned  
 To fynde oute mery crafty notys  
 Thei ne sparyd not her throtys 320

And soth to seyn my chambre was  
 Ful well depeyntyd & with glas  
 Wer al the wyndowys well I-glasyd  
 And clere & not an hole I-crasyd 324

That to biholde hit was grete Ioye  
 For holey al the storye of Troye  
 was yn the glasyng I-wrought thus  
 Of Ector & of kynge Pryamus 328

Of Achilles & of kynge lamedon  
 And eke of Medea & of Iason  
 Of Parys Eleyne & of Lauyne  
 And al the wallys with colourys fyne 332

were peyntyd both texte & glose [leaf 116, back]

And al the Romaunce of the Rose  
 My wyndowys were shette echone  
 And thorogh the glasse the sonne shone 336

Vpon my bed with bright bemys  
 With many glade gyldye stremys  
 And eke the walkyn was so fayre  
 Blew bryght clere was the Ayre 340

And ful attempre forsoth it was  
 For nothir to colde nor hote it was  
 Ne yn al the walkone was a clowde  
 And as I lay thus wondyr lowde 344

Me thought I herde a hunte blowe  
 Tassay his horne & for to knowe  
 Whethir it were clere or hors of sowne  
 And I herd goynge both vp & downe 348

Men hors houndys & othir thynge  
And al men speke of huntyng  
How thei wolde sle the harte with strenght  
And how the hart had vpon lenght 352  
So much embosyd I not now what  
Anon right when I herde that  
How that thei wolde on huntyng goon [leaf 117]  
I was right glad & vp a-noon 356  
Toke my hors & forth I went  
Oute of my chambre I neuyr stent  
Tyl I come to the felde withoute  
Ther' ouyrtoke I a grete route 360  
Of huntys & eke of Foresters  
With many relayes & lymers  
And hied hem to the fforeste faste  
And with hem so at the laste 364  
I askyd oon ladde a lymere  
Say felow who shall hunte here  
Quoth I & he answeryd a-geyn  
Syr themperowr' Octonyen 368  
Quoth he & is her' fast by  
A goddis half yn good tyme quoth I  
Go we faste & gan to ryde  
when we kame to the fforestys syde 372  
Euery man did right a non  
As to huntyng was to don  
The mayster hunte a-non fote hote  
with a grete horne blywe iij mote 376  
At the vncowplynge of his houndys  
Within a while the herte founde ys  
I halwid & rechasyd faste  
longe tyme & so at the laste 380  
This hert Rused & stale a-way  
Fro al the houndys a preuy way  
The houndis had ouyrshotte hym al  
And were vpon a defaulte I-fal 384

Therwith the hunte wondir faste  
 Blew a fforleigne at the laste  
 I was go walkyd fro my tre  
 And as I went ther came by me 388.  
 A whelpe that fownyd me as I stode  
 That had I-folwyd & koude no good  
 Hit come & crepte to me as lowe  
 Right as it had me I-knowe 392  
 Hildoun his hed & ioyned his erys  
 And leyde all smoth doun his herys  
 I wolde haue kaught it & a-non  
 Hit fled & was fro me gon 396  
 And I him folwid & it forth went  
 Doun bi a flowrye grene wente  
 Fu<sup>ll</sup> thicke of gras fu<sup>ll</sup> softe & swete  
 With flourys fele feyre vndirfote [leaf 118] 400  
 And lite<sup>ll</sup> vsyd hit semyd thus  
 For both flora & zepherus  
 Thei two that make flourys growe  
 Had made her dwellynge there I trowe 404  
 For it was on to be-holde  
 As though therth enuye wolde  
 To be gayer than the heuyn  
 To haue mo flourys swich seuyn 408  
 As yn the walkene sterrys be  
 Hit had forgete the pouerte  
 That wyntyr thorgh his colde morwys  
 Had made it suffer' & his sorwys 412  
 AH was forgete & that was sene  
 For all the wood was waxyn grene  
 Swetnesse of dewe had made it wexe  
 Hit is no nede eke for to Axe 416.  
 Wher' ther wer' many grene greuys  
 Or thikke of trees so fu<sup>ll</sup> of leuys  
 And euery tre stode by hym-selue  
 Fro othir w<sup>ch</sup> ten fete fro othir twelue 420.

So grete treis so huge of strength	
Of fourty fyfty fedme lengh	
Clene withoute bowgh or stykke	[leaf 118, back]
with croppys both & eke as thykke	424
They were not an ynche a sondre	
That hit was shadwe ouyr aſt vndre	
And many an herte & many an hynde	
Was both bifore me & bi-hynde	428
Of ftownys Sowrys bukrys Doys	
Was full the wode & many Royſ	
And many Squyrellys that sete	
Ful high vpon the treys & ete	432
And yn her maner made ffestys	
Shortly it was so full of bestys	
That though Argus the noble counter	
Sete to rekne yn his Counter	436
And rekne with his ffygurys ten	
For by the ffygures mow aſt ken	
If thei be crafty rekne & noumbr	
And teſt of euery thynge the novmbr	440
yit shulde he fayle to rekne euyñ	
The wondrys me mette yn my sweuyn	
But forth they romyd right wondr faste	
Doune the wood so at the laste	444
I was ware of a man yn blake	
That sete & had turnyd his bake	[leaf 119]
To an Oke a huge tre	
lorde thought I who may that be	448
What ayleth him to sytte here	
A-non right I wente nere	
Than founde I sitte euyñ vpright	
A wondir wel farynge knyght	452
By the maner me thought so	
Of good muchiſt & yonge ther-to	
Of the age of foure & twenty yere	
Vpon his berde but litell here	456

And he was clothid al yn blake  
 ¶ stalkid euyn vnto his bake  
 And there I stode as styll as ought  
 That soth to sey he saw me nought  
 For whi he henge his hed a doun  
 And with a dedly sorwefull soun  
 He made of Ryme x vers or twelue  
 Of a complaynt to him selue 460  
 The moste pite the moste routh  
 That euyr I herde for by my trouth  
 hit was grete wondir that Nature  
 Might suffre any creature [leaf 119, back] 464  
 To haue such sorwe & be not ded  
 Fu ll pitouse pale & nothinge red  
 He seide a lay a maner songe  
 Withoute note withoute songe 472  
 And it was this for full wel I kan  
 Reherse it right thus hit bigan  
 I haue of sorwe so grete wone  
 That ioye gete I neuyr none 476  
 [No gap in the MS. The supposed line here was my mistake.]  
 Now that I se my lady bright  
 Which I haue louyd with al my myght  
 Is fro me ded & is a-gon) 480  
 ¶ Allas deth what ayleth the  
 That thou noldist haue takin me  
 When thou toke my lady swete  
 That was so feire so frell so fre  
 So good that men may wel se  
 Of al goodnesse she had no mete  
 ¶ Whan he had made thus his complaynte  
 His sorwfull herte gan faste faynte 484  
 And his spirytes woxyn dede  
 The blod was fled for pure drede  
 Doune to his herte to make him warme  
 For wel it felid the herte had harme 488  
 492

To wite whi eke it was a-drad  
Be kynde & for to make it glad  
For it ys membre princypal  
Of the bodye & that made al 496  
His hewe chaungid & wex grene  
And pale for there no blod is sene  
In no maner lyme of his  
Anon therwith when I saw this 500  
He ferde thus euyl there he sete  
I wente & stode right at his fete  
And grette him but he spake nought  
But argyf with his owne thought 504  
And yn his wytte disputyf faste  
Whi & how his life myght laste  
Him though his sorwys were so smerte  
And lay so colde vpon his herte 508  
So thorogh his sorwe & heuy thought  
Made him that he herde me nought  
For he had welnygh loste his mynde [leaf 120, back]  
Though Pan that men clepe the god of kynde 512  
Were for his sorwis neuyr so wroth  
Bat at the laste to seyn right soth  
He was ware of me where I stode  
Bifore him & did of myn hode 516  
And had I-grette him as I beste koude  
Debonayrely & nothyng lowde  
he seide I prey the be not wroth  
I herde the not to seyn the soth 520  
Ne I saw the not syr trewlye  
A good sir no fors quoth I  
I am right sory if I haue ought  
Distourblid you oute of youre thought 524  
Foryeue me if I haue mystake  
yis thamendis is light to make  
Quoth he for ther lith non therto  
Ther is no thinge mysseide nor do 528

loo how goodly spake this knyght  
 As hit had ben an othir wight  
 He made it nouthir tough ne queynte  
 And I saw that & gan maqueynte [leaf 121] 532  
 With him & fonde him so tretable  
 Right wondir skilfull & resonable  
 As me thought for aſt his bale  
 A-non right I gan fynde a tale  
 To him to loke wher I myght ought  
 Haue more knowyng of his thought  
 Sir quoth I this game ys doſt  
 I holde that this herte be goſt  
 This huntys kun him noughere ſe  
 I do no forſ therof quoth he  
 Mi thought is there-on neuyr a deſt  
 Be oure lorde quoth I y trow yow weſt 544  
 Right ſo me thinketh bi youre chere  
 But syr o thinge wulſt ye here  
 Me thinketh yn grete sorwe I you ſe  
 But certys syr if that ye 548  
 Wolde oughte diſcure me youre woo  
 I wolde as wyſ god helpe me ſo  
 Amende it if I kan or may  
 ye mow preue hit by assay 552  
 For be my trouth to make you hool [leaf 121, back]  
 I wulſt do aſt my powere hoot  
 And tellith me of youre ſorwys ſmerte  
 Perauenture it may eſe your' herte 556  
 That ſemyth fulſ ſeke vndir your' ſyde  
 With that he lokyd on me aſyde  
 As who ſeith nay that wolſt not be  
 Graunte mercy good frende quoth he  
 I thanke the that thou woldiſt ſo  
 But it may neuyr the rathir be do  
 No man may neuyr my ſorwe glade  
 That makith my hew to falſ & fade 560  
 564

And hath myn vndirstondyng lorne  
That me is woo that I was borne  
May nought make my sorwis slyde  
Nought all the remedyes of Ouyde 568  
Ne Orpheus god of melodye  
Ne Dedalus with his playes slye  
Ne hele me may no Phisycyen  
Nought ypocras ne Galyen 572  
Me is woo that I leue owrys twelue  
But who-so wul assay hym-selue  
Whethir his herte kan haue pite  
Of any sorwe lat hym se me 576  
I wrech that deth hath made all nakyd  
Of all blysse that euyr was makyd  
I-worth worste of all wyghtys  
That hate my dayes & my nyghtys 580  
My lyfe my lustys be me loth  
For all welfare & I be wroth  
The pure deth ys so full my foo  
That I wolde deye hit wul not so 584  
For when I folwe it hit wul fie  
I wolde haue hym hit nyh not be  
This is my peyne withoute red  
Alwey dyenge & be not ded 588  
That Thesiphus that lyth in hel  
May not of more sorwe teh  
And who-so wiste all be my trouth  
My sorwe but he had routh 592  
And pite of my sorwys smerte  
That man hath a fendely herte  
For who-so seith me firste on morwe  
May seyn he hath mette with sorwe 596  
For I am sorwe & sorwe ys I  
Allas & I wul tell the why  
My sorwe ys turnyd to pleynenge  
And all my laughtre to wepynge 600

My glad thoughtys to heuynesse  
 In trauayle ys myn Idylnesse  
 And eke my reste my wele ys wo  
 My good ys harme & euyr-mo 604  
 In-to wrath ys turnyd my pleyenge  
 And my delyte yn-to sorwyng  
 Myñ hele ys turnyd yn-to sekenesse  
 In drede ys all my sikyrnesse 608  
 To derke ys turnyd all my lyght  
 My wytte ys folye my day ys nyght  
 My loue ys hate my slepe ys wakyng  
 My myrth & melys ys fastynge 612  
 My contynance ys nycete  
 And all abawyd wher-so I be  
 My pes yn pledynge & yn werre [leaf 123]  
 Allas how myght I fare werre 616  
 My boldnesse is turnyd to shame  
 For fals Fortune hath pleyde a game  
 At the chesse with me allas the while  
 The trayteresse fals & ful of gyle 620  
 That all bihotith & no-thinge halte  
 She geth vpright & yit she is halte  
 That bagith foule & lokith feire  
 The dispitouse debonayre 624  
 That skornyth many a creature  
 An ydole of fals portrayture  
 Is she for she wul sone varyen  
 She ys the Mowstry hed I-wryen 628  
 As filth ouyr I-strawyd with flourys  
 Hir moste woorschip & hir flourys  
 To lye for that ys hir Nature  
 withoutfeith lawe or mesure 632  
 She ys fals & euyr laughynge  
 With oon ye & that othir wepyng  
 That ys brought vp she sette all douñ  
 I likne hir to the Scorpouñ 636  
 [leaf 123, back]

That ys a fals flaterynge beste  
For with his hed he makyth feste  
But al amyddē his flaterynge  
With his tayle hit wul̄t stynge 640  
And envenyme & so wul̄t she  
She ys thenyouse charyte  
That ys ay fals & semyth wele  
So turnyth she hir fals whele 644  
A-boute for hit ys nothyng stable  
Now by the fyre now at the table  
For many oon hath̄ she thus I-blent  
She ys pley of enchauntement 648  
That semyth oon & ys not so  
The fals thefe what hath̄ she do  
Trowist thou by oure lorde I wul̄t the sey  
At the chesse with me she gan to pleye 652  
With hir fals draughtys dyuerse  
She stale on me & toke my Ferse  
And when I saw my Fers a-waye  
Allas I kouth no lengyr pleye [leaf 124] 656  
But seide fare wel swete I-wys  
And fare wel all that euyr ther ys  
Therwyth Fortune seide cheke her  
And mate yn the myd poynte of the chekere 660  
With a powne erraunte allas  
FuH craftyter to pleye she was  
Than Athalus that made the game  
Fyrst of the chesse so was hys name 664  
But god wolde I had onys or twytes  
I koude & knowe the Iupardyes  
That koude the Greke Pythagoras  
I sholde haue pleyde the bet at ches 668  
And kepte my fers the bet ther-by  
And though wherto for trewlye  
I holde that wyssh̄ not worth a stre  
I had be neuyr the bet for me 672

For Fortune kan so many a wyle  
 Ther be but few kan hir begyle  
 And eke she ys the las to blame  
 My-self I wolde haue do the same 676  
 Be-fore god as I be as she  
 [leaf 124, back]  
 She ought the more excusyd be  
 For this I sey yet more therto  
 Had I be god & myght haue do 680  
 My wylle when she my Fers kaught  
 I wolde haue drawe the same draught  
 For also wys god yeue me reste  
 I dar wel swere he toke the beste 684  
 But thorogh that draught I haue lorne  
 My blisse allas that I was borne  
 For euymore I trowe trewlye  
 For all my wylle my luste holelye 688  
 Is turnyd but yet what to done  
 Be owre lorde it ys to dey sone  
 For no thinge I leue it nought  
 But lyue & deye right yn this thought 692  
 For ther nys planete in Fyrmament  
 Ne yn eyre ne yn erth non Element  
 That thei ne yeue me a yefte echoñ  
 Of wepynge when I am allone 696  
 For when that I avyse me well  
 And bethenke me euerydell  
 How that ther lyth yn rekenyng  
 In my sorwe for no thynge 700  
 And how ther leuyth no gladnesse  
 May glade me of my dystresse  
 And how I haue loste my suffysaunce  
 And therto I haue no plesaunce  
 Then may I sey I haue right nought 704  
 And when all this fallith yn my thought  
 Allas then am I ouyrcome  
 For that ys done ys not to come 708

I haue more sorwe then Tantale  
And when I herd this tale  
¶ Thus pitously as I you tell  
Vneth̄ myght I lengur dwel̄ 712  
Hid did myn herte so much woo  
A good sir quoth I sey nat so  
Haue som pite on youre Nature  
That formyd you to creature 716  
Remembre yow of Socrates  
ffor he ne countyd that iij streys  
Of nouḡt that Fortune koude do  
No quoth he I kan not so 720  
Whi so good syr yis parde quoth I  
Ne nouḡt so for trewlye  
Though ye had loste the Fersys twelue  
And ye for sorwe mordryd your-selue 724  
Ye sholde be dampnyd yn this cas  
By as good ryght as Medea was  
That slough hir childryñ for Iason  
And Phillys also for Demophon 728  
Henge hir-self so welawaye  
For he had broke hys terme daye  
To come to hir an-othir rage  
Had dido the quene of Cartage 732  
That slough hir-self for Eneas  
was fals which a fole she was  
And Ecquo dyed for Narcysus  
Nolde not loue hir & right thus 736  
Hath many an othir folye doñ  
And for Dalida dieð Sampson  
That slough hym-self with a pylere  
But ther' is no man a lyue here  
wold for a fers make this woo  
whi so quoth he it ys not soo  
Thou woste ful̄ lytell what þou menyst  
I haue loste more then thou wenyst 744

lo she þat may be quoth I  
 Good syr tell me all hooly  
 In what wise how whi & wherfor  
 That ye han thus youre blysse loren 748  
 Blithly quoth he com sytte a-doun  
 I tell it the vp a condicyoun  
 That thou shalt holey with all thi wytte  
 Do thyn entente to herkne hit 752  
 yis syr swere thi trouth thereto  
 Gladly do then holde her' lo  
 I shal right blithly so god me saue  
 Holely with all the witte I haue 756  
 Here you as well as I kan [leaf 126, back]  
 A goddis half quoth he & bigan  
 Syr quoth he sith first I kouth  
 Haue eny maner wytte fro youth  
 Or kyndely vndirstondynge  
 To comprehendynge yn any thyng  
 what loue was yn myn owne wytte  
 Dredles I haue euyr yitte 760  
 Be tributarye & yeue rente  
 To loue hooly with good entente  
 And throḡh plesaunce bicome his thrall  
 with good wyl body herte & all 764  
 AH this I putte yn his seruage  
 As to my lorde & did homage  
 And full deuoutely I preyed him to  
 He shulde bisette myn herte so 768  
 That hit plesaunce to him were  
 And wurshipe to my lady dere  
 And this was longe & many a yere  
 Or that myn herte was set owghere  
 That I did thus & nyste why 776  
 I trow hit came me kyndely  
 Perauentur' I was thereto moste able  
 As a white wall or a table 780



Amonge thes ladies thus echoñ  
 Soth to seyn I saugh oon  
 That was like noñ of the rowte [leaf 128]  
 For I dar swer' withoute dowte 820  
 That as the somorys sonne bright  
 Is fayrer clerer' & hath more light  
 Than eny othir planete in heuyn  
 The mone or the sterrys seuyñ  
 For all the worlde so had she  
 Surmountyd hem all of beaute  
 Of maner & of comlynnesse  
 Of stature & of so well set gladnesse 828  
 Of goodlihed & so well beseye  
 Shortly what shall I sey  
 By god & bi halwys twelue  
 Hit was my swete right all hir-selue 832  
 She had so stedfast countenaunce  
 So noble porte & meyntenaunce  
 And loue that had well herde my bone  
 Had espyed me thus sone 836  
 That she full sone yn my thought  
 As help me god so was I kaught  
 So sodeynly that I ne toke [leaf 128, back]  
 No maner counself but at hir loke 840  
 And at myn herte for-whi hir yef  
 So gladly I trow myn herte syen  
 That purely tho myn owne thought  
 Seide it were bettre to serue hir for nought  
 Then with an othir to be well 844  
 And it was soth for euerydell  
 I wul a-non right tell the why  
 I saw hir daunce so comely 848  
 Carole & syng so swetely  
 Laugh & pley so womanly  
 And loke so debonayrely  
 So goodly speke & so frendry 852

That certys I trow that euyrmore	
Nas seyn so blisfuH A tresore	
For euery here on hir hed	
Soth to seyn it was not red	856
Ne nouthir yolwe ne brownie it nas	[leaf 129]
Me thought moste like it was	
And which yen my lady had	
Debonayre good glad & sad	860
Symples of good mochyH nought to wyde	
Therto hir loke nas not a-syde	
Ne ouyrtwert but bisette so well	
Hit drewgh & toke vp euerydell	864
AH that on h[i]r gan beholde	
Hir eyen semyd a-non she wolde	
Hauue mercy folys wendyn soo	
But it was neuyr the rathir doo	868
Hit nas no countrefetyd thynge	
Hit was hir owne pure lokynge	
That the goddesse Dame Nature	
Had made hem opyñ by mesure	872
And cloos for were she neuyr so glad	
Hyr lokynge was not foly sprad	
Ne wyldly thought that she pleyd	
But euyr me thought hir yen seide	[leaf 129, back]
Be god my wrath ys aH foryeue	876
Therwith hir luste so well to leue	
That dulnysse was of hir a-drad	
She nas to sobre ne to glad	880
In aH thinges more mesure	
Had neuyr I trowe creature	
But many oon with hir loke she hert	
And that sate hir full lyte at hert	884
For she knew no thinge of her thought	
[ . . . . . a line blank in the MS.]	
Algat she ne rought of hem a stre	
To gete hir loue no nerre was he	888

That wonyd at home that he yñ ynde  
 The formest was alwey behynde  
 But good folke ouyr aþ othyr  
 She louyd as man may do his brothyr 892  
 Of which loue she was wondyr large  
 In skylfuþ placys that bere charge  
 But which a visage had she therto  
 Allas myñ hert ys wondyr woo 896  
 That I ne kan diskryuen hit [leaf 130]  
 Me lakkyth both englissñ & wyt  
 For to vndo hit at the full  
 And eke my spritz be so duff 900  
 So grete a thynge for to deuyse  
 I haue no wytte that kan suffyse  
 To comprehendre hir beaute  
 But thus much dar I sayn that she 904  
 was white rody fressh & lyuely hewyd  
 And euery day hir beaute newyd  
 And neygh hir face was aldirbest  
 For certys Nature had such lest 908  
 To make that feyre that trewly she  
 was hir chief Patrone of beaute  
 And chief ensample of aþ hir werke  
 And monstre for be hit neuyr so derke 912  
 Me thinketh I se hir euyr-mo  
 And yet more-ouyr though aþ tho  
 That euyr leuyd were now a-lyue  
 Ne sholde a founde to dyskryue 916  
 In aþ hir face a wyckyd sygne [leaf 130, back]  
 For it was sad symple & benygne  
 And which a goodly softe spech  
 Had that swete my lyues lech 920  
 So frendly & so well I-groundyd  
 Vp aþ reson so well I-foundyd  
 And so tretable to aþ good  
 That I dar swer well bi the rood 924

Of Eloquence was neuyr founde·  
So swete a sownyng facounds·  
Ne trewar tongyd ne skornyd lasse·  
Ne bet koude hele that by the masse 928  
I dorste swere though the Pope it songe·  
That ther was yit neuyr thorogh hir tonge·  
Man ne woman gretly harmyd·  
As for hir was al harme hyd· 932  
Ne lasse flaterynge yn hir worde·  
That purely hir symple recorde·  
was founde as trew as any bonde·  
Or trouth of any mannys honde· 936  
Ne chide she koude neuyr a deß [leaf 181]  
That knowith al the worlde full well  
But such a faynesse of a necke·  
Had that swete that boñ ne brecke· 940  
Nas ther noñ sene that myssate·  
Hit was white smoth streight & pure flatte  
Withoute hole or caneß boñ  
As be semyng had she noñ 944  
Hir throte as I haue now memorye  
Semyd a rounde towre of Ivorye  
Of good gretnesse & nought to gret  
And good fayre white she het 948  
That was my ladyes name ryght  
She was both fayre & bryght  
She had not hir name wronge·  
Right fayre shuldrys & body longe 952  
She had & Armys euery lyth  
Fattyssh Fleshy not gret therwith  
Right white hondys & nayles red·  
Rounde brestys & of good brede· [leaf 181, back] 956  
Hir hypes were· A streigh[t] flatte bake·  
I knyw on hir noñ othir lake  
Nat al hir lymes wer' pur' sewyngē  
In as ferre as I had knowyngē 960

Therto she koude so weſt pley  
 Whan that hir lust that I dar sey  
 That she was like to torche bright  
 That euery man may take of lyght  
 I-nough & hit hath neuyr-the-lesse  
 Of maner & of comlynesse  
 Right so ferde my lady dere  
 ffor euery wight of hir manere. 968

Might each I-nough if that he wolde  
 If he had yen hir to beholde  
 ffor I dar swere weſt if that she  
 Had a-monge ten thousands be. 972

She wold a be at the leste  
 A chieff Merroure of aſt the feste  
 Though thei had ſtonde yn a rowe [leaf 132]  
 To menys yen koude haue knowe 976

ffor wher ſo men had pleyd or wakyd  
 Me thought the felishipe as nakyd  
 Withoute hir that ſawgh I· onys  
 As A crowne withoute ſtonys 980

Trewly ſhe was to myn ye  
 The ſoleyn ffenyx of Arabye  
 ffor ther leuyth neuyr but oon  
 Ne ſuch as ſhe ne know I noon 984

To ſpeke of goodnesſe trewly ſhe  
 Had aſmuch Debonayrete  
 As euyr had Hestre yn the bible  
 And more if more were poſſible. 988

And ſoþ to ſeyn therwithaſt  
 She had a wytte ſo generaſt  
 So hole enclyned to aſt good  
 That aſt hir wytte was ſette by the Rood. 992

with-oute malyce vpon gladnesſe  
 And thereto I ſaugh neuyr yet a lesse [leaf 132, back]  
 Harmeful then ſhe was yn dede  
 I ſey not that ſhe ne had knowyng 996

what harme was or ellys she  
Hal koude no good as thenkyth me  
And trewly for to speke of trouth  
But she had had it had be routh 1000  
Theroft she had so much hir dele  
And I dar seyn & swer it wele  
That trouth him-self ouyr al & al  
Had chose his manere pryncypal  
In hir that was his restyng place 1004  
Therto she had the moste grace  
To haue stedfast parseueraunce  
And esy atempre gouernaunce 1008  
That euyr I knew or wyste yitte  
So pure suffraunt was hir wytte  
And reson gladly she vndyrstode/  
Hit folwyd well that she was good [leaf 1ss] 1012  
She vsyd gladly to do well  
Thes were hir maners every deff  
Therwith she louyd so well right  
She wronge do wolde to no wight 1016  
No wight myght do hir no shame  
She louyd so well hyr owne name  
Hir lust to holde no wight yn honde  
Ne be thou syker she wolde not fonde 1020  
To hold no wight in balaunce  
By half worde ne by contenaunce  
But if men wolde vpon hir lye  
Ne send men yn-to walakye 1024  
To spewse & yn-to Tartarye  
To Alisaundre & yn-to Turkye  
And byd hym faste a-non that he  
Goo hoodles yn-to the drye see  
And come hom by the carrenare 1028  
And sey syr be now right ware  
That I may of you here seyn  
Wurships or that ye come a-geyn

[leaf 1ss, back] 1032

She ne vsyd<sup>d</sup> no such knacky<sup>s</sup> smale  
 But wherfor that I tel<sup>t</sup> my tale  
 Right on this same that I haue seyd  
 was hooly al<sup>t</sup> my loue leyde 1036

For certys she was that swete wyfe  
 My suffysaunce my luste my lyfe  
 Myn hape my<sup>n</sup> hele & al<sup>t</sup> my blysse  
 My worldys welfare & my godesse 1040

And I hooly hyres euerydell  
 By oure lorde quoth I· I trow you well  
 Hardely youre loue was well bisette  
 I not how ye myght haue do bette 1044

Bette ne no wyght so well quoth he  
 I trow hit well syr quoth I· Parde  
 Nay leue it well syr soo do I  
 I leue you well that trewly 1048

You thought that she was the beste  
 Al<sup>t</sup> to beholde the aldyrfayrest  
 who-so had lokyd<sup>d</sup> hir with youre Eye<sup>n</sup>  
 with myn nay al<sup>t</sup> that hir seye<sup>n</sup> [leaf 104]

Seyde & swore hit was soo  
 And though<sup>d</sup> thei ne had<sup>t</sup> I wolde thou  
 Haue louyd louyd<sup>d</sup> best my lady fre  
 Though<sup>d</sup> I hade had<sup>t</sup> al<sup>t</sup> the beaute 1056

That euyr had<sup>t</sup> Alcypyades  
 And al<sup>t</sup> the strength<sup>d</sup> of Ercules  
 And thereto had the worthynesse  
 Of Alysaundre & al<sup>t</sup> the Rychesse 1060

That euyr was yn babyloyne  
 In Cartage or yn Macedoyne  
 Or yn Rome or yn Nynyve  
 And to also as hardy be 1064

As was Ector so haue I ioye  
 That Achilles slough at Troy  
 And therfor was he slayn also  
 In a temple for both two 1068

Were slain he & Antylegyus	[leaf 134, back]
And so seith Dares ffrygyus	
For loue of Poloxena.	
Or beñ as wys as Mynerva	1072
I wolde euyr withoute drede	
Haue louyd hir for I must nede.	
Nede nay trewly I gabbe now.	
Nought nede & I wul teſt how	1076
ffor of good wyh myn hert it wolde	
And eke to loue hir I was holde	
As for feyrest & the beſte	
She was as good so haue I reste	1080
As euyr was Penolope of grece	
Or as the noble wyfe Lucrece	
That was the beſte he tellith thus /	
The Romayne Tytus Lyuyvs	1084
She was as good & no-thinge lyke	
Though hir storyes be Autentyke	
Algat she was as trewe as she	[leaf 135]
But wherfore that I teſt the.	1088
when I first my lady say	
I was right yonge sothi to say	
And ful grete nede I had to lerne.	
when my herte wolde yerne	1092
To loue it was a gret emprysse	
But as my wytte koude best suffyse	
Aftyr my yonge childly wytte	
withoute drede I besette hytta	
To loue hir yn my beste wyse	1096
To do hir wurshipe & the seruysse	
That I koude tho be my trouth	
withoute feynynge outhir slouth	
For wondir fayne I wolde hir se	1100
So mochil hit amendid me.	
That whan I saugh hir first a-morwe	
I was warshid of al my sorwe	1104

Of alday astyr ty<sup>H</sup> it were eue [leaf 135, back]  
 Me thought no thinge myght me greue  
 Were my sorwys neuyr so smerte  
 And yet she sytte so yn myn herte 1108  
 That by my trouth I nolde nought  
 For al this worlde oute of my thought  
 Leue my lady no trewly  
 Now by my trouth syr quoth I 1112  
 Me thinketh ye haue such a chaunce  
 As shryfte withoute repentaunce  
 Repentaunce nay fy quoth he  
 Shold I now repente me 1116  
 To loue nay certys than wer' I we<sup>H</sup>  
 wers then was Achetofe<sup>H</sup>  
 Or Antenore so haue I ioye  
 The traytor that betraysed Troye 1120  
 Or the fals Genello<sup>H</sup>  
 He that purchasyd' the treso<sup>H</sup>  
 Of Rowland & Olyuere  
 Nay while I am a-lyue here 1124  
 I ny<sup>H</sup> foryete hir neuyr mo  
 Now good syr quoth I thoo [leaf 136]  
 Ye haue we<sup>H</sup> tolde me her' bifore  
 It ys no nede reherse it more 1128  
 How ye saugh hir first & where  
 But wolde ye tell me the manere  
 To hir which was youre firste spech  
 Thero<sup>H</sup> I wolde you besech 1132  
 And how she knew fyrst your' thought  
 whethir ye louyd hir or nougat  
 And tellith me eke what ye haue lore  
 I herd you tell her' bifore 1136  
 ye he seyde thou noste what thou menyst  
 I haue loste more then thou wenyst  
 what losse ys that quoth I tho  
 Ny<sup>H</sup> she not loue you ys hit so 1140

Or haue ye ought doñ a-mys /  
That she hath lefte you ys hit this  
For godys loue tell me al /  
Before god quoth he & I shall [leaf 126, back] 1144  
I say right as I haue seyde  
On hyr' was al my loue leyde  
And yet she nyst it not neyrr a deß  
Nought longe tyme leue it well 1148  
For be right siker I durste nought  
For al this worlde tell hir my thought  
Ne I wolde haue wrathyd hir trewly  
For wostow whi she was lady 1152  
Of the body she had the herte  
And who hath that may not asterte  
But for to kepe me fro ydlynesse  
Trewly I dyd my besynesse 1156  
To make songys as I best koude  
And ofte tyme I songe hem lowde  
And made songys thus a grete deß  
Al-though I koude not make so well 1160  
Songys to know the Arte al /  
As koude Lamekys / son Tubañ  
That fonde out fyrste the Arte of songe [leaf 137] 1164  
For as his brotherys hamerys ronge  
Vpon his Anucl et vp & douñ  
Therof he toke the fyrste souñ  
But Grekys seyn Pythagoras /  
That he the fyrst fynder was / 1168  
Of the Arte Aurora tellith so  
But therof no fors of hem two  
¶ Albatys songys thus I made  
Of my felynge myñ herte to glade 1172  
And lo thus was althyrr fyrste  
I not wher it were the fyrst  
Lorde it makith myn herte light  
when I thenke on that swete wyght 1176

That ys so semely on to se  
 And wyssh to god it myght so be  
 That she wolde holde me for hir knyght  
 My lady that ys so feyre & bryght [leaf 187, back] 1180

Now haue I tolde the soth to say  
 My firste songe vpon a day  
 I be-thought me what woo  
 And sorwe that I suffryd thoo 1184

For hir & yet she wyste it nought  
 Ne tell hir durste I not my thought  
 Allas thought I y kan no rede  
 And but I tell hir I am but ded 1188

And if I tell hir to sey right soth  
 I am a-drad she wul be wroth  
 Allas what shall I then doo  
 In this debate I was so woo 1192

Me thought myn hert brast a-tweyn  
 So at the laste soth to seyn  
 I bethought me that Nature  
 Ne formyd neuyr yn creature 1196

So much beaute trewly  
 And bounte withoute mercy  
 In hope of that my tale I tolde [leaf 188]  
 With sorwe as that I neuyr shulde 1200

For nedys & mawgre myn Hed  
 I moste haue tolde hir or be ded  
 I not well how that I biganne  
 Full euyll reherse hit I kan 1204

And eke as help me god with-all  
 I trow hit was yn the dysmalle  
 That was the .x. woundys of Egypce  
 For many a worde I ouyrskypte 1208

In my tale for pure fere  
 Lest my wordys mys-sette were  
 With sorwefull herte & woundys ded  
 Softe & quakynge for pure drede 1212

And shame & styntyng yn my tale  
For ferde & myn hewe all pale  
Fu<sup>ll</sup> ofte I wex both<sup>h</sup> pale & red<sup>h</sup>  
Bowynge to hir y henge the hed<sup>h</sup> [leaf 138, back] 1216  
I durste not onys loke hyr on<sup>h</sup>  
For wytte maner & all was go<sup>th</sup>  
I seyde mercy & no more  
Hyt nas no game it sate me sore 1220  
So at the laste soth to seyn  
When that myn herte was come a-geyn  
To telle shortly all my spech  
with hool herte I gan hir besech 1224  
That she wolde be my lady swete  
And swere & gan hir hertely hete  
Euyr to be stydfast & trew  
And loue hir alwey freshly new 1228  
And neuyr odyr lady haue  
And all hir wrushipe for to sau<sup>h</sup>  
As I beste koude I swore hir this  
For yourys ys all that euyr ther ys 1232  
For euermore myn herte swete  
And neuyr to fals you but I mete  
I nyl as wys god help me so [leaf 139]  
And when I had my tale I-do 1236  
God wote she Acountyd not A stre  
Of all my tale so thought me  
To tell shortly ryght as hit ys  
Trewly hir Answer<sup>h</sup> it was this 1240  
I kan not now well countrefete  
Hir wordis but this was the grete  
Of hir Ansuere she seyde nay  
All outerly alias that day 1244  
The sorwe I suffryd & the woo  
That trewly Cassandra that soo  
Bewayled the destructyon  
Of Troy & of Ilyon 1248

Had neuyr such sorwe as I tho·  
 I durst no more say ther-to  
 For pure fere but stale a-way  
 And thus I lyued full many a day 1252  
 That trewly I had no nede  
 Ferthir then my beddys hede  
 Neuyr a day to sech sorwe [leaf 139, back]  
 I fonde it redy eury morwe 1256  
 For-whi I louyd hir yn no geref  
 So hit bifehd an othir yere  
 I thought onys I wolde fonde  
 To do hir knowe & vndirstonde 1260  
 My woo & she wehd vndirstode  
 That I ne wilned no thinge but goode  
 And wurships & to kepe hir name  
 Ouyr ahd thinges & drede hir shame 1264  
 And was so besy hir to serue  
 And pite were I shulde sterue  
 Sith that I wylned non harme I-wys  
 So when my lady knewe ahd this 1268  
 My lady yaf me ahd holely  
 The noble yefte of hir mercy  
 Sauyng hir wurships by ahd weyes  
 Dredeles I mene nof othir weyes 1272  
 And therwith she yaf me a rynge  
 I trow it was the first thynge  
 But yf myñ hert was I-waxe [leaf 140]  
 Glad that ys no nede to axe 1276  
 As help me god I was as blyue  
 Reysed as fro deth to lyue  
 Of ahd hapys the Aldirbest  
 The gladest & the moste at reste 1280  
 For trewly that swete wight  
 Whan I had wronge & she the right  
 She wolde alwey so goodly  
 Foryeue me so debonayrely 1284

In all my youthyn all chaunce  
She toke me yn hir gouernaunce  
Therwith she was alwey so trewe  
Owre ioye was euyr I-liche newe  
Owre hertis weren so euyn A payre  
That neuyr nas that on contrayre  
To that oþir for no woo.  
For such I-lich thei suffrid the  
Oo blisse & eke oo sorwe both  
I-lich thei were both glad & wroþh  
Ah was vs oon withoute were  
And thus we leuyd ful many a yer  
So weþ I kan not tell how  
Syr quoth I wher is she now  
Now quoth he & stynte A-noñ  
Therwith he wex as ded as ston  
And seid Allas that I was bore  
That was the losse that her-bifore  
I tolde the that I had lorne  
Bethenke how I seide her beforne  
Thow wost ful litell what thou menyst  
I haue loste more then thou wenyst  
God wote Allas right þat was she.  
Allas sir how what may that be  
She ys ded. Nay. yes be my trouth  
Is that your losse bigod it ys routh  
And with that worde right a-noñ  
They gan to strake forth all was don  
For that tyme the harte huntyng  
With that me thought that this kynge  
Gan homeward for to ryde  
Vn-to a place was ther bisyde  
Which was from vs but a lyte  
A longe Casteþ with wallys white  
Be seynt Iohñ on a riche hyþ  
As me mette but thus it fyþ  
1288

[leaf 140, back]

1292

1296

1300

1304

1308

1312

1316

1320

Right thus me mette as I you tell  
 That yn the Castell ther was a bell  
 As it had smythe owrys twelue

Therwith I a-woke my-selue

1324

And fonde me lyenge yn my bed

And the boke that I had red

Of Alchyone & Seys the kynge

And of the godys of slepyngē

1328

I fonde it in myñ honde full euyñ

Thought I this ys so queynte a sweuynñ

That I wull be processe of tyme

Fonde to put this sweuyn yn ryme

1332

As I kan best & that a-nof

This was my sweuyn now hit ys doñ

**Explicit The Boke Of the Duchesse./ IL [?]**

[? IL (*after Duchesse.*) ]

## 7.

## The Complaint to Pity

FROM

## 1. HARLEIAN MS. 7578.

## 2. THE MARQUIS OF BATH'S LONGLEAT MS. 258.

The original Contents of the latter MS. are given on the back of the last leaf, 147, thus :—

- (1) Litera directa Cupidinis amatoribus [Hoccleve's; *printed*].
- (2) Vnum Carmen.
- (3) Templum Vitreum (leaf 1-82) [Lydgate's Temple of Glas; *printed*].
- (4) De folio & flore<sup>1</sup>. ['The Flower and Leaf,' formerly attributed to Chaucer; *often printed*.]
- (5) Exclamatio martis (*imperf.*, lf 49-54) [CHAUCER'S: *printed in the Supplementary Parallel-Texts*, p. 143-152.]
- (6) Exclamatio de morte pietatis (leaf 55-57) [CHAUCER'S: *printed here*, p. 253].
- (7) Congregacio dominarum (leaf 58-75). [The Assemble of Ladyes. "For Septembre at the falling of the leaf;" *printed in Stow's and the black-letter Chaucers.*]
- (8) Exclamatio Anelide contra Aroite (lf 76-84) [CHAUCER'S: *printed in the Supplementary Parallel-Texts*, p. 39-56].
- (9) Parliamentum Auium (lf 85-101) [CHAUCER'S: *printed in the Supplementary Parallel-Texts*, p. 2\*].
- (10) De oculo & corde (leaf 102-119): [*printed by Wynkyn de Worde and the Roxburgh Club*].
- (11) La bele dame sans mercy (leaf 120-136) [*often printed*].
- (12) De Rustico & Aui (leaf 137-147) [Lydgate's 'Chorle & Byrde'; *often printed*].

<sup>1</sup> First printed by Speght in 1598. The spelling and other peculiarities of this print should be compared with those of the remaining poems in Lord Bath's MS., including Chaucer's here.

## THE COMPLAINT TO PITY.

[*Harl. 7578 (vellum), leaf 13, back.*]

### (1) [*The Proem.*]

[P] itee that I Haue sought so yoore	1
With herte sore ful of heuy peine	
That in this worlde was no wight woer	
With oute the deth and if I shal not fayne	4
My purpose was to pitee for to compleyne	
Vppon the cruel tyranye	
Of loue / that for my trought doith me dye	7

### (2) [*The Story.*]

And whan that I by lenth of certaine yeres	8
Hadde euere in oon / a tyme sought to speke	
To pite I ranne / al be-spreynt with teeres	
To p[r]eyen hir on cruelte me wreke	11
But er I might with any worde oute breeke	
Or tellen any of my paynes smerte	
I fonde her dede and buried in an herte	14

### (3)

A downe I felle / whanne that I saugh þe herse	15
Deede as stone while that the swough laste	
But vp I Roos with coloures wel diuerse	
And piteouslye on her myne eyen caste	18
And nere the corse/ I gan to presen faste	
And for the soule I shope me for to praye	
I was but lorne there was noon othre waye.	21

## THE COMPLAINT TO PITY.

[*The Marquis of Bath's Longleat MS. 258, paper and vellum, ab. 1460, leaf 55.*]

### (1) [The Proem.]

p ite that I haue sought so yore agoo [leaf 55, paper] 1  
With hert sore and ful of besy payne  
That in this worlde was neuer wight so woo  
Withoutte deth and if I shal not fayne 4  
My pourpos was to pite to complayne  
Vpon the Cruelte and Tyrannyne  
Of loue that for my trouthe doith me dye 7

### (2) [The Story.]

And that by lengh of certayn yeres 8  
Hade euer in oon sought a tyme to speke  
To pite Ranne al dispreynt with teres  
To praien hir' of cruelte me a-wreke 11  
But or I might with any worde oute brake  
Or telle hir' any of my paynes smart  
I founde hir' dede and buried in an hart 14

### (3)

Downe I felle whan I sawe the herse 15  
Dede as a stoon while the sowne me last  
But vp I Rose with colour' ful diuerse  
And pituously on hir' myn yen I cast 18  
And nerrer the Corps I gan prese fast  
And for the soule I shope me to pray  
I was but lorne there was no more to say 21

(4)

Thus ame I slayne sith that pitee is dede	22
Alas that day / that euere shulde falle	
What maner man / dar nowe heue vp his hede	
To whom shal any sorowful harte calle	25
Nowe crueltee hath caste to sleep vs alle	
In ydel hope folkes nedles of Payne	
Sith sheo is and to whome we shulle vs compleyne.	28

(5)

But yet encresith me this wondre newe	29
That none wight woote that sheo is dede but I	
So many a man) that in her tyme here knewe	
And yet sheo deide not sodeynlye	32
For I haue sought her ful besly	
Sith first I hadde witte or any mynde	
But sheo was dede / or that I coude her fynde	35

(6)

A-bouten the herse theer stoden loustelye	36
With-oute any woo as thought mee	
Bounte pleased wel amed and rechelye	
And fressh beute luste and Iolite	39
Assured maner tougheit and honeste	
Wisdam astate dreede and gouernaunce	
Confetered both by honde and assuraunce	42

(7)

A Compleynt hadde I write in my honde	<small>[leaf 14]</small> 43
For to haue pitee / to putte as a bille	
But whanne I alle thise compayne fonde	
'That rather wolde euery cause spille	46
Thanne do me helpe I holde my compleynt stille	
For to pat folk with-oute any fayle	
With-oute pitee may no bille a-vaile	49

(4)

Thus am I slayne sith that pite is dede	[leaf 55, back] 22
Alas that day that euer it shulde falle	
What manere man darre now holde vp his hede	
To whom shal now any sorowful hert calle	25
Now Cruelte hath cast to slee vs alle	
In ydeſſ hope folke redeleſſe of payne	
Sithe ſhe is dede to whom ſhul we complayne	28

(5)

But yet encreſſith me this wondre newe	29
That noo wight wote that ſhe is dede but I	
So many men as in hir' tyme hir' knewe	
And yet ſhe died ſo ſoudenly	32
For I haue ſought hir' euer ful besily	
Sithe I hade firſt witte or mynde	
But ſhe was dede or I cowde hir' fynde	35

(6)

Abought hir' herſe there ſoden lusty	36
Withoute any moo as thought me	
Bounte perfit wille armed and Richely	
And fresshe beaute lust and Iolyte	39
Assured manere youg and honeste	
Wisdam estate drede and gouernaunce	
Confetered bothe by bonde and aliaunce	42

(7)

A Complaint Hade I writen in myn hande	[leaf 56, verso] 43
To haue put to pite as a bille	
But I al this compayne there founde	
That rather wold al my cause ſpille	46
Than doo me halpe / I hilde my playnt ſtille	
For that folke withoute any fayle	
Withoute pite there may noo bille availle	49

(8)

Thanne leue I alle thise vertues sauе pite	50
Kepinge the corse as ye haue herde me sayne	
Confetered by bonde of crueltee	
And both assented whanne I shalle be slayne	53
And I haue putte vp my compleint a-gaine	
For to my foos my bille I dar not shewe	
The effecte of matere seith thus in wordes fewe	56

(9) [*The Bill of Complaint.*] (Term I. 1)

¶ Hombleste of herte hiest of reuerence	57
Benyngne floure corone of vertues alle	
Scheweth vnto youre souueraine excellence	
Youre seruaunt if I durst my silfe so calle	60
His mortal harme whiche he is in falle	
And not al oonly for his euel fare	
But for youre renoune as that I shal declare	63

(10) (I. 2)

It standeth thus youre contrarie cruelte	64
Alied ys to yonde youre regalie	
Vnthr' coloure of wommanly beawte	
For men shul nat knowe her tyrannye	67
With bounte gentilnesse and curtesie	
And hath depriueth you of youre place	
That hight bewte apportenaunt of grace	70

(11) (I. 3)

For kendelich be youre heritage right	71
Ye been annexed euer to bounte	
And verely ye outhen do youre might	
To helpen trouthe in his aduersite	74
Ye beeth also the corowne of beeute	
And certes and if ye wante in his waye	
The worlde is lorne / ther is no more to saye	77

(8)

Than leue al vertues sauf oonly pite	50
Keping the Corps as ye haue harde me saiene	
Confedered by bounde and by Cruelte	
And be assented whan I shal be slayne	53
And I haue put vp my complaint agayne	
For to my foes my bille I darre not shewe	
Theffecte of whiche saith thus in wordis fewe	56

(9) *[The Bill of Complaint.]* (Term I. 1)

Humblest of hert highest of Reuerence	57
Benigne floure crowne of vertues alle	
Shewith vnto youre Roial excellence	
Youre seruaunt if I me durst so calle	60
His mortal harme in whiche he is falle	
And nought al oonly for his euyl fare	
But for youre Renowm as he shal declare	63

(10) (I. 2)

It standith thus that youre contrarye cruelte [leaf 58, back]	64
Alied is ayeinst youre Regallyte	
Vndre colour' of womanly beaute	
For men shuld not knowe hir' Tirannyte	67
With Bounte gentilnesse and curtesye	
And hath depreued you of your' place	
That is high bounde appertenaunte to your grace	70

(11) (I. 3)

For kyndely by your' heritage Right	71
Ye be anmexed euer vnto bounte	
And verrily ye aught' doo your' might	
To helpe Trouthe in his aduersite	74
Ye be also the Crowne of beaute	
And certis if ye want in these twayne	
This worlde is lore there is nomore to saiene	77

(12) (*Tern II. 1*)

Eke what availeth maner of gentilnesse	78
With youre beninge and faire creature	
Shal cruelte been now oure gouernesse	
Alas what herte may that endure	81
Wherfore but ye the rather take cure	
To breeke these personnes aliaunce	
Ye sleeth hem that beeth of youre obeisaunce	84

(13) (II. 2)

And further overe if ye suffre this	<small>[leaf 14, back]</small> 85
Youre renoune is for-do with a throwe	
Ther shal no man wete what paine is	
Allas that euere youre renoune shulde be so lowe	88
Ye beith also fro youre heritage throwe	
By cruelte that occupieth youre place	
And we despeired that seken to youre grace	91

(14) (II. 3)

Haue mercy oon me therfor Vertoues Queene	92
That you haue sought so treuly and so yoore	
Lette some streme of youre light on me be seene	
That loueth and dreedeth you euer lenger more	95
For soith for to saye I bere the sore	
And thaugh I be not konnyng for to pleyne	
For godis loue haue mercy oon my peyne.	98

(15) (*Tern III. 1*)

My paine is this that what so I desire	99
That haue I nought / ne non thinge like ;erto	
And euer set desire my herte on fyre	
Eke on that other side / wher so I goo	102
What manere thinge / that may encresē woo	
That haue I redy vnsouth euery where	
Me lakketh but my deth / and thanne my beere	105

(12) (*Tern* II. 1)

Eke what availleth manere of gentilnesse	78
Withoute you benigne Creature	
Shal Cruelte be your' gouernesse	
Alas what hert may it long endure	81
Wherfore but ye rather take cure	
To breke that perilous aliaunce	
Ye slee theim that ben vndre your obeissaunce	84

(13) (II. 2)

And further ouer if ye suffre this	<small>[leaf 57, column]</small> 85
Youre Renownē is for-doo in a throwe	
There shal no man wite what pite is	
Alas that euer your' Renownē is falle so lowe	88
Ye be also fro your' heritage I-throwe	
By Cruelte that occupieth your place	
And We dispaire that seken your grace	91

(14) (II. 3)

Haue mercy on me thou heremus <sup>1</sup> quene	<small>[<sup>1</sup> or herenius]</small> 92
That thou haue sought so tenderly and so yore	
Lete summe streme of light on me be sene	
That loue and drede you euer lenger the more	95
For sothely for to saieng I bere so sore	
That though I be not connyng for to playne	
For goddis loue haue mercy on my payne	98

(15) (*Tern* III. 1)

My Payne is this that what I desire	99
That haue I not ne noo thing like thereto	
And euer setteth desire myn hert on fire	
Eke on that other side where so I goo	102
What manere thing that may encresse my woo	
That haue I redy vnsought euery where	
Me laketh but deth / and than my bere	105

## (16) (III. 2)

What nedeth hit shewe parcelles of my peyne 106  
 Sith euerie woo that herte may be-thenke  
 I suffre and yet y dar not to you compleine  
 For wele I wote though I wake or winke 109  
 You reccheth not / whethre I flete or synke  
 Yette neuer the lees / my trough I shal susteyne  
 Vnto my deth and that shal well be seyne 112

## (17) (III. 3)

This is to seye I wol be youre euere 113  
 Though ye me slee by cruelte youre foo  
 Algates my sprete shal neuere disseuere  
 Fro youre seruice for any paine or woo 116  
 Nowe pite that I haue sought so yore agoo  
 Thus for youre deith I may wel wepe and pleyne  
 With herte sore / and ful of besy peyne 119

(16) (III. 2)

What nedith to shewe parcelles of my payne [leaf 57, back]  
Sith euery woo that hert may bethynke  
I suffre and yet I darre not to you playne  
For wel I wote though I wake or wynke 109  
Ye Rekke not whether I flete or synke  
And nethelesse yet my trouthe I shal susteyne  
Vnto my dethe and that shal wel be sayn. 112

(17) (III. 3)

This is to saien I wol be euere 113  
Though ye me slee by cruelte your foo  
Algat my spirit shal neuer disseuere  
Fro youre seruice for any payne or woo 116  
Sithe ye be yet dede alas that it is soo  
Thus for youre dethe I may wel wepe & playne  
With hert sore and ful of besy payne 119

Here endith thexclamacion  
of the dethe of pite

[*Follows*: "the boke of Assemble De Dames," leaves  
58—75.

*beg.* : "In Septembre at the falling of the leef."  
*ends* : "Rede weitt my dreme for now my tale is doon.

Here endith the boke of  
Assemble De Dames."]



8.

The Parliament of Fowles

FROM

PEPY'S MS. 2006.

(For a dozen other MSS. of this Poem see the *Parallel-Text*  
and *Supplementary Parallel-Text* editions; and for two  
other Bits of it, pages 1-21 above.)



The parliament of fowles.

[*Pepys MS. 2006 (paper), p. 127, in hand B,  
ab. 1440-50 A.D.*]

[667 lines out of 694. *g* is for *g* with an upcurl.]

(1) [The Proem.]

[T] He lif so short the craft so long<sup>t</sup> to lurne [page 127]  
The assay so harde so sharpe the conqueryng<sup>t</sup>  
The dredeful Ioye alle wey that slitte so yerne  
Alle this mene I by love that my feelyng<sup>t</sup> 4  
Astoyneth wyth his wonderful werkynge<sup>t</sup>  
So sore I-wis that whan I on hym thynk  
Ne wote I well wheþer I flete or synke 7

(2)

¶ For alle be that I know not love in dede  
Ne wote how he quyteth folk her hyre  
Yet happeth me ful oft on bokes for to rede  
Of his myracles and of his cruel Ire 11  
The rede I well he wul be lord and syre  
I dar not sey his stroken ben so sore  
But god save swyche a lorde I say no more 14

(3)

¶ Of vsage what for lust what for loore  
On bokes red I oft as I yow tolde  
But why I speke alle this not yore  
Agoone it happed me to be-holde 18  
Vpon a boke wrytten wyth letters old  
And þer vpon a certeigne thyng<sup>t</sup> to lerne  
The lang<sup>t</sup> day ful fast and yerne 21

(4)

¶ For oute of olde feldes as men seith  
Cometh alle this new corne fro yer to yere  
And oute of olde bokes in gode faith  
Cometh alle these newe science þat men leere 25  
To rede forth it gan me delite  
But now to purpos of this matere  
That alle the long<sup>t</sup> day me thought but lite 28

## (5)

¶ This boke of whyche I make mencioune  
 Entitled was alle ther as shal I telle  
 Julius of the drem of Cipiooun  
 Chapitrees sevne it had of heven and helle 32  
 And erth and sowles þat þer in dwelle  
 Of wheche as shortly as I can trete  
 Of his sentence I wil yow sey þe grete 35

## (6)

¶ First telleth it whan Cipion was come  
 In aufrike how he meteth massanyse  
 That hym for Ioy in armes hath I-nome  
 Than telleth he his speche and alle the blisse [page 122] 39  
 That was betwen hem til the day gan mysse  
 And how his Auncetur Africian so deere  
 Gan in his slepe that nyght to hym apere 42

## (7)

¶ Than telleth that from a sterry place  
 How Africian hath hym cartage shewde  
 And warned hym be-for of alle his grace  
 And seide hym what man lered of lewed 46  
 That loveth comyn profite wel I-thewed  
 He shal in to a blesful place wende  
 Ther Ioye is wyth outen eny ende 49

## (8)

¶ Than axed he yf folk that her ben dede  
 Han lif and dwellyng in eny oþer place  
 And Africian seide ye wyth owten eny drede  
 And how owre present now lives space 53  
 Ment but a maner deth what wey we trace  
 And rightful folk shal gon aftur they dey  
 To heven and shewed hym the Galaxie 56

(9)

¶ Thenn swede he hym the litil erth that here is  
 At regarde of the hevenes quantite  
 And ~~aftur~~warde shewed he hym the nyne speres  
 Aud aftur that þe molodye herde he 60  
 That cometh of thilk speres thryes thre  
 That welles of musik ben and melodye  
 In this world here and cause of Armonye 63

(10)

¶ Thann seide he to hym syn erth was lite  
 And ful of tourment and of hard grace  
 That he ne shuld hym in this world delite  
 Thenn told he hym in certeyn yeres space 67  
 That euery sterre shuld com in to his place  
 Ther it was first and alle shuld out of mynd  
 That in this world is doon of all mankynde 70

(11)

¶ Thenn preyed hym Scipion to tell hym alle  
 The wey to come in to hevenes blisse  
 And he seide first know thy self Immortale  
 And loke ay besyly that thow werche and wyse 74  
 To comyn profite and thow shalt not mysse  
 To com swyftely vn to þat place dere  
 That ful of blis is and of sowles cleere 77

(12)

¶ But brekers of þe law soth to seyn  
 And licorous folk aftur þat they ben dede  
 Shul whirle abowte the wordel all wey in peyn  
 Till many a world be passed out of drede [page 129] 81  
 And thenn foryeven all her wykked dede  
 Thenn shul they com in to þat blissed place  
 To the wheche to com god send þe grace 84

(13)

¶ The day gan failen and þe derk nyght  
That reueth bestes from here besynesse  
Berafft me my boke for lake of light  
And to my bed gan I me for to dresse 88  
Fulfilled wyth thought and besy hevynesse  
For both I hadd that thyng' that [I] ne wolde  
And eke I ne had that thyng' that I wolde 91

(14)

¶ But fynally my spryrite at the last  
For wery of my labour alle þat day  
Toke rest that made me to slepe fast  
And in my slepe I mett as I lay 95  
How Africian in that silf aray  
That Cipion hym saugh be-for þat tyde  
Was come and stode at my beddes syde 98

(15)

¶ The very hunter slepyng' in his bede  
To wode ayen his mynde goth a-noñ  
The Iuge dremeth how his plees ben spedē  
The Carter dremeth how his cart is gon 102  
The ryche of gold the knyght fyggetteth wyth his foon  
The sike mette he hath dronk of the tonne  
The louer meteth that he hath his lady wonne 105

(16)

¶ Kan I not seyn yf that the cause were  
For I had rende of Africian be forne  
That made me to mette þat he stode þer  
But thus seide he thow hast þe so well born 109  
In lokyng' of myn old boke to-torne  
Of wheche Macrobye rought not a lite  
That somdel of thy labour will I the quyte 112

(17) [Invocation.]

¶ Cithera thou blesful lady swete  
That wthy thy firebronde dauntest whom thou list  
That madest me this sweuen for to mete  
Be thou myn help in this for þou maist best 116  
As wysely as I saugh þe north northwest  
When I gan my sweuen for to write  
So yef me myght to rym and to endite 119

(18) [The Story.]

¶ This forseid Africcan one hynt vp a-now  
And furth wthy hym to a gate me brought  
Ryght of a park walled wthy grene ston [page 130]  
And ouer the gate wthy letters large I-wrought 123  
The wer vers I-wryten as me thought  
On eyþer syde of full grete difference  
Of wheche I shal sey the pleyn sentence 126

\*(19)

¶ Thught me men goon in to þat blesful place  
Of hertes hele and dedely woundes cure  
Thurgh me men gon to the well of grace  
There grene and lusty may shal euer indure 130  
This is þe wey to all gode auenture  
Be glad þou redar and thy sorow of cast  
A-lone am I passe in and sped þ fast 133

(20)

¶ Thurgh me men gon þen spake þe oþer syde  
Vn to the mortal strokes of þe spere  
Of wheche desdeyn and daunger is þe gyde  
Ther neuer tree shal frute ne leves bere 137  
This strem yow ledeth to the sorowful were  
Ther as the fishe in person is alle drye  
The eschuyng is oonly the reme[dye]<sup>1</sup> [dye in a later hand]

(21)

¶ Thyse vers of gold and blak I-writen were  
The wheche I gan astoned to be-holde  
For wyth oon encresed al my fere  
And wyth þat oþer be gan myn hert bolde 144  
[No gap in the MS.]  
No wytt had I for errour for to chese  
To entre or fleen or me to save or lese 147

(22)

¶ For right as betwyx adamandes two  
Of euen myg' a pece of Iren sette  
Ne hath no myght to moven to ne fro  
For what þat on doth hale þe oþer lette 151  
Ferd I þat nust wheþer me wer bette  
To entre or leve / til Africian my gyde  
Me hent and shof in at þe gates wyde 154

(23)

¶ And seid it stant writen in thy face  
Thyn errour though thow tel it not to me  
But drede þe not to com in to this place  
For this wrytyng' is no thyng' ment by the 158  
Ne by non but he loves servant be  
For þou of love hast lost þe tast I gysse  
As a sik man hath of swete and biternesse 161

(24)

¶ But natheles al though þat þou be dull  
It that thow canst not do yet mayst thow see [page 131]  
For mony a man that may not stand a pulle  
Yet liketh it hym at wrastlyng' for to be 165  
And demeth yet whether he do bett or he'  
And yef thow haddest konnyng' to endite  
I shal the shew matere of to wryte 168

(25)

¶ Wyth that myn hand in his he tok a-non  
Of wheche I counfert caught and went in fast  
But lord so I was gladd and wel be-goon  
For ouer alle where that I myn yen cast 172  
Were trees clad wyth leef that euer shal last  
Eche in his kynde of colour fresh and grene  
As emerawde that loie it was to seene 175

(26)

¶ The bildar ek and eke the hardy Asshe  
The pyler Elm the coofre to careyn  
The boxtre pypar / holme to whippes laighshe  
The seylyng' firre the Cipres deth to pleyn 179  
The sheter ew the aspe for shaftes playn  
The Olyf of pees and eke the drounken vyne  
The Victor palme the lawrer to deyne 182

(27)

¶ A gardyn saugh I ful of blosmy bowes  
Vpon a reuer in a gren mede  
Ther as þat swetnesse euermore I-now is  
Of flowres whyte blew yelow and rede 186  
And cold welstremes and no thyng' dede  
That swymmyn full of smal fishes lite  
Wyth fynnes rede and scales as siluer bright 189

(28)

¶ On euery bowgh birdes herd I syng'  
Wyth voys of angel in her Armonye  
[No gap in the MS.]  
The litil conyes to her pley can hie 193  
And forther abowte I gan aspye  
The dredfull Roo þ' bokk þ' hert þ' hynde  
Swyrels and oþer moo small bestes of Ientil kynde 196

(29)

¶ Instrumentes of strynges of acorde  
Herd I so pley and reveshyng' swetnesse  
That god þat maker is of all and lorde  
Ne herd he neuer as I gysse 200  
Ther wyth a wynde vnneth it myght be lesse  
Made in the leves grene a noys soft  
¶ Acordyng to þe birdes soong' a loft [page 188] 203

(30)

¶ The Eyr of that place so a-tempre was  
That neuer þer was greuaunce of hoot ne colde  
Ther was eke euery holsom spyce and gras  
No man may þer was seke ne olde 207  
yet ther was more Ioie a thowsand folde  
Then eny man can tell ne neuer it þer wold nyght  
But ay be cler day to eny mannes sight 210

(31)

¶ Vndur a tree besyde a well I say  
Our cupide his arows forge and fyle  
And at his fote his bow alle redy lay  
And wylle his doghther tempred all this whyle 214  
The hedes in þe well and wyth hir wyle  
She cowched hem aftur as they shuld serve  
Some for to sle and som to wound and karve 217

(32)

¶ Tho was I war of plesaunce a-non right  
And of the aray lust and curtesye  
And of the craft that can and of þe myght  
To doon by force a wyght to do folie 221  
Differed was she I will not lye  
And by hym silf vndur a nok I gysse  
Saugh I delite that stode wyth Lentilnesse 224

(33)

¶ I saugh beaute wyth owten eny atyre  
 And yough full of game and Iolite  
 Fulhardenesse flatterie and desyre  
 Messangers and mede and oþer iij 228  
 Her names here shul not be told for me  
 And vpon pylers grete of Iaspri long.  
 I saugh a temple of bras I-fownded strong. 231

(34)

¶ Aboute þe temple daunsed all wey  
 Wemen I-now of wheche ther som were  
 Fayre of hem self and som of hem wer gay  
 In kyrtels all discheuele went they there 235  
 That was hir office all wey þat be yere  
 And þe temple of dowues whyte and faire  
 Saugh I sittyng mony a thowsand paire 238

(35)

¶ By-for the temple doore ful sobrely  
 Dam pees satt wyth a curtil in her honde  
 And by hir syde wonder discretely  
 Dann pacience sittyng ther I founde 242  
 Wyth face pale vpon an hill of sonde  
 And alder next wyth in and ek wyth out  
 Byhest / and Art and of her folk a rowte  
 [page 183] 245

(36)

¶ Wyth in the temple of sikes hote as fire  
 I herd a sowgh that gan abowte renn  
 Whyche sikes wer engendre wyth desyre  
 That made euery auter for to brenn 249  
 Of new flames and well espyed I thenn  
 That all the cause of sorow that they drey  
 Come of the bitter goddesse Ielousye 252

## (37)

¶ The god priapus saugh I as I went  
 Wyth in the temple in a souereyn place stonde  
 In suche aray as when the asshe hym shent  
 Wyth crye by nyght and his cepte in his honde 256  
 Full besly men gan assay and founde  
 Vpon his hede to sette of syndre hyew  
 Garlandes full of fresshe flowres new 259

## (38)

¶ And in a pryy corner of dispore  
 Found I Venus and hir porter rychesse  
 That was full hawten of her port  
 Derk was the place but afturward lightnesse 263  
 I saugh a lite vnneth it myght be lesse  
 And in a bed of gold she lay to rest  
 Till at the hote sonn be-gan go west 266

## (39)

¶ Her gilde heeres wyth a golden threde  
 I-bownde wer entressed as she lay  
 And naked fro the brest vn-to the hede  
 Myght men hir see and sothely for to say 270  
 The remanaunt couerd was wel to my pay  
 Ryght wyth a sotill coueryche of valence  
 Ther was no thikker cloth of no defence 273

## (40)

¶ The place yaf a thowsand sauours swete  
 And bachus god of wyn satt hir be syde  
 And Ceres next that doth honger bote  
 And as I seyde a myddes lay Cipride 277  
 To whom on knees þer two yong' folkes cryede  
 To ben her help but thus I let hir lye  
 And forþer in the temple I gan espye. 280

(41)

¶ That in dispite of Diane the chaste	
Full mony a vow I-broke hong' on the walle	[page 134]
Of maydone swyche as can her tym wast	
In hir service and peynted ouer alle	284
Of mony a storie wheche I towche shalle	
A fewe as of Calixte and athalante	
And mony a mayde of wheche the name I wante	287

(42)

¶ Simiranus Candace and hercules	
Byblis Dido thesbe and pyramus	
Trestrem I-sawde paris and Achilles	
Elene Cleopre and Troiles	291
Silla and eke the modur of Romulus	
Alle these weren peynted on the oþer syde	
And alle her love and in what plite they dyed	294

(43)

¶ Whan I was comen ayen in to the place	
That I of spak I was so swote of grene	
Forth walked I tho my self to solace	
Tho was I war wher ther sat a quene	298
That as of light the somer sonne shene	
Passest the sterr so ouer mesure	
She fairer was thenn eny creature	301

(44)

¶ And in a land vpon a hille of flowres	
Was sette this noble goddes nature	
Of braunches wer hir halles and hir bowres	
I-wrought aftur hir craft and hir mesure	305
Ne þer nas fowle that cometh of engendrure	
That ther ne were prest in hir presence	
To tak hir dome and yeve hir audience	308

## (45)

¶ For this was on saint Valentynes day  
 When euery fowle cometh þer to chese hir make  
 Of euery kynd that men thynk may  
 And that so huge a noyse gan they make 312  
 That erth and see and treē and euery lake  
 So full was that vnneth was þer space  
 For me to stonde so full was all þe place 315

## (46)

¶ And ryght as Aleyn in þe pleynt of kynde  
 Devyseth nature of suche aray and face  
 In sweche aray men myght hir þer fynde  
 This noble Emprise ful of grace 319  
 Badd euery fowle to make her own place  
 As they weren I-wont alle wey fro yer to yer  
 Seint Volentynes day to stonden þer [page 135] 322

## (47)

¶ That is to seye the fowles of Raveyn  
 Wer hyest I-sett and then the fowles smale  
 That eten as that nature wold enclyne  
 As worme or thyng<sup>g</sup> of whyche I tell no tale 326  
 But water fowle satt lowest in þe dale  
 But fowle that lyveth by sede sat on þe grene  
 And that so fele that wondre it was to seen 329

## (48)

¶ Ther myght men the ryall Egle fynde  
 That wyth his sharp lok persest þe sonne  
 And oþer Egles of lower kynde  
 Of whyche clerkes well devyse konne 333  
 Ther was þe Tyraunt wyth his fethres donne  
 And gray I mene þe goshawk þat doth pyne  
 The birdes for his owtragious Ravyne 336

(49)

¶ The Lentill fawkon that wyth his fete distreyneh  
The kynges honde the hardy sperhawk eke  
The quayles foe the Merleyn that peyneth  
Hym self full oft the lark for to seke 340  
Ther was the dowen wyth hir yeen meke  
The Ielous swan a-yenst his deth þat syngeth  
The Owle eke that of deth bode bryngeth 343

(50)

¶ The crane the giant wyth his trompes sown  
The theef the chough and eke þe Ianglyng pye  
The scornyng Iay and the Elys foo heroun  
The fals lapewynk full of trecherye 347  
The stare that alle councell can be-wrey  
The tame Ruddok and þe coward kyte  
The coke that orlege is of thropes lite 350

(51)

¶ The sparow Venus sonne the nyghtyngalle  
That clepeth forth the fressh leves newe  
The swallow that morthrer is of þe fowles smale  
That maken hony of flowres fresshe of hewe 354  
The wedded turtill wyth hir hert trewe  
The pecok wyth his angels fethres bright  
The fesaunt scorne of þe cok by nyght 357

(52)

¶ The waker gose þe kokkow euer vnkynde  
The popynjay ful of delicacye  
The drake streyer of his owen kynde  
The stork the wreker of avowtrye [page 136] 361  
The hote cormeraunt of glotonye  
The Ravens the crowes wyth her voyce of care  
The throstel olde the frosty feldfare 364

(53)

¶ What shuld I seyn of fowles euery kynde  
 That in this world have fethres and stature  
 Men myght in þat place assembld fynde  
 Be-for þat noble goddes of nature 368  
 And eche of hem dede his besy cure  
 Benyngly to chese or to take  
 By his acorde his formel and his make 371

(54)

¶ But to the point nature held on hir honde  
 A formel Egle of shap the Ientilest  
 That euer she a-mong her werkes fonde  
 The moost benyng and the godeleyest 375  
 In her was euery vertu at her rest  
 So ferforth þat nature hir self had blysse  
 To loke on hir and oft hir beek to kysse 378

(55)

¶ Nature the wirker of þe almyghty lorde  
 That hote cold hevy light most and drye  
 Hath knytt by even nowmbr of acorde  
 In esy vois be-gan to spek and sey 382  
 Fowles take hede of my sentence I yow pray  
 And for your ese in forthryng of your nede  
 As fast as I may I will me sped 385

(56)

¶ Ye knowen well how þat seint Valentyns day  
 By my statut and thurgh my gouernaunce  
 Ye com for to chese and flee a-wey  
 Wyth your makes as I prik yow wyth plesaunce 389  
 But natholes my rightfull ordynaunce  
 May I not let for all this world to wynne  
 That he þat most is wurthy shal be-gynne 392

(57)

¶ The tercel Egle as þat ye know well  
The fowle rial aboven yew in degree  
The wyse and þe wurthy secre true as stèle  
The wheche I have I-formed as ye may see 396  
In euery wyse and part as it best liketh me  
It nedeth not his shap yow to devyse  
He shall first chese and speken on his gyse 399

(58)

¶ And aftur hym by ordre shall ye chese  
Aftur your kynd eueryche as yow liketh  
And as your happ is shall ye wynn or lese  
But whiche of you þat loveth moost entriketh 403  
God send hym hir that sorest for hym syketh  
And ther wyth alle the tercel gan she catte  
And seide my son the choise is to yow falle 406

(59)

¶ But natheles in this condicoun  
Moot be the choise of eueryche þat is here  
That she agree to his eleccioun  
Who so be he that shal ben his feere 410  
This is owre vsage allwey fro yer to yere  
And who so that may at this tyme have his grace  
In a blesfull tym he come in to this place 413

(60)

¶ Wyth hede enclyned and wyth humble cheere  
This rial tercel spak and taried nougħt  
On to my souerayn lady and not my feere  
I chese and chese wyth will hert and thought 417  
The forme[1] on yowre hand so well I-wrought  
Whose I am and euer will hir serve  
Do what hir list to do my live or sterfe 420

(61)

¶ Besechyng' hir of mercy and of grace  
As she that is my lady soueraigne  
Or lette me dye present in this place  
For certes long' may I not live in this peyne 424  
For in myn hert is coruen euyer veyne  
Havyng' reward oonly for my trouth  
My dere hert have on my wo som routh 427

(62)

¶ And yef I be founde to hir ontrue  
Disabeisant or wilfull negligent  
Avauntour or in proces love a newe  
I pray to god this be my Iugement 431  
That wyth this fowles I be all to-rent  
That Ilke day þat euer she me fynde  
To hir vntrewe or in my gilt vnkynde 434

(63)

¶ And syn that noon loveth hir so well as I  
Alle be that she neuer of love me be-hette  
Thann ought she on me have mercy  
For oþer bonde can I noon on hir knette 438  
For neuer for no wo shal I ne shal lette  
To serven hir how ferr þat she wende  
Say what ye list my tale is at an ende 441

(64)

¶ Right as the fresshe redrose newe  
Ayenst the somer sonne colored is  
Right so for shame all wax gan hir hiewe  
Of this forme when she herd this 445  
She nether answerd wel ne seid a mys  
So sore abassed was she til þat nature  
Seide daughter drede yow not I yow assure 448

(65)

¶ A noþer tercelf Egle spak a-none [page 138]  
Of lower kynde and saide that shuld not be  
I love hirbett than ye do be seint Ihone  
Or att the leest I love hir as well as ye 452  
And lengur have served hir in my degree  
And yeve she wolde have loved for long' lovynge  
To me alone hadd be the guerdonyng 455

(66)

¶ I dar well say yef she me fynd fals  
Vnkynde Iangler or rebell eny wyse  
Or Ielous do me hongen by þe hals  
And but I bere me in hir servyce 459  
As well as eny wyght can me devyse  
Fro point to point hir honour for to save  
Take she my lif and alle gode I have 462

(67)

¶ The thridde tercelf egle answerd thoo  
Now syrys ye seyn the ltil leyser here  
For euery fowle cryeth owt to be a goo  
Forth wyth his make or wyth his lady deere 466  
And eke nature hir self ne wiþ not here  
For taryyng' not half that wold̄ sey  
And but I speke I moot for sorow dey

(68)

¶ Of long' servyse auaunt I me no thyng'  
But as possible is me to dey to day  
For wo as he that hath be langwysshing'  
This twenty wynter and as well happen may 473  
A man may serven bett and moore to pay  
In half a yere al though̄ it wer no moore  
Than some men done that han served full yore 476

(69)

¶ I say not this by me for I ne kan  
Do no servise that may my lady plese  
But I dar well say that I am hir truest man  
As to my dome and faynest wold hir plese 480  
At short wordes till that deth me sese  
I will be hyres wheþer that I wake or wynke  
And euer true in alle that hert may bethynke 483

(70)

¶ Of alle my list syn þat I was lorn  
So Ientil plee of love or oþer thyng  
Ne herd neuer no man me be-forne  
But who þat hadd leyser and konnyng 487  
For to reherce hir cher and hir spekyng  
And from the morow gan this speche last  
Till downward went the sonne wonder fast 490

(71)

¶ The noyse of the fowles for to be deliuereð  
So lowde rong' have do and latt vs wende  
That weþ wend I the wod hadd alle to-shevered [page 139]  
Come of they crey alas ye wulf vs shende 494  
Whann shalþ your cursed pledyng' have an ende  
How shuld a Iuge ether partie leve  
For ye or nay wytþ outen eny preve 497

(72)

¶ The goos the dook the cukkow alle so  
So cryed keke keke cukkow quek quoþ hye  
That thurgh myn heres the noys went tho  
The goos seid alle this is not wurth a flye 501  
But I can shape her-of a remedye  
And wull say my verdit fair and swyth  
For water fowles who wul be wroþ or blyth 504

(73)

¶ And I for the wormes fowle-seid the foule cukkow  
 For I wull of myn own autorite  
 For the comyn spede take on me þe charge now  
 For to delyuer vs is grete charite 508  
 Ye may abyde a whylle yet parde  
 Quoth the turtill yef it be your wyl  
 A wyght may speke hym wer as god be stille 511

(74)

¶ I am a sede fowle oon the wurthyest  
 That wote I well and litil of konnyng  
 But beter is a wyghtes tonge do rest  
 Thenn entremet hym of suche doyng 515  
 Of wheche he can nether rede ne syng  
 And who so it doth full fowl hym self acloyeth  
 For office vncomytted full oft anoyeth 518

(75)

¶ Nature whyche that all wey hadd an here  
 To the mormore of lewdenes be hynde  
 Wyth fawkon vois seid hold your tonge there  
 And I shal sone I hope it councell fynde 522  
 Yow for to deleuer and fro this noyse vnykynde  
 I Iuge of euery flok men shal oon call  
 To seyn the verdit for yow fowles alle 525

(76)

¶ Assented was to this conclusioun  
 The birdes alle and þe fowles of Ravyne  
 Han chosen first by pleyn eleccioun  
 The tercelet of the fawcone to diffyne 529  
 Alle her sentence and as hym list to termyne  
 And to nature hym gonnen to present  
 And she accepte hym wyth glade entent 532

(77)

¶ The tercelet seid that in this manere  
 Full hard were it to prove by resoun  
 Who loveth best this Ientil formell here  
 For euery hath suchē replicacioun [page 140] 536  
 That by skyles may noon be brought a downe  
 I can not see that argumentz availe  
 Thann semyth it þer most be bataille 539

(78)

¶ Alle redy quoth these egles tercels tho  
 Nay syres quoth he yef I durst it say  
 Ye do me wrong my tale is not I-do  
 For syres taketh it not a gref I pray 543  
 I may not gon as ye wull in this wey  
 Oures is the voice that han the charge in honde  
 And to the Iuges dome ye mooten stonde 546

(79)

¶ And þer-for pees I say as to my wytte  
 Me wold thynk how þat the worthyest  
 Of knyghthod and lengest had vsed it  
 Moost oft astate of blode the Ientilest 550  
 Were sittyngh for hir yf þat hir lest  
 And of the three she wote hir self I trowe  
 Wheche that he be for it is light to knowe 553

(80)

¶ The water fowles han her hedes leyde  
 To-gedre and of short avysement  
 Whann eueryche hadd his large golee seide  
 They seyde sothly all by oon assent 557  
 How that the goose wyth hir faukon Ient  
 That desyretþ to pronounce oure nede  
 Shall telle oure tale and prey to god hir spede 560

(81)

¶ And for the water fowles tho began  
The goose to speke and in hir kakelyng'  
She seid pees now take hede euery man  
And herkenethi weſſe a reson I ſhall forth bryng' 564  
My wytt is sharpe I love no taryyng'.  
I ſey I rede hym though he wer my broþer  
But ſhe wulf hym let hym love anoper 567

(82)

¶ Here is a parfit reson of a goose  
Quoth the ſparhawk neuer mote ſhe the  
Lo ſuſche is to have a tonge loose  
Now parde foole yet were it bett for the 571  
To had hold thy pees than ſhewede thy nyſete  
It lith not in his wytt ne in his wille  
But ſoth is ſeide a foile can not be ſtille 574

(83)

¶ The laughtre arooſe of Ientill fowles alle  
And right a-non the ſeede fowles chesen hadd  
The turtill true and gan hym to hir calle  
And preyde hir to ſey þe ſoth ſadde 578  
Of this matere and what ſhe radde  
And ſhe anſwerd that pleynly hir entent  
She wold ſhew and ſothly what ſhe ment [page 141] 581

(84)

¶ Nay god forbede a lover ſhuld chaunge  
The turtill ſeyde and wox for shame alle rede  
Though his lady be euermore ſtrange  
Yet lett hym ſerve hir till he be dede 585  
Forsoth I preyſe not the gosſe rede  
For though ſhe dyad I wulf non oþer make  
I wulf be hyres till that deth do me take 588

(85)

¶ Well boreded quoth the dock by myn hate  
 That allwey men shuld love causelese  
 Who can a reson fynde or witt in that  
 Daunsethi he merye that is menstrelles 592  
 Who shuld recche of hym that is reccheles  
 Yet quek quoth the goose it weH and fayre  
 Ther be mo sterres in heven god wot þen a paire 595

(86)

¶ Now fye churll quoth the Ientill tercelet  
 Owt of the donghiH come þat wordes full right  
 Tow canst not see whyche thyng is well be-sett  
 Thow fairest by love as owles do by nyght 599  
 The day hem blent full well they se by nyght  
 Thy kynde is of so lowe wretchedenes  
 That what love is thow canst nether see ne gesse 602

(87)

¶ Tho gan the cukkow putt hym furth in prees  
 For fowle that eteth worms and blyve  
 So I quoth he may have my make in pees  
 I recche not how long' ye strye 606  
 Latt eueryche of hem be soleyn alle her lyf  
 This is my redd sith they may not a-corde  
 This short lesson nedeth ye not recorde 609

(88)

¶ Ye have the glotone filled I-nowgh his paunche  
 Than as we well seid the merleyn  
 Thow mortherer of the heysuge on þe braunche  
 That brought the furth thow rowthfuH glotoun 613  
 Live thow soleyn wormes corrupcioun  
 For no force is of lake thy nature  
 Go lewde be thow the whyle þe world endure 616

(89)

¶ Now pees quod nature I comaunde here  
For I have her all *your opynyoun*  
And yet in effecte be we neuer þe nere  
But fynally thys is my conclusioun 620  
That she hir self shal have hir eleccioune  
Of whom hir list who-so be wroth or blyth  
Hym that she cheseth he shal hir have as swyth 623

(90)

¶ For sith it may not here discussed be [page 142]  
Who loveth hir best as seide the tercelet  
Than wul I don this fauour to hir þat she  
shal have ryght hym on whom hir hert is sett 627  
And he hir that his hert hath on hir knett  
This Iuge I nature for I may not lye  
To noon estat I have none oþer ye 630

(91)

¶ But as for councell for to chese a make  
Yef I wer reson thenn wold I  
Councell yow the riall Terceell take  
As seid the tercelet ful skylfully 634  
As for the Ientilest and moost wurthy  
Wheche I haue wrought so well to my plesaunce  
That to yow it ought to be a sufficiaunce 637

(92)

¶ Wyth dredefull voice this formel answered  
My rightfull lady goddesse of nature  
Soth it is that I am euer vnder *your yerde*  
As is eueryche other creature 641  
And most be yowrs the whyle I may endure  
[No gap in the MS.]  
And myn entent yow will I say right sone 644

(93)

¶ I graunt it yow quod. she a-non  
This formeſt egle spak in this degree  
Almyghty quene till this yere be doon  
I aske respite for to avyse me 648  
And aftur þat my choise to have alſt free  
This is alle and some that I will speke and sey  
Ye gete no more of me all though ye do me dye 651

(94)

¶ I wiff not serve Venus ne Cipride  
For soth as yet be no maner wey  
Now syn it may not in oþer wey betide  
Quoth nature here is no more to sey 655  
Thann wold I these fowles wer a-wey  
Eche wytþ his make for taryyng lengur here  
And seid hem thus as ye shull aftur here 658

(95)

¶ To yow speke ye terceletes quoþ nature  
Beth of gode hert and serveth alle thre  
A yere is not so long to endure  
And eche of yow peyne hym in his degree 662  
For to do weþ for god wote quyt is she  
For yow this yere what aftur shall be-falle  
This entremetes is dressed fro yow alle 665

(96)

¶ And whann this werk is brought to an ende  
To euery fowle nature yaf his make 667

[*The rest is wanting.*]

## ¶ r n t h,

TWO SCOTTIFIED TEXTS,

FROM

MS. ARCH. SELD. B. 24 (BODLEIAN LIBRARY),

AND

MS. Kk. 1. 5 (CAMBR. UNIV. LIBRARY),

WITH

AN ENGLISH TEXT FROM

MS. 203, CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD.

## TRUTH.

[Arch. Seld. B. 24 (Bodl. Libr.), paper, 2 A. D. 1488,<sup>1</sup> lf 119.]

(1)

**F**Lee from the pres and duell with suthfastnesse 1  
 Suffice vnto thy gude / thoch It be small  
 For hurde hath hate / and clymyng tikkilnesse  
 Pres hath Inuye / and wele is blent oure all 4  
 Sauoure nomore than the behove schall  
 Do wele thy self/ that otheris folk canst rede  
 And treuth the schall deliuer / this is no drede 7

(2)

Payne the nocht all crukit to redresse 8  
 In trust of hir *that* turnyth as a ball  
 Grete rest stant In lytill besynesse  
 Be warr also to spurne againe an nall 11  
 Stryve nocht as croke doith *with* the wall  
 Daunt thy self *þat* dauntist otheris dede  
 And treuth the schall deliuer this is no drede 14

(3)

Quhat the Is sent / ressaue In bowsumnesse 15  
 The wrastlyng of this warld askith a fall  
 here nys no home / here nys bot wildernesse  
 Furth furth pilgrym / furth beste out of thy stall 18  
 Luke vp on hie / and thank thy god of all  
 Wayue thy lust/ and lat thy goste the lede  
 And treuth the schall deliuer this is no drede 21

Explicit Chauceres counsaling

<sup>1</sup> At the end of a spurious poem, "Deuise prowes and eke humylitee," the copier adds, on leaf 120 :

"Quod Chaucer quhen he was ryght auisit"  
 "Natiuitas principis nostri Jacobi quarti anno domini M<sup>ccc</sup> iiiij<sup>o</sup>  
 lxxij<sup>o</sup> xvij die mensis marcij videlicet In festo sancti patricij  
 confessoris In monasterio sancte crucis prope Edinburgh."

[James IV of Scotland rul'd from July 11, 1488, till he fell at  
 Flodden on September 9, 1513.]

TRUTH.

[*Cambridge University Library MS., Kk. 1. 5, paper,  
 ab. 1450-60, leaf 4, back.*]

(1)

Fle fra the pres and duell with suthfastnes	1
Suffice one-to thi gud pocht It be small	
ffore hurde haith hait and clymyng tykilnes	
Pres haith enwy and weill is blynd our all	4
Sauore no more thane the behufe schall	
Dant thi self that dantis vtheris deid	
and treuch the sall deliuer that is no dreid	7

(2)

Payne the nocht al crukyt to Redres	8
In trust of hire that turnyth as a ball	
ffore gret rest stant in lytill besynes	
also be war to spwrne agane an all	11
Stryf nocht as doith the crok with the wall	
Wayue thi lust and lat thi gost the leid	
and treuch the sal deliuer that is no dreid	14

(3)

That the Is sent Resaue in bouxumnes	leaf 5]	15
The werslyng of this warld askis a fall		
Here is no home here nys bot wyldyrnes		
ffurth pylgrum furth best out of thi stall		18
lyft wp thyne Ene and thank thi god of all		
Reull thi self that vthir folk can Reid		
And treuche the sall deliuyr that is no dreid		21

TRUTH.

[*Corpus Christi College MS. 203 (vellum, 5 oy 3½ in.,  
 ? ab. 1440), page 22: read by Mr. G. Parker.*]

Prouerbiu Scogan).

(1)

¶ Fle fro the pres and dwel wytþ soþfastnes	1
Suffysse vn-to thy good yef hit be smal	
For hord hathe hate and clymbing tykelnes	
Pres hath envy and welle ys blent ouer al	
Sauour no more then the behowfe schal	
Rede wel thy-selfe that oþyr men canst rede	
And trewth the schal delyuer hit ys no drede	7

(2)

¶ Ne study not yche crokede to redres	8
In truse of hur' that turneth as a ball	
Meche rest standeth in lyty besynes	
Ne stomble not thy fotte ayene a na	
Stryve not as doth the croke ayne the wall	
Daunte wel thy-selfe that dauntest odres dede	11
And treuth the schal delyuer hit is no drede	14

(3)

¶ That the is sent receyue in buxumnesse	15
The wrastlyng of this world axeth a fall	
Here ys no home her' is but wyldyrnesse	
Forth forth wrecchide best out of thy staff	18
Lyfte vp thy hert and thanke thy god of All	
And wayue thy lust and let thy gost the lede	
And treuthe the schal delyuer hit ys no drede	21

[page 22]

[Follows: Prouerbiu R. Stokys (a Tern)

1. 1, & 21. Se meche sey lyty and lerne to suffre in  
 tyme]

CORPUS

10.

**Envoy to Scogan**

**FROM**

**CAXTON'S TEXT, CAMBR. UNIV. LIBRARY.**

**(For three other MSS. of this Poem see the *Parallel-Texts.*)**

[Caxton's Text. Cambr. Unir. Libr., leaf 24, back.]

[Only 21 lines out of 49.]

Thenuoye of chancer to skegan [leaf 24]

(1) (Tern I. 1)

To broken ben the statutes hye in heuen	[leaf 24, back]
That create were / eternally tendure	
Syn that I see / the bright goddis seuen	
Mowe wepe and wayle / and passion endure	4
As may in erthe a mortal crature	
Alas frowhens / may this thing procede	
Of whiche errorr / I dye almost for drede	7

(2) (I. 2)

By worde eterne whylom was it shape	8
That fro the fyfthe cerkle / in no manere	
Ne myghte of teris downſi escape	
But now so wepeth venus in her spere	11
That with her teris / she wil drenche vs here	
Alas scogan / this is for thyn offence	
Thou cauſest this deluge of pestilence	14

(3) (I. 3)

Hast thou not said in blasphemē of þ <sup>e</sup> goddes	15
Thurgh pryde or thurgh thy grete rekelesnes	
Suche thing <sup>l</sup> / as in þ <sup>e</sup> lawe of loue forbode is	
That for thy lady / sawe not thy distres	18
Therfore thou yaf her up at mighelmes	
Alas scogan of olde folke ne yonge	
Was neuer erst scogan blamed for his tonge	21

[The rest of the book is gone.]

CAXTON

## 11.

 **P** u r s t.**C A X T O N ' S   T E X T ,****FROM****THE UNIQUE COPY IN THE CAMBR. UNIV. LIBRARY.***(For six other MSS. of this Poem see the Parallel-Text.)*

## PURSE.

[Camb. Univ. Libr. Caxton, 1477-78 A.D., leaf 9.]

[Read by Mr. Bradshaw.]

The complaint of chaucer vnto his empty purse

(1)

To you my purs / and to none other wight	1
Compleyne I for ye be my lady dere	
I am sory now / that ye be light	
For certes / ye now make me heuy chere	4
Me were as lief / be leyd vpon a bere	
For whiche / vnto your mercy thus I crye	
Be heuy agayn / or ellis mote I dye	7

(2)

Now vouchesauf / this day or yet be nyght	8
That I of yow / the blisful sowne may here	
Or see your colour like the sonne bright	
That of yelownes had neuer pere	11
Ye be my lyf / ye be my hertes stere	
Quene of confort / and of good compayne	
Be heuy agayn / or ellis mote I dye	14

(3)

Now purs that be to me my lyues light	15
And saueour / as doun in this world here	
Out of this toun helpe me by your might	
Syn that ye wil not be my tresorere	18
For I am shayne / as nyghe as ony frere	
But I pray vnto your curtoisye	
Be heuy agayn / or ellis mote I dye	21

Thenuoye of chaucer vnto the kynge	
O conquerour of brutes albyon	22
Whiche that by lyne / and fre eleccioñ	
Ben veray kynge / this to yow I sende	
And ye that may / alle harmes amende	
Haue mynde vpon my supplicacioñ	26

Explicit \* \* \*

CAXTON

## Appendix.

### POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO CHAUCER.

---

#### 1.

#### The Ballade of Bytee.

[In Shirley's copy of the "complaint of Pitee" made by Geoffrey Chaucier," in Harl. MS 78, leaf 80 (see Parallel Texts, p. 41), the following Stanzas run on from st. 17 (Par. Texts, p. 49) as part of the Complaint (though with an extra mark on the division-line between the stanzas), and are headlined accordingly by Shirley "Je balade. of. Pytee. By Chauciers." In the MS almost every final g and t has a curl to it, and all the lines start level.]

(18)

¶ þe long nightes / whane euery creature / [on leaf 82]  
 Shoulde haue þeyre / rest in somwhat as be kynde /  
 Or ellys ne may þeyre lyve / nouȝt longe endure /  
 Hit falleþe mooste / in to my / wooful mynde / 123  
 Howe I so far / haue brought my self behinde  
 þat sauf þe deeth / þer may no thing me lisse /  
 So desesparyred / I am frome al blisse / 123

(19)

¶ þis saame thought / me lasteþe til þe morowe /  
 And frome þe morowe forþe / til hit beo eve /  
 þere neodeþe me no. care / for to borowe /  
 ffor boope I haue / goode leysen and goode leve / 130  
 þer is no wight / þat wil / me / woe byreve  
 To weepe enoughe / and wayllen al my fille /  
 þe score sparke of peyne / nowe doope me spille / 133

(20)

¶ þis loue þat haþe me sette / in such a place /  
 þat my desire / wol never fulfill  
 ffor neyþer pitee / mercy / neyþer grace 136  
 Kane I. not fynde / and yit my sorouful hert  
 ffor to beo dede / I. cane hit nouȝt. arace / [leaf 82, back]  
 þe more I love / þe more she doþe me smert 139  
 Thorughe whiche .I. see with oute remedye /  
 þat frome þe deeth / I may no wyse astert  
 [¶ 5 lines wanting. No extra break in the MS.]  
 ¶ Nowe soþely. what she hight / I wol reherse 147  
 Hir name . is bounde / sette in wommanhede/  
 Sadnesse in youþe / and beawte prydelesse /  
 And plesance / vnder gouernance and dred 150



(23)

¶ My deere hert / and best beloued foo /  
 Why lykeþe you / to doo me al þis woo /  
 What haue I doone / þat greueþe you or sayde / 186  
 But for I serue / and loue you and no moo /  
 And whylest I lyve / I wol euer do soo  
 And þerfore sweete / ne beoþe not yuel apaied  
 ffor so goode and so faire / as yee be /  
 Hit were right gret wonder but yee hadd  
 Of alle seruantes / boope of goode and badd  
 And leest worthy of alle / hem / I. am. he / 193

(24)

¶ But neuer þe leese / my. right lady sweete /  
 þaugh þat I beo / vnkonnyng and vnmeete  
 To serue as I koude best / ay your hyenesse 196  
 Yit is þer noon / fayner þat wolde I heete  
 þane I / to do youre ease / or ellys beete /  
 What so I wist / þat were / to youre hyenesse / 199  
 And hadde. I might / as goode as I haue wille /  
 þane shoulde yee feele / Where it were so or noon  
 ffor / in þis worlde living / þane is þer noon /  
 þat fayner Wolde / youre hertes wille fulfill / 203

(25)

¶ ffor boope I loue / and eke dredþ you so soore /  
 And algates mote / and haue doon yowe ful yoore  
 þat better loued is noon / ne neuer shal 206  
 And yit I wolde beseche you / of no more /  
 But leueþe wele / and be not wrothe ther fore/  
 And let me serue you forth / loo þis is al 209  
 ffor I am nouȝt / so hardy ne so woode /  
 ffor to desyre / þat yee shoulde loue me / [leaf 83, back]  
 ffor weeke I wot / ellas þat may not be  
 I am so lytel worthy / and yee so goode 213

## (26)

¶ ffor yee bee oone þe / worthyest on lyve /  
 And I þe mooste / vnlykly for to thryve /  
     Yit for al þis / witeþe yee right weeble / 216  
 þat yee ne shoule / me frome youre servyce dryve /  
 þat I ne wil ay / with alle my wittes fyve /  
     Serve you truwly / what woo. so þat I feele / 219  
 ffor I am sette on yowe / in suche manere /  
     þat þaughie yee neuer wil / vpon me ruwe /  
     I moste you loue / and beon euer als truwe /  
 As any man / can / er may on lyve / 223

## (27)

¶ But þe more / þat I loue you goodely free /  
 þe lasse fynde I / þat yee loven me /  
     Ellas whan shal / þat harde witte amende 226  
 Where is nowe al / youre wommanly pitee  
 Youre gentilesse / and youre debonairtee /  
     Wil yee no thing<sup>1</sup> / þer of vpon me spende / 229  
     And so hoole sweete / as I am youres al /  
     And so gret wille / as I haue you to serve  
     Nowe certes / and yee let me þus sterfe /  
     Yit haue ye wonne / þer on but a smal 233

## (28)

ffor at my knowing<sup>1</sup> / I / do noug<sup>t</sup> why  
 And þis I wol / beseche yowe hertely  
     <sup>1</sup>That þer<sup>1</sup> euer yee fynde / whyles yee lyve / <sup>[? MS ? What  
þat corrected]</sup>  
 A truwer seruant / to you / þane am I. 237  
 Leueþe þanne [me] / and sleeþe me hardely  
     And I my deth to you / wil al forgyve / 239  
 And if yee fynde / no trewer so verrayly  
     Wolle yee souffre þanne / þat I þus spille  
     And for no maner gilt but my goode wille  
 Als goode were þanne / vntrewe as truwe to be / 243

[End of the fragment. Rest of the MS lost.]

[*Shirley's MS Ashmole 59, leaf 38, back*]

## 2.

## þe Cronycle made by Chaucier.

¶ Here nowe folowe þe names of þe nyene worshipfullest Ladyes þat in alle cronycles. and storyal bokes haue beo founden of trouþe of constaunce and vertuous or reproched womanhode . by Chaucier

**G**rete Rayson Cleopatre is þy Kyndnesse  
 Be putte in mynde / and also þyne hyeness  
 Of Egipte qweene / and aftter þat was slayne  
 þyne Anthonye / by Octovyan . þe Romayne / 4  
 With gret richchesse / þou made his sepulture // Cleopatre.  
 And aftter him þee list no lenger dure  
 For in a pitte with þee serpentes to take  
 þowe wente al naked / so þy deþe to make 8

¶ Adryane whiche . with þy crafty labour' // Adryane.  
 Made Theseus to slee þe Minetawre /  
 And by a threede / frome þy faders prysoun  
 Made him tescape / and þyne housbande bycome 12  
 By helpe of Fedra / þy sustre þat with him yeede  
 Whilst þou slepte / and so he qwytte þy meede  
 Whe[r]off þe goddes / hade of þy pytee rouþe /  
 And to a sterre transfourmed þee for trouþe / 16

¶ His noble qweene of Cartage . feyре Dydo	[leaf 39]
Which of Pite . resceyved Eneas so / // Gode Dydo qweene of Cartage.	
Affter frome Troye / with tempestes in þe see	
Vnneeþe arryved / in-to hir cuntree /	20
Sheo made him lord and sheo his humble wyve /	
Wherby ellas / sheo loste / boþe ioye and lyve /	
For whane sheo wiste / þat he was frome hir goo	
Vppoñ his swerde / sheo roof hir herte a-twoo /	24
¶ It is gret right þat youre bountee Lucresse	
Be putte in writing / and alsoo <i>your</i> goodnesse	// <i>Lucresse</i> of <i>Rome</i> .
Wyff to þe Senatour / gode Collatyne	
Which thorugh þenvye / of Romayne Torqwyn /	28
For yee to him / wolde never applye /	
He ravished yowe / where-off it was pyte	
With a Tyraunt ful soore againt youre wille	
He caused yowe / for sorowe / youre selff to spylle	32
¶ What noblesse shewed þou Demophoñ Philles	
Whome to þine housbande qweene of Tarce þou chas	// <i>Philles</i> .
Comyng frome Troye / with tempest alforblowe	
As wolde god / þou hadest him wele eknowe	36
Soone he forgate þy fredame and þy trouþe	
Whane to his cuntrey . / he yede þat was rouþe	
Whiche never affter / for al his heeste with þee	
Eift-sones wolde mete / þat made þee soone to dye	40
¶ Borne nobully of Babilloygne Thesbe	
From þe welle / a lyonesse made þee flee	// <i>Thesbe of Babilloigne</i> .
Where as þou seete / Piramus tabyde	
Ellas he foonde þere / by þat welle syde	44
Blody þy wympuh / and wende þou hadest be sleyne	
For which he karffe / þere his hert atweyne	
Which whane þou saughe / þou woldest no lenger byde	
But on his swerde / þyne hert did thorowe glyde	48

¶ Woo is myne hert for þee / þou Isiphyle [leaf 30, back]  
 Qwene and ladye of / Leanoun þe yle ¶ Isiphyle.  
 Wheche wedded was / to Iason grekessh man  
 And gret with chylde / lefft þee soone vppon 52  
 Fro Medea when he to Colcos yeede  
 þat for þe pitee / I feele myn hert[e] bleede  
 To thenke on al þy sorowe and þy woo  
 Wher thorughe þou dyed and þy chylde alsoo 56

¶ Ypermistra / þat noble and truwe wyff:  
 þy faders prysoun / made þee to loose þy lyff: // Ypermistra þe  
 gode wyffe.  
 Ful pytously / for þat þou wolde not flee  
 Lyue þine husbande / as he comanded þee 60  
 Whiche was þe sone / of daun Danao  
 Egistes broþer / þy fader it fel soo  
 And al was but his owen fantasye  
 þat he his broþer sone / went for to dye 64

¶ þe sorowe þou toke þane / O . quene Alceste<sup>1</sup>  
 Whane Seyse þynehusande/fayled þee of byheste // þe Quene  
 Alceste.  
 Whome for to fynde / þou sougħt him ay weoping:  
 Hit happende soo / þou saughis him dede fletyng: 68  
 Vppon þe see / and to him leape anoone  
 With him to dye / so woo was him begone  
 Where þat of yowe þe goddes hadde grete pitee  
 And lyche seemewes / transfourmed him and þee. 72

<sup>1</sup> Mistaken for Alcyone: see *The Deth of Blaunche the Duchesse*.

## ODD BITS OF CHAUCER.

## 3.

## TWO ODD BITS OF

## Chaucer's Troilus.

1. One Stanza (Book I, St. xci, Lines 631-7), *Wise Men learn by Fools*: from Shirley's paper MS. R. 3. 20, Trin. Coll., Cambr.
2. Three Stanzas (Book III, St. xxxviii—xl, Lines 260-280), in a Poem, *The Tongue*, from a paper MS. Ff. i. 6, Cambr. Univ. Library.

## WISE MEN LEARN BY FOOLS.

St. XCI. of the First Book of Chaucer's *Troilus*.

[*Shirley's MS. R. 3. 20, Trinity Coll. Library, Cambridge.*]

### Pandare to Troylus

¶ A. whestone is no kerving. instrument	1
And yitte. it makeþe / sharpe kerving toolis	
If þow. wost ought / where þat I haue miswent	
Eschuwe. þow þat / for suche thing to þee scoole is /	4
þus wyse men / beon offt / ware by foolis	
If þowe do so / þy witte is wele bewared	
By his contrarie. is every thing declared	7

¶ Qui servit nequam / mercedem non capit equam  
Omnia qui querit / perdere dignus erit

[Copied and read by Mr W. Aldis Wright.]

## 4.

## THE TONGUE.

[*Cambr. Univ. Libr. MS. FF. 1. 6, leaf 150 has 3 stanzas from Chaucer's Troilus, III. 302—322.*]

## (1)

Ther is nomore dredfull pestelens /	1
Thañ is tonge that can flatere & fage	
For with his corsyd crabbed violens /	
He enfecteth folkis of euerey Age /	4
Woo to tongis frouward of ther Langauge	
Woo to tongis false furyuus and woode /	
Whiche of no person neuer con say good /	7

## (2)

Wherfor me semethe it is wel sytting /	8
Eueryche mañ other to commende	
And say the best alway in reportyng /	
For in wel saying nomañ may offende	11
Wherre men say wel god wyll hys grace send /	
Aftyr men ben men most theyr' prysē vp reyse	
Aftyr ther' desarvyng a-louwe hem or dyspreyse	14

## (3)

But wher' a thyng vtturly is vnknowe	15
Lette no mañ ther hastely be of sentens	
For Ryghtful Iugegis sittynge on a roowe	
Of ther wesdome and their' high prudens /	18
<small>[leaf 150, back]</small>	
welle of trought haue some evedens /	
I mene all suche as gouerned be by grace	
Or eny worde out of therre lyppys passe	21

(4) (Chaucer's <i>Troilus</i> , Book III, st. xxxviii, l. 260-6 <sup>1</sup> .)	
O false tong so oftyñ her' befor'	22
Hast thou made mony on bryght of' hewe	
Sey welaway the day that I was borne	
And mony a maydis sorowe for to newe	25
And for the more part al is vntruwe	
That men of yelpe / & hit wer' browght to preve	
Of kynde nonne Awauntur ys to leve /	28
(5) (Chaucer's <i>Troilus</i> , Book III, st. xxxix, l. 267-273.)	
Avauntur and a lyer al is/ on	29
And thus I pose whomañ graunteth me	
Her loue and feythe that other wolle sche non	
And I am sworne to holde hit secre	32
I-wys I am a wauntur at the leste	
And a lyer' for I breke my be-heste	34
(6) (Chaucer's <i>Troilus</i> , Book III, st. xl, l. 274-280.)	
Now loke thou yf they be ought to blame	35
Suche maner folke what I clepe hem what /	
And hem a-vaunte of wemen and by name /	
That neufer yet be-hyght hem this nor that	38
Ne knewe hem more than my olde hatte	
No woundur is/ so god me sende hele	
Thowgh wemen drede with vs men to dele	41
(7)	
A good god of hys high grace	42
Lo what fortune is take hede	
Wher her' lyketh sche marketh hir chasse	
Now most I in servyse my lyffe lede	45
Bothe loue serue and eke drede	
As he that is boonde and wol not be free	
Ryght so farithe hit now by me/	48

## Explicit.

<sup>1</sup> In Morris's Aldine edition, vol. iv, 237-8. In R. Bell's edition the lines are 302-8, 309-15, 316-22. Dr. Morris's printer has not numbered the lines of the Proem with those of the Book, as he should have done.

*May not this envoyless Balade be Chaucer's, in his 4th Period?  
May be; but isn't?—F. J. F. (Sept. 1879.)*

## NEWE - FANGELNESSE.

(*rymes : -esse, -ace, -ene*)

[*Cotton Cleopatra, D vii, vellum, ab. 1430 A.D., leaf 189, back.*]

(1)

**M**adamē, for your newē fangelnesse, 1  
Manie a seruaunt haue ye put oute of<sup>1</sup> grace.  
I take my leue of your vn-stedfastnesse; [1 MS. of yours]  
For wel I wote, while ye to lyve haue space, 4  
Ye kunnought loue ful half yeer' in a place,  
To newē thinges your' lust is Euer so kene,  
In sted of Blue, thus may ye werē<sup>2</sup> grene. [2 MS. were al] 7

(2)

Right as a Mirrour, that nothing may empresse, 8  
But lightly as it cometh,<sup>3</sup> so mot it pace, [passes in MS.]  
So fareth<sup>3</sup> your' love; your werkēs bereth<sup>3</sup> witnesse.  
Ther is no feith<sup>3</sup> that may your' hert embrase; 11  
But as a wedercok, that turneth<sup>3</sup> his face  
With euery wynd, ye fare, and that is sene,  
In sted of Blive, thus may ye werē grene. 14

(3)

Ye might be shrined<sup>4</sup> for [your] brotilnesse 15  
Bettir thanne Dalide, Cresside, or Candace, [MS. Tandace]  
For euere in Changeng stondeth<sup>3</sup> your' sikernesse;  
That tacche may no wight fro your' hert arace; 18  
Yif ye lese oon, ye kunne wel tweine purchase;  
A light for somer—ye wote wel what I mene—  
In sted of Blewe, thus may ye werē grene.

Explicit

<sup>3</sup> One syllable,—com'th, far'th, ber'th, turn'th, stond'th or stont.



More Odd Texts  
or  
Chaucer's Minor Poems.

## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
1. THE COMPLEYNT TO PITE (Phillipps MS. 9053)	9
2. ANELIDA AND ARCITE: THE COMPLAINT (Phillipps MS. 9053) ... ... ... ...	17
3. TRUTH (1. Phillipps MS. 8299; 2. Hatton MS. 73; 3. MS. Arch. Seld. B. 10) ... ... ...	25
4. LACK OF STEDFASTNESS (Hatton MS. 73) ...	31
5. FORTUNE (MS. Arch. Seld. B. 10) ...	35
6. PURSE (Phillipps MS. 9053) ... ... ...	41

## APPENDIX.

I. THE BALADE OF PITE, from the Phillipps MS. 9053. (See The <i>Appendix</i> to the <i>Odd Texts of Chaucer's Minor Poems</i> , p. 1. This copy has the unique last Stanza) ... ... ... ...	46
II. ROUNDELS (MERCILESS BEAUTE: Pepys MS. 2006)	51

(*Date of issue, Mar. 1891.*)

# More Odd Texts

OF

# Chaucer's Minor Poems.

EDITED BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., HON. DR. PHIL.



LONDON :

PUBLISHT FOR THE CHAUCER SOCIETY

By KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO.,  
57 & 59, LUDGATE HILL.

1886.

*First Series, No. LXXVII.*

---

R. CLAY & SONS, LIMITED, LONDON & BUNGAY.

## FOREWORDS.

AFTER I finisht the *Odd Texts of Chaucer's Minor Poems* in 1880, I copied five more at Cheltenham in 1882 from the Phillipps MS. 9053, and Mr. George Parker sent me four from the Bodleian. I put them aside in the hope that others would turn up, and forgot all about them till Prof. Skeat sent me his excellent edition of the *Minor Poems* on Dec. 20, 1888. His admission of the Harleian-78 copy of the continuation of the *Pity* as genuine, reminded me that I had another copy of it from the Phillipps MS., and this shoud (as Prof. Skeat pointed out) a unique last verse. It became therefore advisable to print the laid-by copies ; and here they are.

No doubt the *Pity*-continuation—here cald by Shirley's name for the whole poem 'The Balade of Pitee'—ought to be printed as three separate poems: 1. in 7-line stanzas, 2. in terza-rima, imperfect, 3. in 10-line stanzas ; but as they are all on the same subject, and the MSS. run them into one another, there is no great harm in keeping them under one head, in separate sections.

When I first printed the Harleian copy in our *Odd Texts* Appendix, pp. ii.-v., it seemd to fall off so towards the end that I didn't feel sure that it was Chaucer's, nor did Hy. Bradshaw. But as the two MSS. of it give it to Chaucer, and both are evidently from a Shirley copy, or transcripts of one, and its rymes keep Chaucer's laws, we may well hold this poem genuine, independent of our wish to make it so, on account of its witness to Chaucer's try at Dante's *terza-rima*.

The three Roundels from the last page of the Pepys MS. 2006, which our friend Prof. Skeat has kindly printed at the end of the Appendix here, I am willing to accept as Chaucer's, because of their merit and their Chaucer ring. The *Neve-Fangleness* which I printed on the fly-leaf to my *Odd Texts* Appendix, I still maintain is not Chaucer's. Nor can I acknowledge as genuine either of the other supposititious poems—An amorous Compleint, p. 218; Balade of Compleint, p. 222—which Prof. Skeat has admitted into his edition of Chaucer's Minor Poems.<sup>1</sup>

There is no external evidence for them; no MS. gives them to Chaucer; and the internal evidence of worth is against them, for, tho' they observe his rymes, they are neither characteristic of him nor good enough for him. We cannot admit as valid the canon that all lyric poems which do not transgress Chaucer's laws of ryme, final *e*, cæsura, &c., and use his phrases, are his. I hope Prof. Skeat 'll bunk these spurious things out of his second edition.

*British Museum, 5 Nov., 1890.*

---

P.S. As I forget whether I've heretofore printed the reasons which made me in 1882 give up *The Mother of God* as Chaucer's, and assign it to Hoccleve, I state them now.

The only MS. of the poem I saw myself, Arch. Seld. B 24 (Scotch), gave it to Chaucer.<sup>2</sup> So did the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, MS. 18, 2, 8.<sup>3</sup> The poem was so much better than Hoccleve's long and dreary englising of *De Regimine*

<sup>1</sup> He prints *Neve-Fangleness* by its old title in Stowe's edition, 'Against Women unconstaunt,' p. 185.

<sup>2</sup> *Parallel Texts*, p. 144, col. 2.

<sup>3</sup> *Parallel Texts*, p. 139, col. 3; p. 144, col. 3. But, as Bradshaw always allowd, the evidence of Scotch MSS. attributions to Chaucer is not worth much. See the Hunterian Society's print of the Bannatyne MS. See also Skeat's *Minor Poems*, p. xlivi, line 1, and p. xxxv, the lower half.

*Principis* that I didn't think *The Mother of God* could be his; still, it was not characteristic of Chaucer, had not his mark, and had one non-Chaucer ryme; *honoure, cure*, ll. 64, 66. But in the *Canterbury Tales*, we find *armour* with a double form (see *New Engl. Dict.*)—cote-armures, trappures, *Knight's Tale*, 72/2499, and cote-armour, flour, *Sir Thopas*, 196/2057;—also in the *Venus*, which I hold genuine, *aventure, honoure* (vb.), ll. 22-3. As the Oxford and Edinbro MSS. said it was Chaucer's, Hy. Bradshaw and I accepted it. I did not see the Phillipps MS. of the *Mother of God* when its copy was printed in our *Parallel Texts*. Dr. J. A. H. Murray kindly copied it for me. But when I got to Cheltenham in 1882, and took up the Phillipps MS., I saw it was one of Hoccleve's presentation copies, in the same hand—his own, I hold—as his Durham MS., and his Ashburnham MS., with the double curve of a B inside his W, &c. I had therefore to admit that the MS. evidence was in favour of Hoccleve being the author of *The Mother of God*. On reading the *Virgin* and other short religious poems in the Phillipps MS., and later in the Ashburnham one, I found them far better than Hoccleve's long *De Regimine*, so that he might well have written *The Mother of God*, which I before thought he hadn't wit for. Therefore, his own copy giving him the poem, it not fitting chronologically into Chaucer's works, and its having a ryme which was his and not Chaucer's, besides being more like his work than Chaucer's, I was glad to withdraw my former opinion,—given before I'd seen Hoccleve's three presentation MSS.,—and to acknowledge *The Mother of God* as his.



1.

**The Compleynte to Pite.**

**PHILLIPPS MS. 9053.**



## THE COMPLEYNT TO PITE.

[*Phillipps MS. 9053 paper, 1 ab. 1450, p. 91: altered copy of Shirley's Harleian 78, Parallel-Text, p. 41, with his abominable 'virtuous' for 'Herenus' = *Erinnyes*, in l. 92.*]

And now here folwith A complaunt of pite made bi  
Geffray Chaucier the Aureat Poete that euer was  
founde in oure vulgar to fore his dayes

(1)

Ite whiche that I have . sought so yoer 1  
p With hert sore . ful of besy peyne  
That in this world . was no wight woer  
Without the deth . and if I shal nat feyne 4  
My purpos was . of pite for to pleyne  
And eke vpon . the cruel tirannyne  
Of love that for my trowth . doth me to dye 7

(2)

¶ And whan that I bethynk' . of certayn yeeris 8  
Had euer in oon . a tyme sought to speke  
To pite I ran . albe-spreynt with teris  
To preyen hir . on cruelte me wreke 11  
But or I myght . with any word out breke  
Or tellen any . of my peynes smert  
I fonde pite ded . and buried in an hert 14

(3)

¶ And downe I fel . whan I sigh the herse [p. 22]  
Ded as ston . while that the swough last  
But vp I rose . with colours wel diuerse  
And pitously . myn Ien on hir cast 18  
And nere the corpse . I come to presen fast  
And for the soule . I shope me for to prey  
Me thought me lorn . ther was no nothir wey 21

## (4)

¶ Thus am I slayne . sith that pite is ded	22
Allas the day . that euer it shuld befall	
What maner man . dar now heve vp his hede	
To whom shal . my sorowful hert cal	25
Now cruelte hath cast . to selen vs al	
In Idel hope we live . redles of peyne	
Sith she is ded . to whom shul we compleyne	28

## (5)

¶ Thus am I slayn . sith that pite is ded truly <sup>1</sup>	29
But yet encresith me . this wonder nuwe	<sup>1</sup> truly added
That no wight wot <sup>t</sup> hir ded . but only I	
So many a man . that in hir tyme hir knewe	32
And yit she dyed nat . al so sodainly	
For I have sought hir . ful busily	<sup>[some spurious.]</sup>
Sith first I had wit . of mannes mynde	
But she was dede . or that I cowde hir fynde	36

## (6)

¶ Abowte hir hers . stooden there boistously	37
Without makyng dole . as thought me	
Bounte . Parfite . wele arayed and Richely	
And fressh beaute . lust and Iolite	40
Assured maner . thought and honeste	
Wisdam estate . drede and gouernauns	
Considered both . by hand and assurauns	43

## (7)

// A compleynt had I . writen in myn hand	44
Fo[r] to have putte . to pite as a bilt	
But whan I al this . company ther fond	
That rather wolden . al my cause spilt	47
Than do me help . I hield my compleynt still	
For to the folkes . without any faile	
Withouten pite . ne may no bil availe	50

(8)

¶ Than leve I al these vertues sauf' pite	51
Kepyng' the hers . as ye have herd me seyne	
Confidred al . by band' of' cruelte	
And bien assented . that I shalbe slayne	54
So thanne I put . my compleynt' vp ageyne	
For to my foomen . my bil I durst' nat' shewe	
The effect' of' the mater . was this at' wordes fewe	57

(9) [The Bill of Complaint.] (Term I. 1)

¶ Humblesse of' hert' . highest of' reurence	The compleynt in the bitt
Benyngne floure . corowne of' vertues al	
Shewith vnto youre . souerayn excellencie	
Youre seruaunt yif' I durst' . my self' so cal	61
His mortal harme . whiche he is in fal	
And nat' alonly . for his evil fare	
But for youre Renowne . as I shal declare	64

(10) (I. 2)

¶ It standith thus . yowre contrarie Cruelte	65
Alyed is . agenst' youre Regalye	
Vnder the colour . of wommanly beaute	
For men shuld' nat' . loo knowe hir tirannyne	68
With bounte Gentillesse . and curtesie	
And hath deprived yow . now of' your place	
That hight' beaute . aportenaunt' to grace	71

(11) (I. 3)

¶ For kyndely bi youre . heritage and right'	72
Ye beth annexed . euer to beaute	
And verrailly ye oughten . do youre myght'	
To helpe trowith . in his aduersite	75
Ye beth also . the corowne of' beaute	[p. 94]
And certes . if' ye want in this wey	
The world' is lorn . ther is no more to sey	78

(12) (*Tern II. I*)

¶ Eke what availith . maner or gentillesse	79
With yow benygne . and faire creature	
Shal cruelte be now . oure gouerneresse	
Allas . what herf . shal may that endure	82
Wherfor but ye . the rather taken cure	
To breke of tho personnes alliaunce	
Ye slen theym . that bien of your obeisaunce	85

## (13) (II. 2)

¶ And further ouer . if ye suffren this	86
Youre renoun is fredom . that with a throwe	
Ther shal no wight wete . what peyne is	
Allas that youre renoune . shuld be so lowe	89
Ye bien than . from your heritage I-throwe	
By cruelte . that occupieth your place	
And we dispaire . that sechen to youre grace	92

## (14) (II. 3)

¶ Have mercy on me . ye vertuous qwene	93
That yow have sought . so trewly . and so yoore	
Lete the stremme of youre light . on me be sene	
That lovith and dredith yow . ay lengger the more	96
The soth for to sey . I bere the hevy peyne	
And though I be nat konnyng . for to pleyne	
For goddis love . have mercy on my peyne	99

(15) (*Tern III. 1*)

¶ My peyne is this . that what so I desire	100
That have I nougħt . ne nougħt that lith thereto	
And euer settith desire . myn herf on fyre	
Eke on that other side . where so I go	103
What maner thyng . that may encresē my wo	
That have I redy . vnsought euery where	
Me lakkith but my deth . and than my bere	106

(16) (III. 2)

¶ What nedith it . shewe parcels of my peyne	107
Sith euery woo . that hert may bethynk'	[p. 95]
I souffre and yit . I dar nat to yow pleyne	
For wele I wote . although I wake or wynke	110
Ye recchen nat . whether I fleete or synk'	
Yit neuertheles . my trowth I shal sustene	
Vn-to my deth . and that shal wele be sene	113

(17) (III. 3)

¶ This is to sey . I wil be youres euere	114
Though ye me slee . bi cruelte as a foo	
Algates my spirit . shal neuer disseuer	
From your service . for any peyne or woo	117
Now pite that I haue sought so yore agoo	
Thus for yowre deth . I may wele wepe and pleyne	
With hert sore . al ful of besy peyne	120

[The *Balade of Pite* printed in the Appendix, p. 42-6, runs on here, as if it were part of this *Compleymte*.]



2.

*Anelida and Arcite.*

(THE COMPLAINT ONLY.)

PHILLIPPS MS. 8299.

MORE ODD TEXTS.

B



## ANELIDA AND ARCITE.

### THE COMPLAINT.

[*Phillipps MS. 8299, (about the middle. 2 leaves vellum,  
1 paper. ab. 1450 A.D.).*]

(31) (*Complaint 1. Proem.*)

**S**o thirlith with the poynte of remembraunce [leaf A] 211  
The Swerde of sorowe y-whett with fals plesaunce  
My herte bare of blys and blak<sup>1</sup> of hewe  
That Turnyd is in to quakyng al my<sup>1</sup> daunce <sup>1</sup> MS. almy  
My sewertee in to a wapped countenaunce 215

Sith it auailleth not for to be true  
For who so truyst is it shall hir rue  
That semeth love and doth her obseruaunce  
Alway till ooñ and chaunge it for no newe

219

(32) (*Complaint 2; Movement I. 1.*)

I wote my self<sup>a</sup> as wele as any wiȝt [leaf A, back] 220  
 For I lovid ooñ with al my hert and myȝt  
 More than my self<sup>a</sup> an hundredth M<sup>l</sup> sith [Ml = thousand]  
 And callid hym myñ hertes day and my knyȝt  
 And was al his als fer as it was right 224  
 And whan that he was glad than was I blith  
 And his diseese was my deth as swyth  
 And he agayne his trouȝt hath me plight  
 For euermore his lady me to kyȝt 228

(33) (*Complaint 3; Movement I. 2.*)

(34) (*Complaint 4; Movement I. 3.*)

And shall I playn) alas the harde stounde  
 Vnto my foo that gaue myne heret a wounde  
 And yet desyretē that my herme be more  
 Ye certeys for that shall euer be founde  
 None other helpe my sores forto sounde  
 My disteyn) hath happed so full yore  
 I wot no nother medicyne ne lore  
 I wot be euer as I was ons bounde  
 That I haue said be said for euermore

(35) (*Complaint 5; Movement I. 4.*)

Alas where is becomyn) your' gentilnesse	247
Youre wordis ful of pleassance and humblenesse	
Your' obseruaunce on so low mautre	
And your' awaityng and your besynesse	
Vpon) me that ye callid) your maistresse	251
Your' souerayne lady of this worlde is here	
Alasse is there now nother worde ne chere	
Ye witsauf) vpon) myn) heuynesse	[leaf B]
I-wys your loue I by it aſt to dere.	255

(36) (*Complaint 6; Movement I. 5.*)

Nowe certes swete yf that ye	256
Thus causeles decaused) be	
Of my dedely aduersite	
Youre namely resoun hath it to respite	259
To sle your' frende and namely me	
That neuer yet in no degre	
Offendid) you as wysely he	
That aſt wot of wo my sowle quyte	263
But for I was soo playn) Ersite	[Shirley's Harl. 7333 has l. 264-8, his other MSS. not.]
In aſt my werkes muche and liteſt	
And so besy you to delyte	
Myne honoure sauf) meke kynde & free	267
¶ Therfore ye put on me this wite	
And of my sorowe reche not a myte	
If that the swerde of Payne bite	
My woful hert thurgh your cruelte	271

(37) (*Complaint 7; Movement I. 6.*)

My swete foo whi do ye so for shame	272
Thynke ye that forthered) be your name	
To love anew and be vntreue nay	
And put you in sclaudre newe and blame	
And do me aduersite and grame	276

That loueth you most god wel þou woost alwey  
Nowe turne agayne and yet be playñ som day  
And than shall this that nowe is mysse be game  
And aþ foryeuen whiſt that I lyuen may 280

(38) (*Complaint 8; Movement II. 1.*)

Lo hert myne al this you for to sayne  
As whether shal I pray or els playne  
Whiche is the way and do you to be true  
For oþer mot I haue you in my chayn  
Or with the deth ye mot depart vs twayn  
There be no noþer mene weys new  
For so wiþly on my soule god rwe  
Als verailly ye sle me with the payn  
That may ye see vnfeynd on my hue

(39) (Complaint 9; Movement II. 2: left out, as in Shirley's MSS., Parallel-Texts, p. 166-7, Supplementary Text, p. 52-3.)

(40) (*Compleint 10; Movement II. 3: 4 & 5 rymes in ede.*)

And shall I pray and weyueñ womanheede [leaf B, back] 299  
Nay rather dye than do so fowle a dede  
To aske mercy causeles what nede

(41) (*Compleint 11 ; Movement II. 4.*)

For yf I myght haue you to myne agayn 308  
 I myght als wele kepe Aprile fro rayn  
 As to holde you and make you stidfaste  
 O myghty god of treuth souerayn  
 Where is the trouth of man who hath yt slayn 312  
 For who thaym louyth shall fynde paim as faste  
 Als in a tempest is a roten maste  
 Is that a tame beste þat is ay fayn  
 To flee a-way whan yt is leest agast 316

(42) (*Compleint 12 ; Movement II. 5.*)

Mercy swete yf I myssaye 317  
 Haue I ought spoken oute of þe way  
 I not my wit is half away  
 I fare as doth þe song of Chauntplur' 320  
 For nowe I playne and nowe I play  
 I am so mased that I deye  
 Arsite hath borñ away the keye  
 Of all my worldly good auentur' 324  
 In all this world ther is no creatur'  
 Wakynge in more discomfitur'  
 Than I ne more sorowe endur'  
 For if I slepe a forlong or twey 328  
 Euer thynketh me that your' figur'  
 Before me standes in aȝur'  
 To profir and nowe ensur'  
 To be true vnto me till ye deye 332

(43) (*Compleint 13 ; Movement II. 6.*)

This long nyght this wondre sight I drye 333  
 And on the day for thilk affray I dye  
 And of all this my swete I-wis ye ne reche  
 And neuer moo myn eyen two ben drye  
 But to your' ruth and to your' truth I crye [leaf C, paper] 337

But weleawey full fer be thay to feche  
 Thus holdeth me my desteny o wreche  
 And me to rede out of this drede or gye  
 Ne may my wit so weeke is yt not streche 341

(44) (*Compleint 14; Conclusion.*)

Than ende I thus sith I can do no more 342  
 I yeve yt vp for nowe and euermore  
 For shal I neuer put efti in balaunce  
 My sykernes ne lerfi of loue the lore  
 But as the swanne as I haue harde say yor  
 Ageyns his deth syngeth his penaunce  
 So syng I here my destany and chaunce  
 How that Arcite Anelida so sore  
 Hath ther-led with the poynt of remembraunce 350

[*There is no 45th Stanza in Continuation.*]

Here endeth the compleynt of Anelida the Quene of  
 Hermeny vpon fals Arcite of Thebees.

3.

Truth.

1. PHILLIPPS MS. 8299.
2. HATTON MS. 73.
3. MS. ARCH. SELD. B. 10.



## TRUTH.

[*Phillipps MS. 8299 (at the end of Chaucer's Tale of Grissilde, written on as Part of the Tale).*]

[And let hym care wepe wryng and wayle]

(1)

Fle from the prees and dwe <sup>H</sup> with sothfastnesse	1
Suffise the thyne owne though it be smal <sup>H</sup>	
For horde hath <sup>H</sup> hate and clymbing tykynnesse	
Prees hath <sup>H</sup> envy and wele blente ouer al <sup>H</sup>	4
Favour' nomore than thou behove shal <sup>H</sup>	
Rewle wel <sup>H</sup> thy self <sup>H</sup> þat other forkis canst rede	
And treut <sup>H</sup> the shal <sup>H</sup> delyuer it is no drede	7

(2)

Tempest the not al <sup>H</sup> crokis to redresse	8
In trust of her that turny <sup>H</sup> as a ba <sup>H</sup>	
Muche wele stondeth in liti <sup>H</sup> besynes	
Be ware therfore to spurne ayenst an al <sup>H</sup>	[2nd leaf] 11
Stryv not as doth <sup>H</sup> to Crokke with the wall	
Daunte thy self <sup>H</sup> that dauntist an oþers dede	
And treut <sup>H</sup> the shal <sup>H</sup> delyuer it is no drede	14

(3)

That the is sente receyue in buxumnesse	15
The wrastlyng of <sup>H</sup> the worlde askith <sup>H</sup> a fa <sup>H</sup>	
Here is noon home here nys but wyldernesse	
Forth pylgryme forth <sup>H</sup> . forth <sup>H</sup> best oute of <sup>H</sup> þy staff	18
Knowe thy contrey loke vp thanke god of al <sup>H</sup>	
Holde the high <sup>H</sup> wey and let thy goste the lede	
And treut <sup>H</sup> shal <sup>H</sup> the delyuer it is no drede	21

Explicit, &c.

[This MS. follows the 4 best—Par.-Text 407—in reading *Tempest* for *peyne* in l. 8; *Knowe thy contrey* for *Looke vp on hye* in l. 19; and *Holde the high<sup>H</sup> wey* for *Weyre þi lust* in l. 20; but it varies from the two main classes of the MSS. by leaving out *þing* and its variant *good* in l. 2; and reading 'Suffise the thyne orne,' a unique half-line, I believe.]

## TRUTH.

[*Hatton MS. 73, leaf 118, back (Bodl. Libr.).*]

## Good conseylle.

(1)

**F**Le fro the prees And dwelle with sothfastnesse 1  
 Suffise vn-to thi good though it be smal  
 For hoord hath hate . And clymbynge tykulnesse  
 Prees hath enyye . And wele is blent ouer al 4  
 Sauour' no mor<sup>1</sup> than the bihoue shal  
 Do wele thi-self that other' folk canst rede  
 And trouthe the shal delyuer' it is no drede 7

(2)

**T** Payne the nat alle crokede to redresse 8  
 In truste of hir' that turneth as a bal  
 Gret reste stondeth in litle bisynesse  
 be-war' also to spurne a-geynst an al  
 Stryf nat as doth the crok with the wal 11  
 Daunte thi-self that dauntest others dede  
 And trouthe the shal delyuer' it is no drede 14

(3)

**T** That the is sent . receyue yn buxumnesse 15  
 the wrastelyngge with the world axseth a fal  
 Her' is non home her' is but wildernesse  
 Forth pilgryme forth . forth beest out of thi stal  
 Loke vp an hie And thank god of al 18  
 Weyve thi luste And lete thi goost the lede  
 And trouthe the shal delyuere it is no drede 21

<sup>1</sup> The curls of r' really mean e in this copy.

## TRUTH.

[MS. Arch. Seld. B. 10, leaf (at end of *Harding's Chronicle*,  
p. 4 of 'The Prouerbes of Lydgate'): Bodl. Libr.]

Ecce bonum consilium galfridi chaucers contra  
fortunam.

(1)

**F**Le from the prece & dweſt with sothfastnes. 1  
Syffyſe vnto thy god thoughe it be ſmaſt.  
For hooerde hath the hate & clymbyng tykilnes.  
Prece hath the enuye & welle is blent ouer all. 4  
Sauoure no more than the behoue shall.  
Rule thy ſelfe that other folke canſt rede.  
And trouthe the ſhall delyuer it is no drede. 7

(2)

Payne the not eche croked to redresſe. 8  
In truſte of her that turneth as a ball.  
Grete reſt / ſtonde in litil besynes  
Beware alſo to ſporne agaynst a wall. 11  
Stryue not as dothe a cocle with a wall.  
Daunt thy ſelf that daunteſt other dede.  
And trouthe the ſhall delyuer it is no drede. 14

(3)

That the is ſente receyue it in buxumnes. 15  
The wrastlyng of this worlde askethe a fall.  
Here is non home / here is but wyldernes.  
Forthe pylgrym forthe beſte oute of the stall. 18  
Loke vp on hyghe an[d] thanke oure lorde of all.  
Weye thy luste and let thy gooste the lede.  
And trouthe ſhall the delyuer it is no drede. 21



4.

*Lack of Stedfastness.*

**HATTON MS. 73.**



## LACK OF STEDFASTNESS.

[*Hatton MS. 73, leaf 119. (Bodl. Libr.).*]

These baladdis were send to the kyng.

(1)

**S**umtyme this world was so stedefast And stable 1  
 that mannes word was obligacioun  
 But now it is so fals And disceyvable  
 that word and dede as in conclusioun 4  
 ben no thyng on for turned vp so doun  
 Is al this world for mede and wilfulness  
 that al is lost for lak of stedefastnesse 7

(2)

¶ What maketh this world to be so variable 8  
 but lust that folkis han in discensioun  
 For now adayes a man is holde vnable  
 but yf he can by som collusioun 11  
 Do to his neyghbur' wrong or oppressioun  
 What causeth that but wilful wrecchednesse  
 that al is lost for lak of stedefastnesse 14

(3)

¶ Trouthe is put doun resoun is holde fable 15  
 Vertu hath now no domynacioun  
 Pyte exiled no man is mercyable  
 thurgh couetyse is blent discreciooun 18  
 the world hath mad a permutacioun  
 Fro ryght to wrong fro trouthe to fikulnesse  
 that al is lost for lak of stedefastnesse 21

MORE ODD TEXTS.

## // Lenvoy //

¶ O . prince desyre to be honourable	22
Cherysshē thi folk . and hate extorcious	
Suffre no thyng' that may be reproueable	
to thyn estate don) in thi regioum)	25
Shewe forthi thi swerd of castigacioun)	
Drede god . do lawe . loue trouthe <i>and</i> rightwesnesse	
And dryue thi peple a-gayn) to stedefastnesse.	28

5.

*fortune.*

MS. ARCH. SELD. B. 10.



## FORTUNE.

[MS. Arch. Seld. B. 10, at end of *Harding's Chronicle*,  
and p. 2 of 'The Proverbes of Lydgate,' Bodl. Libr.]

*Paupertas conqueritur super fortunam.*

(1)

**T**His wredchid wo[r]lde is transmutacioun. 1  
 As welle / and wo / now pore / & now / honour.  
 Withouten ordre / or wyse dyscrecyon.  
 Gouernede ys by fortunes errore. 4  
 But neuertheles / the lacke of her fauoure.  
 Ne may not do me / syngे thoughte þat I dye.  
 Pay toutz perdu mon temps et mon labour.  
 For fynally / fortune I defye. 8

(2)

Yet me lefte the syght<sup>r</sup> of my reason. 9  
 To knowe frende fro fo in my myrroure.  
 So moche hath yet thy turnyng vp and downe.  
 I taught<sup>r</sup> me to knowe in an houre. 12  
 But treuly no fors of thy reddoure.  
 To hym that on hym-selfe hathe maystry.  
 My suffysaunce shall be my socoure.  
 For fynally fortune I defye. 16

(3)

O socrates thou stedfast<sup>r</sup> champyon. 17  
 She myght<sup>r</sup> neuer be thy tormentoure.  
 Thou neuer dredest<sup>r</sup> her oppressyon.  
 Ne in her chere founde thou no fauoure. 20  
 Thou knewe well / the deceyte of her coloure.  
 And that<sup>r</sup> her moste worship is to lye.  
 I know her eke / a fals dyssymuloure.  
 For fynally fortune I dyffye. 24

(4) *Puer. Fortuna ad paupertatem.*

No man is wretchede but hym selfe it wene. 25  
 And he that hathe hym-self hathe suffysaunce.  
 Why sayst thou than I am to the so kene.  
 That hast thy-self oute of my gouernaunce. 28  
 Say thus gramercy of thyne haboundaunce.  
 That thou hast lent / or this thou shalt not stryue.  
 What wotest thou yet hou I will the auaunce.  
 And eke thou hast / thy best frende alyue. 32

## (5)

I haue the taught / dyuysyoun betwene. 33  
 Frende of effecte / and frende of countenaunce.  
 The nedeth not / the gall of non hen.  
 That cureth eyen / duk for penaunce. 36  
 Nowe seyst thou clere / that were in yngnoraunce.  
 Yet holde thyn anker / and yet thou mayst aryue.  
 There bounte bereth / the keye of my substaunce.  
 And eke thou hast thy best frende alyue. 40

## (6)

How many haue I refusede to sustene 41  
 Syth I the fosterede / haue in my pleasaunce.  
 Wylte thou than make / A statute on thy quene. [p. 3]  
 That I shall be ay at thyne ordynaunce. 44  
 Thow borne arte in my reyngne of varyaunce.  
 Aboute the whele with other must thou dryue.  
 My lore is better than thy wycked gouernaunce.  
 And eke thou hast thy best frende alyue. 48

(7) *Paupertas ad fortunam.*

Thy lore I dampne . it is aduersyte. 49  
 My frende / mayst thou not rene blynde goddes  
 And that I frendes knewe / I thanke it the.  
 Take them agayne / let them go lye on presse. 52  
 The negardes / kepynge theyre ryches.  
 Pronostyke is / her toure thou wylt assayle.  
 Wyckede appetyte / cometh a before sykenesse.  
 In generall this rule may not fayle. 56

(8) *Fortuna ad paupertatem.*

Thow pynchest at my mutabilite.	57
For I the lente a droppe of my rychesse.	
And nowe me lykethe to withdrawe me.	
Why sholdest thou my roiallte oppresse.	60
The se may ebbe / and flowe more and lesse.	
The skye hathe myght / to shyne rayne and hayll.	
Right so may I stowe my britynesse.	
In generall this rule may not fayll.	64

(9) *Paupertas ad fortunam.*

So execucion of the mageste.	65
That all puruayeth of his ryghtwysnes.	
That same thynge fortune clepe ye.	
Ye blynde bestes / full of rudenesse.	68
The heuen hathe properte of sykernesse.	
This worlde hathe euer / restles trauayll.	
Thy last day is ende of myne intresse.	
In generall I this rule may not fayle.	72

## Fines.

[*Follows:—Ecce bonum consilium galfridi chaucers contra fortunam. Printed above, p. 29.*]



6.

Purse.

PHILLIPPS MS. 9053.



PURSE.

[*Phillipps MS. 9053. Paper, tab. 1450, page 31.*]

Chaucer [*in Jn. Stow's hand*].

(1)

O yow my purse . and to nonother wight	1
¶ Complayne I . for yow [are] my lady deere	
I am so sory that ye bien light	
For certis . but if ye make me hevy chiere	4
Me were as lief . to be leyde on biere	
For whiche . vnto yowre mercy thus I crye	
Beeth hevy ageyne . or ellis must I dye	7

(2)

¶ Now fouchesauf this day . or it be nyght	8
That I of yow . the blisful sowne may here	
To se youre coloure . as the sonne bright	
That of yowre eye . lownesse hath no peere	11
Ye bien my light . ye be myn hertis feere	
Qwene of comfort . and of company	
Beeth hevy ageyn . or ellis must I dye	14

(3)

¶ Now purse that beth to me my lyf my light	15
And souerayne lady downe . in this world here	
Out of this towne . help me thurgh youre myght	
Sith that ye wil nat . be my tresorere	18
For I am shave as nygh . as any frere	
For whiche . vnto youre mercy I crye	
Bieth hevy ageyne . or ellis must I dye	21

Thus farr is printed in Chaucer[r] fol. 320. vnder y<sup>e</sup> name  
of Tho: Occleue. /

[Lydgate's 'Allas fortune . allas what haue I gilt,' is added  
as a continuation of Chaucer's Poem, as in Harl. 2251,  
Par.-Text 449, col. 3.]



## Appendix.

1. THE BALADE OF PITEE (Phillipps MS. 9053) with a unique final stanza.
2. ROUNDELS (Pepys MS. 2006).

## I. THE BALADE OF PITE.

(Phillips MS. 9053, ff. 95, where it is written in stanzas—1st lines are marked ¶—as part of the *Compleynte to Pite* printed above, p. 11—15. All the lines start level in the MS., but are inset here, to show the structure of the poem. This copy is from one of Shirley's: cp. Elas, l. 51. For the other Shirley copy, Harl. 78, see our *Odd Texts of Chaucer's Minor Poems*, Appendix, p. ii—v.)

(I. 7-line Stanzas, 1)

¶ The longe nyghtis . whan euery creature  
Shuld have theyr rest . in somwhat be kynde  
Or ellis ne may theyr lif . nought longe endure  
It fallith most . in to my wooful mynde  
How I so fer have brought . my self behynde  
That sauf the deth . ther may nothyng me lisse  
So dispaired I am . from al blisse

(I. 2)

¶ This same thought . me lastith til the morow	8
And from the morow . furth til it be Eve	
There nedith me . no care for to borow	
For both I have gode leyser . and goode love	
Ther is no wight . that wil my wo bireve	12
To wepe Inough . and wailen al my fih	
The sore spark <sup>of</sup> of peyne . now doth me spih	14

(3) [II. *Terza Rima*, 1]

For neither pite . mercy . neyther grace .	[p. 96]
Can I nat fynde . and yit my sorowful hert'	
For to be dede . I can it nat arace	20
The more I love . the more she doth me smert'	
Thurgh whiche . without remedye	
That from the dethe . I may in no wise astert'	23

(4) [II. *Terza Rima*, 2]

¶ Now sothly what she hight . I wil reherce	24
Hir name is bounte . set in wommanhede	
Sadnesse in yowth . and beaute prideles	
And plesaunce . vnder gouernaunce and drede	27
Hir surname ie <sup>1</sup> eke . faire rowtholes	[ <sup>1</sup> so in MS., for <i>is</i> ]
The wise I-knyt <sup>1</sup> . vnto goode aventure	
That for I love hir . she sleeth me giltles	30
Hir love I best <sup>1</sup> . and shal while I may dure	
¶ Better than my self <sup>1</sup> . an hundred thousand dele	
Than al this worldis . riches or creature	33
Now hath nat love . me bestowed wele	
To love there . I neuer shal haue part <sup>1</sup>	
Elas right thus . Is turned me the whele	36
Thus am I slain . with loves fury dart <sup>1</sup>	
I can but <sup>1</sup> love hir best <sup>1</sup> . my swete foo	
Love hath me taught <sup>1</sup> . nomore of his art <sup>1</sup>	39
But <sup>1</sup> serve al wey . and stynt <sup>1</sup> for no woo	40

(5) [III. *Ten-line Stanzas*, 1]

¶ In my trewe careful hert . there is	
So moche woo . and so litel blisse	
That woo is me . that euer I was bore	43
For al thyng <sup>1</sup> whiche I desire I mysse	
And al that <sup>1</sup> euer I wold <sup>1</sup> nat Iwisse	
That fynd <sup>1</sup> I redy . to me euermore	46
And of <sup>1</sup> al this I not <sup>1</sup> to whom me pleyne	
For she that <sup>1</sup> myght <sup>1</sup> . me out <sup>1</sup> of this bryng <sup>1</sup>	
Ne recchith <sup>1</sup> nought <sup>1</sup> . whether I wepe or syng <sup>1</sup>	
So litel rowth <sup>1</sup> . hath <sup>1</sup> she vpon my peyne	[p. 97]
	50

(6) (III. 2)

(7) (III. 3)

¶ My dere hert . and best be-loved foo	
Why likith yow . to do me al this woo	
What haue I don . that grevith yow or saide	63
But for I serve . and love yow and no mo	
And while I live . I wil euer do soo	
And therfor sweete . me beth nat evil apayed	66
For so goode and so faire . as ye be	
It were right grete wonder . but ye had	
Of al seruauntis . both of goode and bad	
And lest worthy of al hem . I am he	70

(8) (III. 4)

¶ But neuertheles . my right lady swete	73
Though that I be vnkonnyng and vnmeete	
To serve as I kowde . ay yowre hienesse	
Yit is ther non fayner . that wolde I heete	
Than I to do youre ease . or ellis beete	
What so I wist . that were to your hyenesse	76
And had I myght . as goode as I haue wil	
Than shuld ye feele . where it were so or non	
For in this world . than livyng is ther non	
That fayner wolde . youre hertis wil fulfil	80

## (9) (III. 5)

¶ For both I love . and eke drede yow so sore And algatis mote . and have yow don ful yoore That bettir loved is . non ne never shal	[p. 98]	83
And yit I wold besechen yov of nomore But lovith wele . and beth nat wroth therfore And lete me serue yow forth . lo this is al		86
For I am nat so hardy . ne so woode For to desire . that ye shuld love me For wele I wote . elas that wil nat be		
I am so litel worthy . and ye so goode		90

## (10) (III. 6)

For ye be oon . the worthyest on lyve And I the most vnlykly . for to thryve ¶ Yit for al this . witeth ye right wele	93	
That ye ne shul me . from youre service dryve That I ne wil ay . with al my wittes fyve Serve yow triewly . what wo so that I fele		96
For I am sette on yow . in suche manere That though ye never wil . vpon me rewe I must yow love . and bien euer als triew		
As any man can . or may on live [here]		100

## (11) (III. 7)

¶ But the more that I love . yow goodly free The lasse fynd I . that ye loven me Elas whan shal that . hard witte amend	103	
Where is now . al your wommanly pite Youre gentilnesse and your deboñarite Wil ye nothyng therof . vpon me spende		106
And so hoole swete . as I am yowres al And so grete wil . as I haue yow to serve Now certis . and ye lete me thus sterve		
Yet have wonne theron . but a smal	[p. 99]	110

MORE ODD TEXTS.

D

## (12) (III. 8.)

¶ For at my knowyng'. I do nat why  
 And this I wil beseche . yow hertily  
     That there euer ye finde . whiles ye live      113  
 A triewer seruaunt to yow . than am I  
 Loveth thanne . and sle me hardily  
     And [I] my deth to yow . wil al forgyve      116  
 And if ye fynde no trewer . so verily  
     Wil ye suffre than . that I thus spil  
     And for no maner gilt . but my goode wil  
 Als goode were thanne . vntriewe as triewe triewly      120

(31) (*Unique final stanza, III. 9*)

¶ But I my lif and deth . to yow obey  
 And with right buxum hert . holy I prey  
     As youre most' pleseure . so doth by me      123  
 For wele leuer is me . liken yow and dye  
 Than for to any thyng' . or thynk' or say  
     That yow myght' offenden . in any tyme      126  
 And therfor swete . rewe on my peynes smert'  
     And of your grace . grauntith me som drope  
     For ellis may me last' . no blisse ne hope  
 Ne dwelle withyn . my trouble careful hert'      130

Explicit Pyte

dan Chaucer Lauceire (?)

II. ROUNDELS (MERCILESSE BEAUTE).<sup>1</sup>

(From MS. Pepys 2006, p. 390 and last.)

[I. *Captivity.*]

Yowre two yen wōt sle me sodenly  
 I may the beaute of them not sustene  
 So wondeth it thorow out my herte kene  
 And but *your* word wiſt heleñ hastely 4  
 Mi hertis wounde while that it is grene  
*Your* yeñ &c. [= *two first lines.*]  
 Vp-on my trouth Isey yow feithfully  
 That ye beñ of my liffe and deth the quene  
 For with my deth the trouth shalbe sene  
*Your* yeñ &c. [= *three first lines.*] 8

[II. *Rejection.*]

So hath yowre Beaute fro *your* herte chaced  
 Pitee that me nauailleth not to pleyñ  
 For danger halt youre mercy in his Cheyne 16  
 Giltless my deth thus han̄ ye me purchaced  
 Isey yow soth me nedeth not to fayn  
 So hath *your* Beaute &c. [= *lines 14, 15.*]  
 Alas þat nature hath in yow compased  
 So grete beaute þat no mañ may atteyñ  
 To mercy though he sterue for the peyñ  
 So hath *your* beaute &c. [= *lines 14, 15, 16.*] 21

[III. *Escape.*]

Syñ I fro loue escaped am so fat  
 I neuere thenk to beñ in his prison lene 28

<sup>1</sup> No title in MS. The words 'Mercilesse Beaute' occur in the Index to the MS., with reference to this poem.—W. W. Skeat.

Syn I am fre I Counte hym not a bene  
 He may answere & sey this and that  
 I do no fors I speke ryght as I mene 31  
 Syñ I fro loue &c. [= *lines* 27, 28.]  
 Love hath my name Istrike out of his sclat  
 And he is strike out of my bokes Clene  
 For euer mo this is noñ ofer mene 36  
 Syn I fro loue &c. [= *lines* 27, 28, 29.]

*Explicit.*

N.B. The copy printed by Percy (*Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Series the Second, Book I), though taken from this MS., abounds in errors. Not counting expansions of contractions, &c., his errors are as follows:—1. Youre; eyn will. 3. wendeth. 4. words. 5. My. 6. Youre two eyn will sle me sodenly (*where the MS. has only Your yeñ &c., and is here right in making yen follow Your immediately*). 14. youre beauty; chased. 15. n'avaleth. 16. daunger. 17. have; *omits* me; purchased. 21. compassed. 24. youre. 28. nere thinke. 31. speak. 36. P. *suggests* ther for this (*probably he is right; but he omits to give the reading this*).—W. W. Skeat.



